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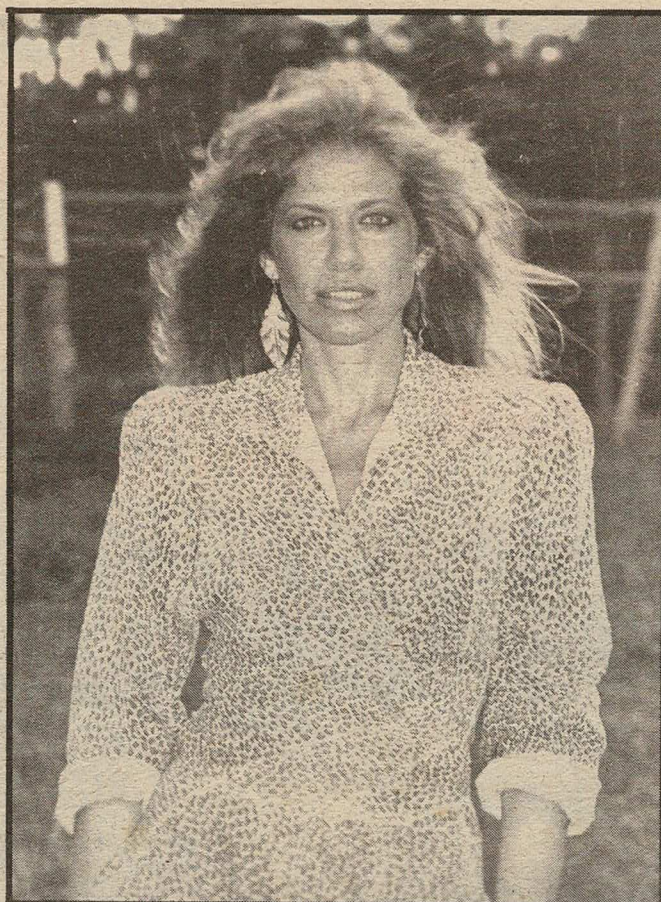
MUSCULAR EXERTIONS & PHYSICAL JERKS

BODY BUILDING with ANDREW TYLER

SHOXSIE TOUR - ROCKERS REVENGE - BEEFHEART - FUTURAMA
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UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1		EYE OF THE TIGER	Survivor (Scotti Brothers)	7	1
2	10	PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	2	2
3	2	SAVE A PRAYER	Duran Duran (EMI)	4	2
4	7	WALKING ON SUNSHINE	Rockers Revenge (London)	3	4
5	3	COME ON EILEEN	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	9	1
6	18	ALL OF MY HEART	ABC (Neutron/Phonogram)	2	6
7	9	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	7
8	5	HI FIDELITY	The Kids From Fame (RCA)	6	5
9	14	THE MESSAGE	Grandmaster Flash (Sugarhill)	3	9
10	4	WHAT	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	4	3
11	11	NOBODY'S FOOL	Haircut 100 (Arista)	4	8
12	8	I EAT CANNIBALS PART I	Toto Ceolo (Radial Choice)	5	7
13	27	THERE IT IS	Shalamar (Solar)	2	13
14	17	SPREAD A LITTLE HAPPINESS	Sting (A&M)	5	14
15	12	TODAY	Talk Talk (EMI)	3	12
16	6	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Boys Town Gang (EMI)	5	3
17	30	SADDLE UP	David Christie (KR)	2	16
18	(—)	WHY	Carly Simon (WEA)	1	18
19	16	JOHN WAYNE IS BIG LEGGY	Haysi Fantayzee (Regard)	6	12
20	(—)	THE BITTEREST PILL	Jam (Polydor)	1	20
21	26	LEAVE IN SILENCE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	2	21
22	15	CHERRY PINK & APPLE BLOSSOM WHITE	Modern Romance (WEA)	4	15
23	28	SO HERE I AM	UB40 (Dep Int)	2	23
24	(—)	ZOOM	Fat Larry's Band (Virgin)	1	24
25	(—)	INVITATIONS	Shakatak (Polydor)	1	25
26	(—)	HALFWAY UP, HALFWAY DOWN	Dennis Brown (A&M)	1	26
27	23	FAME	Irene Cara (RSO)	11	1
28	23	UNDER THE BOARDWALK	Tom Tom Club (Island)	3	19
29	(—)	LOVE COME DOWN	Evelyn King (RCA)	1	29
30	(—)	WINDPOWER	Thomas Dolby (Venice In Peril)	1	30



Why Carly Simon? Why not...? 'Why' at 18 this week. Pic: Lynn Goldsmith



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
2		THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	8	1
2	3	TOO-RYE-AY	Kevin Rowlands & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	7	1
3	1	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	2	1
4	4	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	17	2
5	7	NOW YOU SEE ME	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	5
6	9	LOVE & DANCE	League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	10	3
7	5	LEXICON OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron)	12	1
8	(—)	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	1	8
9	(—)	BREAKOUT	Various (Ronco)	1	9
10	10	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	21	1
11	(—)	IT'S HARD	The Who (Polydor)	1	11
12	14	EYE OF THE TIGER	Survivor (Scotti Bros)	4	8
13	8	LOVE SONGS	Commodores (K-Tel)	5	8
14	11	FAME	Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	10	2
15	6	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	16	4
16	16	MIRAGE	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	10	11
17	12	TALKING BACK TO THE NIGHT	Steve Winwood (Island)	5	11
18	(—)	HIGHWAY SONG — BLACKFOOT LIVE	Blackfoot (Atco)	1	18
19	15	THE SINGLES ALBUM	UB40 (Graduate)	3	15
20	13	AVALON	Roxy Music (EG)	16	1
21	17	THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS	Jimi Hendrix (CBS)	5	17
22	(—)	SIGNALS	Rush (Mercury)	1	22
23	(—)	I, ASSASSIN	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	23
24	21	NON-STOP EXOTIC DANCE	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	12	4
25	27	THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	13	7
26	(—)	FOUR	Peter Dinklage (Charisma)	1	26
27	20	ROCKY III	Original Soundtrack (Liberty)	2	20
28	(—)	SONGS TO REMEMBER	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)	1	28
29	26	THE PARTY'S OVER	Talk Talk (EMI)	2	26
30	(—)	MAKING MOVIES	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	23	3

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	Leave In Silence	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(1)	Don't Go	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(4)	Asylums in Jerusalem	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
4	(6)	So Here I Am	UB40 (Dep Int)
5	(3)	Warriors	Blitz (No Future)
6	(5)	Bleed For Me	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
7	(7)	Mutant Rock	Meteors (WXYZ)
8	(11)	Have You Got 10p..	The Ejected (Riot City)
9	(14)	The Stranger	Dead Or Alive (Black Eye)
10	(9)	Run Like Hell	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
11	(10)	Religious Wars	Subhumans (Spiders Leg)
12	(8)	Whatever Is He Like..	Farmers Boys (Back)
13	(13)	Rising From The Dead	UK Decay (Corpus Christi)
14	(—)	Life On The Line	Fad Gadget (Mute)
15	(22)	I Melt With You	Modern English (4AD)
16	(16)	Something On My Mind	Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
17	(21)	Suicide Bag (EP)	Action Pact (Fallout)
18	(27)	Procession	Nico (1-2)
19	(12)	Shelter For The Rich	Disrupters (Radical Change)
20	(17)	Past Meets Present	Weekend (R Trade)
21	(20)	Religious As Hell (EP)	March Violets (Merciful Release)
22	(—)	Europe In The Year Zero (EP)	Various (S. Phonograph)
23	(24)	17 Years Of Hell	Partizans (No Future)
24	(30)	House That Man Built	Conflict (Crass)
25	(19)	Bela Lugosi's Dead	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
26	(28)	Who's The Enemy	Amebics (Spider Leg)
27	(—)	Playing For Time	Send No Flowers (Praxis)
28	(—)	Secret Story	Minnie Pops (Secret)
29	(26)	Open Your Eyes	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
30	(—)	Charged	GBH (Clay)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	Upstairs At Eric's	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(2)	Christ — The Album	Crass (Crass)
3	(7)	Songs To Remember	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
4	(10)	Sense And Sensuality	Au Pairs (Kamera)
5	(3)	Junkyard	Birthday Party (Mute)
6	(5)	City Baby Attacked By Rats	GBH (Clay)
7	(6)	Garlands	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
8	(4)	Singles Album	UB40 (Graduate)
9	(13)	Distant Shore	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
10	(11)	Punk'n'Disorderly Vol 2	Various (Abstract)
11	(8)	Lords Of The New Church	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
12	(16)	Eligible Bachelors	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
13	(12)	We Are The League	A N League (WXYZ)
14	(21)	In The Flat Field	Bauhaus (4AD)
15	(30)	Emotion	Malaria (Crepscule)
16	(9)	Soweto	Various (Rough Trade)
17	(20)	Thermo Nuclear Sweat	Defunkt (Hannibal)
18	(38)	Closer	Joy Division (Factory)
19	(15)	The Wild Ones	Cockney Rejects (Arena)
20	(17)	Hi Yo Silver	Lone Ranger (Greensleeves)
21	(—)	Carmel	Carmel (Red Flame)
22	(22)	Skidip	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
23	(14)	Punk'n'Disorderly	Various (Abstract)
24	(24)	Drumming The Beating Heart	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
25	(23)	Degenerates	Passage (Cherry Red)
26	(18)	2 x 45	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
27	(27)	4th Drawer Down Associates	(Situation 2)
28	(—)	Movement	New Order (Factory)
29	(—)	After The Snow	Modern English (4AD)
30	(—)	Incontinent	Fad Gadget (Mute)

Compiled by NME from a Nationwide survey of independent record retailers.

REGGAE SINGLES

1	Mini Bus Driver	Voice of Progress (Firehouse)
2	Rock It So Good	Peter Metro & Zu Zu (Rhythm Rulers)
3	King And Queen	Yellowman/Sister Nancy (Amco)
4	Why You So Craven	Israel Vibration (Arrival)
5	Leaders Of Blank Country	Vibe Tones (New Star)
6	Joycie Gwan	Ranking Toyon (Gorgon)
7	Pick A Boo	Derek Lara (Taxi)
8	Stranger	George Calstock (Acoustic)
9	Gambling	Jah Wayne & Johnny (Channel One)
10	Reggae A Fi Conka	Johnny Tinslice & Reggie Culture (All Nations)
11	Talk About Pauline	Leroy Smart (GG)
12	Reggae Music	Santana & Mannix (Arabic Int)
13	Turn Me Loose	Al Campbell (Arrival)
14	Move In Move Out	Anthony Johnson (Explosion)
15	Get Me Mad	Purple Man (Hitbound)

ALBUMS

1	Commandments Of Dub	Jah Shaka (Shaka)
2	Night Nurse	Gregory Isaacs (Island)
3	Mini Bus Driver	Voice of Progress (Nequs Roots)
4	Hi Yo Silver & Away	Lone Ranger (Greensleeves)
5	Love At First Sight	Freddy McGregor (Joe Gibbs)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

US SINGLES

1	3	Hard To Say I'm Sorry	Chicago (Warner Bros)
2	2	Eye Of The Tiger	Survivor (Epic)
3	1	Abracadabra	Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
4	11	Jack & Diane	John Cougar (Polygram)
5	5	Even The Nights Are Better	Air Supply (Arista)
6	6	You Should Hear How She Talks About You	Melissa Manchester (Arista)
7	4	Hold Me	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
8	7	Hurts So Good	John Cougar (Polygram)
9	9	Wasted On The Way	Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
10	10	Take It Away	Paul McCartney (Columbia)

US LPs

1	3	American Fool	John Cougar (Polygram)
2	1	Mirage	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
3	2	Eye Of The Tiger	Survivor (Epic)
4	6	Abracadabra	Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
5	5	Pictures At Eleven	Robert Plant (Atlantic)
6	4	Asia	Asia (Warner Bros)
7	7	Good Trouble	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)
8	8	Daylight Again	Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
9	9	Vacation	The Go-Go's (A&M)
10	12	Chicago 16	Chicago (Full Moon/Warner Bros)

Courtesy Billboard

AUSTRALIA LPs

1	Sons Of Beaches	Australian Crawl (EMI)
2	20 Golden Greats	Slim Whitman (Liberty)
3	Tug Of War	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
4	Eye In The Sky	Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
5	Mirage	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
6	Deepest Purple	Deep Purple (EMI)
7	Avalon	Roxy Music (Polydor)
8	Abracadabra	Steve Miller Band (Mercury)
9	Pictures At Eleven	Robert Plant (Swan Song)
10	The Number Of The Beast	Iron Maiden (EMI)

Courtesy Kent Music Report/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	1	Magic Fly	Space (Pye)
2	2	Way Down	Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	3	Silver Lady	David Soul (Private Stock)
4	4	Oxygene	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)
5	5	Deep Down Inside	Donna Summer (GTO)
6	6	Telephone Man	Meri Wilson (Pye)
7	7	Best Of My Love	Emotions (CBS)
8	8	Nights On Broadway	Candi Staton (Warner Bros)
9	9	Nobody Does It Better	Carly Simon (Elektra)
10	10	Looking After Number One	Boyz n the Band (Ensign)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	1	Mama We're All Crazy Now	Slade (Polydor)
2	2	You Wear It Well	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
3	3	Children Of The Revolution	T. Rex (T. Rex)
4	4	It's Four In The Morning	Faron Young (Mercury)
5	5	Virginia Plain	Roxy Music (Island)
6	6	Sugar Me	Lynsey De Paul (MAM)
7	7	How Can I Be Sure	David Cassidy (Bell)
8	8	Standing In The Road	Blackfoot Sue (Jam)
9	9	Ain't No Sunshine	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
10	10	Too Young	Donny Osmond (MGM)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	1	The Last Waltz	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	2	Excerpt From A Teenage Opera	Keith West (Parlophone)
3	3	Itchycoo Park	Small Faces (Immediate)
4	4	I'll Never Fall In Love Again	Tom Jones (Decca)
5	5	Let's Go To San Francisco	Flowerpot Men (Deram)
6	6	Reflections	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)
7	7	San Francisco	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
8	8	Flowers In The Rain	Move (Regal Zonophone)
9	9	Even The Bad Times Are Good	Tremeloes (CBS)
10	10	Just Loving You	Anita Harris (CBS)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	1	She's Not You	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	2	It'll Be Me	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	3	I Remember You	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
4	4	Roses Are Red	Ronnie Carroll (Phillips)
5	5	Things	Bobby Darin (London)
6	6	Telstar	Tornadoes (Decca)
7	7	Breaking Up Is Hard To Do	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
8	8	Sealed With A Kiss	Brian Hyland (HMV)
9	9	Don't That Beat All	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
10	10	Guitar Tango	Shadows (Columbia)

NME

INSIDE INFORMATION



LEMMY AND WENDY 7

FIRE IN SOWETO 4

HALL AND OATES 5

WATER NYMPHS 8

MIGHTY, MIGHTY REEL 11



ROCKERS REVENGE 13

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART 15



DANGEROUS VISIONS 19

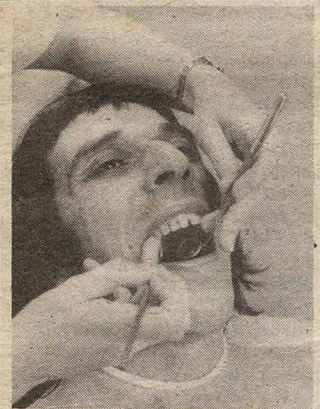
SINGLES 21

BACK TO AFRICA 22



SILVER SCREAMS 26

RIPPLING YARNS 30



LPs 35

TOUR NEWS 40

RECORD NEWS 41

GIG GUIDE 43

X-WORD 44

LIVE! ELVIS 47



LIVE! FUTURAMA 48

LIVE! SUNSPASH 50

REGGAE RUNNINGS 52

GASBAG 58

T-ZERS 59

SLOWDIVE DANCER

Banshees
re-emerge L-R:
John McGeoch,
Budgie, Sioux,
Steve Severin



SIOUXSIE & The Banshees swing back into action this autumn, with a new single and a string of major UK appearances, dispelling fears that Siouxsie's throat problems might cause an indefinite lay-off. Her condition was first diagnosed by a Scandinavian doctor in the spring, but it's steadily improved since she's been receiving treatment from a London specialist.

Said Siouxsie this week: "I was told in May to rest for six months, and our only date since then was at the Elephant Fayre in Cornwall during July — so I have, in fact, rested for almost the specified time. Maybe I'm jumping the gun just a bit, but we've got a dozen new songs we're all anxious to get out and play."

They'll be playing them, along with other material, at Birmingham Odeon (November 13), Glasgow Apollo (15), Edinburgh Playhouse (16), Scarborough Futurist Theatre (18 and 19), Manchester Apollo (21 and 22), Southampton Gaumont (24 and 25) and London Hammersmith Palais (28 and 29). Ticket prices are £4 and £3.50 at all venues — except Glasgow (£3 only) and Hammersmith (£4 only).

The band's new single, issued by Polydor on October 1, is 'Slowdive' coupled with 'Cannibal Roses'. There's also a 12-inch which contains a third track titled 'Obsession II'.

Following their summer gig in Cornwall, it was the band's intention to stage a similar event in the London area, but it now transpires that all their attempts were thwarted. Commented Steve Severin: "Our efforts were quashed by regulations and restrictions from the GLC and Park Commissioners, but I'm sure we shall have better luck next year."

Two singles, new line-up planned

Let's Associate!

THE ASSOCIATES this week firmly quashed the rumours about them splitting up with the announcement of a flurry of activity that will take them through till Christmas.

The rumours, which were fanned by the group postponing their summer tour twice due to Billy Mackenzie losing his voice, were reinforced with news of keyboards player Martha Ladly leaving to pursue her solo career, and worsened by a rift between Associate mainstays Alan Rankine and Mackenzie.

Apparently a row blew up between the pair about their respective work inputs. At the time Rankine was not only rehearsing the live group but also remixing their first LP 'The Affectionate Punch' for October re-release by Polydor/Fiction. Dissatisfied with Mackenzie's

contribution, he told him to "pull his socks up or forget it."

The rift has since been healed, according to the group's spokesman, and the pair got together again this week to prepare for their long delayed tour, which is now being rescheduled for the end of the year. In the meantime a new Associates single will be recorded, preceded by a Billy Mackenzie solo single in October and the first-time issue in this country of the singles compilation 'Fourth Drawer Down' by Beggars Banquet (previously only available on import).

They will also be rehearsing a new live group, formed around the nucleus of Rankine and Mackenzie, plus ex-Rumour drummer Steve Goulding and bassist John Mamby. It will eventually also feature two more keyboards players, back-up singers and dancers.



Beki Bondage

National Vice

VICE SQUAD are set to headline their biggest ever UK tour next month. The outing ties in with the September 20 release by EMI of the band's new EP titled 'The State Of The Nation EP', comprising three new tracks — 'Citizen', 'Scarred For Life' and 'Faceless Men'.

The Bristol outfit are currently touring America and, after their British outing, they'll be doing the European rounds. Hastings band Flowers Of The Past are the support act and, with several more dates (including London) to be finalised, those confirmed so far are:

Bradford University (October 7), Manchester Polytechnic (9), Keighley Funhouse (11), Liverpool Warehouse (13), Preston Warehouse (14), Retford Porterhouse (15), Middlesbrough Cavern Club (16), Brighton X-Trems at the New Regent (19), Shanklin I.O.W. Pier Theatre (20), Bridgwater Arts Centre (23), Plymouth Top Rank (24), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (27), Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall (28) and Norwich Gala Ballroom (29).

Takeover bid by Uganda Asian tycoon

Fair Deal folds up

EFFORTS TO SAVE South London's Fair Deal from extinction appeared to have failed this week, when it closed down on Monday afternoon, little more than six months after it was launched.

Notices were posted on the exterior of the building stating that the Fair Deal had "ceased to exist", and it's understood that manager Alan Briggs has called in the liquidators. Even so, attempts to salvage the complex as a going concern are already in hand.

Over £1½ million was spent on converting the old Astoria Cinema into what was hailed as Europe's most modern rock centre, complete with its own recording studio and video facilities. And without exception, all the bands who played there — including The Jam, The Clash and Squeeze — were generous in their praise of its acoustics.

But praise and enterprise were to prove insufficient, when competing against a fateful sequence of events.

The 5000-capacity Brixton venue opened in March with a UB40 concert, and things started to go wrong immediately afterwards. It's ironic that UB40 are the first to suffer from the closure, with the cancellation of the band's two

By DEREK JOHNSON

projected concerts there next Monday and Tuesday (20-21) — ticket-holders are advised to claim cash refunds from the point of purchase.

The troubles began when six of the venue's first ten concerts were blown out at short notice — in all cases, it was the fault of the artists rather than the theatre, but nevertheless it inevitably acquired a reputation for unreliability.

Briggs, who conceived and ran the Fair Deal project, then faced a further upset when his partner and backer Peter Lodenberg decided to pull out — leaving the venue's finances in total disarray. Bookings dropped off dramatically, which had a snowballing effect on the financial situation.

It seems that many promoters and agents were reluctant to book their acts into Brixton because of its notoriety. At the same time, the locals — living in one of London's most depressed areas — could ill-afford to subsidise what few

■ Continues page 8

Image alterations

ALTERED IMAGES have had to shelve all tour plans for the foreseeable future, following the departure of two of the band members.

Guitarist Jim apparently left last month, but his defection only came to light after drummer Titch walked out a week ago, with the usual "musical differences" given as the reason in both cases. A new guitarist has already been found in one Stephen Lironi — but, according to the band's agency, the drum stool remains vacant at present.

Despite this upheaval, they are hoping to have a new single on release before Christmas.

DAMNED, PASSAGE, MARI WILSON, SHALAMAR, KING TRIGGER DATES — NEWS P40-45

No drop outs.

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

No bombs at Blackpool

Planned originally as a North West event, the youth march against nuclear weapons to the Labour Party conference in Blackpool at the end of the month is rapidly becoming a national affair.

Support for it has come from Youth CND, Tony Benn, Labour education spokesman Neil Kinnock and many local organisations. Working from an office donated by the UMIST students' union in Central Manchester, a team of volunteer organisers — mainly young unemployed — report a tremendous response to the march.

Youth CND national committee member Jim Coutts, outlining the degree of interest in the event, said that enquiries were coming from "as far apart as Aberdeen and Brighton".

The march will kick off with a concert in Manchester on Wednesday September 22 with The Chameleons before getting on the road the following morning.

It will pass through Bolton and Preston where various receptions, meetings and other events will take place, to arrive in Blackpool on the Sunday before Labour's conference opens. Marchers will then join a rally to press Labour leaders to give a firm pledge that the next Labour government will scrap nuclear weapons.

Details of the march from: Youth March Office, c/o UMIST Union, Sackville Street, Manchester M60 1QD, 061-236 9114 X48.

Theatre Of Hate are featured on a German compilation called 'Das Abendprogramm' on an international bill with The Honeymoon Killers, Schlaflose Nächte and Einstürzende Neubauten. The LP was recorded live at a Rock Against Junk concert in West Berlin last September. The TOH tracks are 'Incinerator' and 'The Original Sin', the LP's on the Riskant label, and it's available through Eigelstein, Aquinostrasse 7-11, 5000 Cologne 1.

We re-Vibrate

The Vibrators have re-formed with their original line-up of Knox (guitar), Eddie (drums), John Ellis (guitar) and Pat Collier (bass). They are already halfway through recording an album of new material, and this is due to be released in November coinciding with a major UK tour, culminating in a major London showcase at the Lyceum Ballroom.

Since the band broke up a couple of years ago, John Ellis has been active as a session musician, and is featured on the new Peter Gabriel and Peter Hammill albums; Eddie has been gigging and recording with his own band The Hamsters; and Pat Collier has produced a number of albums and singles.

Knox has been recording under his own name and working with a number of bands — and he is currently playing with both Charlie Harper's Urban Dogs and the new Troops Of Tomorrow outfit. He intends to continue these parallel activities in future, as far as his commitment to The Vibrators permit.

Life after death dept: This weekend (18-19) a Psychics & Mystics Fayre will be held at Kensington Exhibition Centre, West London, which will be attended by Britain's leading clairvoyants, psychics, astrologers, palmists and tarot card readers. If you don't know what it all means and would like to discover the meaning of life, the festival's press release promises you'll find the answers here.

LYNN HANNA talks to the men who made 'Soweto' — the LP that escaped the shadow of apartheid to become a surprise UK chart hit

IMAGINE A POP record being made in a studio that police regularly raid to beat up and arrest the musicians. If you find that difficult, think of Soweto.

'Soweto' is the name of the first black South African record to get into the British charts. It is also the name of one of the black townships of Johannesburg, chief city of South Africa, a country that imposes a system of apartheid so vicious as to be barely credible to the privileged outsider.

The police in fact were just upholding the law — in this case the religious observance laws that prevent most activity on a Sunday, the only day that most of the artists concerned could have time off their jobs to make music.

"The police were doing nothing that they don't do daily," says Julius Levin, owner of the studio. "You have to live with it. Maybe it makes you stronger."

Levin originally established his makeshift studio behind a watch repair shop to do demos for a show, and he was working with white music until a group manager called Wilbur Dlamini arrived and announced that he had chosen Julius to record his group.

"We just couldn't withstand the total onslaught, the drive, the immediacy of the black attack," he says. "Nobody could — not me, nor everybody passing by there as well."

A group of about a hundred soon gathered in the shop and spilled out onto the sidewalk. Levin decided to record the performance, but when he took the demos to a major record company he came up against "a vicious racket of corruption, depravity, plain pig-headedness, infamy and

downright thuggery". So he had the records pressed at his own expense and sold them from the studio. From there the operation took off until it had ten record bars handling 15 per cent of the singles market in the area.

"At our last recording session, I told the group, don't worry, cheer up, some day somebody will hear the music, recognise it for what it is, be carried away by it. And from there on it will sweep the world. That person was Geoff Travis of Rough Trade."

Rough Trade duly released the 'Soweto' album from recordings that stretch back to 1972. After reaching a chart position of 66, it sold out of stock and is now being pressed again. But its success isn't due to the adverse circumstances of its creation. Captured by rudimentary equipment, it is a compilation of African pop with lilting melodies, a rich percussive pattern and a vigorous sense of purpose.

"To an extent it mirrors the lifestyle here," explains Levin. "There's a lot more to it than you hear."

I spoke to producer Wilbur Dlamini and Simon Ngubane, composer and leader of The New Lucky Boys, by phone to Julius Levin's office in Johannesburg.

How did they feel about seeing the record appear in the British charts?

"Very surprised really," replied Wilbur Dlamini. "I couldn't believe it when I saw it. I felt very, very much pleased. They said we couldn't do anything about it, but now we can sell it."

"We are playing the same music as we were ten years ago. That music is coming back now. Blacks would buy it. I'm not sure about whites, maybe some would if they were interested."

What sort of difficulties did they face as musicians, I wondered, in a country that is

currently considering extending its already draconian prohibitions on the movement and activities of blacks to a total curfew of "unauthorised" blacks between ten o'clock at night until five the following morning?

"The trouble is, I haven't got time to do it," said Simon Ngubane. "Only on a Sunday. It is difficult to get a place to rehearse, and nobody can listen to you if you haven't got a place for rehearsing. The police are inclined to worry us."

Sometimes they tell you to leave and say, What are you doing with that noise?

"It is difficult for us, but we're trying."

Unfortunately this is not a story with a happy ending.

"When I first heard their music and the circumstances they played in, without a hope of bucking a system that for the most part didn't give them a hope in hell, I considered

myself at war with the establishment," says Julius Levin.

"Finally the whole operation became a casualty when we could not progress beyond a certain stage in the face of concerted enmity and onslaught against us by the establishment. Slowly the groups disintegrated, and much as I tried nothing can bring them together again, what's left of them that is. A lot of tapes we recorded also got lost in the process. These titles and possibly ten other ones are all that is left of it today."

Does Wilbur Dlamini think that the success of 'Soweto' might make it any easier for black South African musicians in the future?

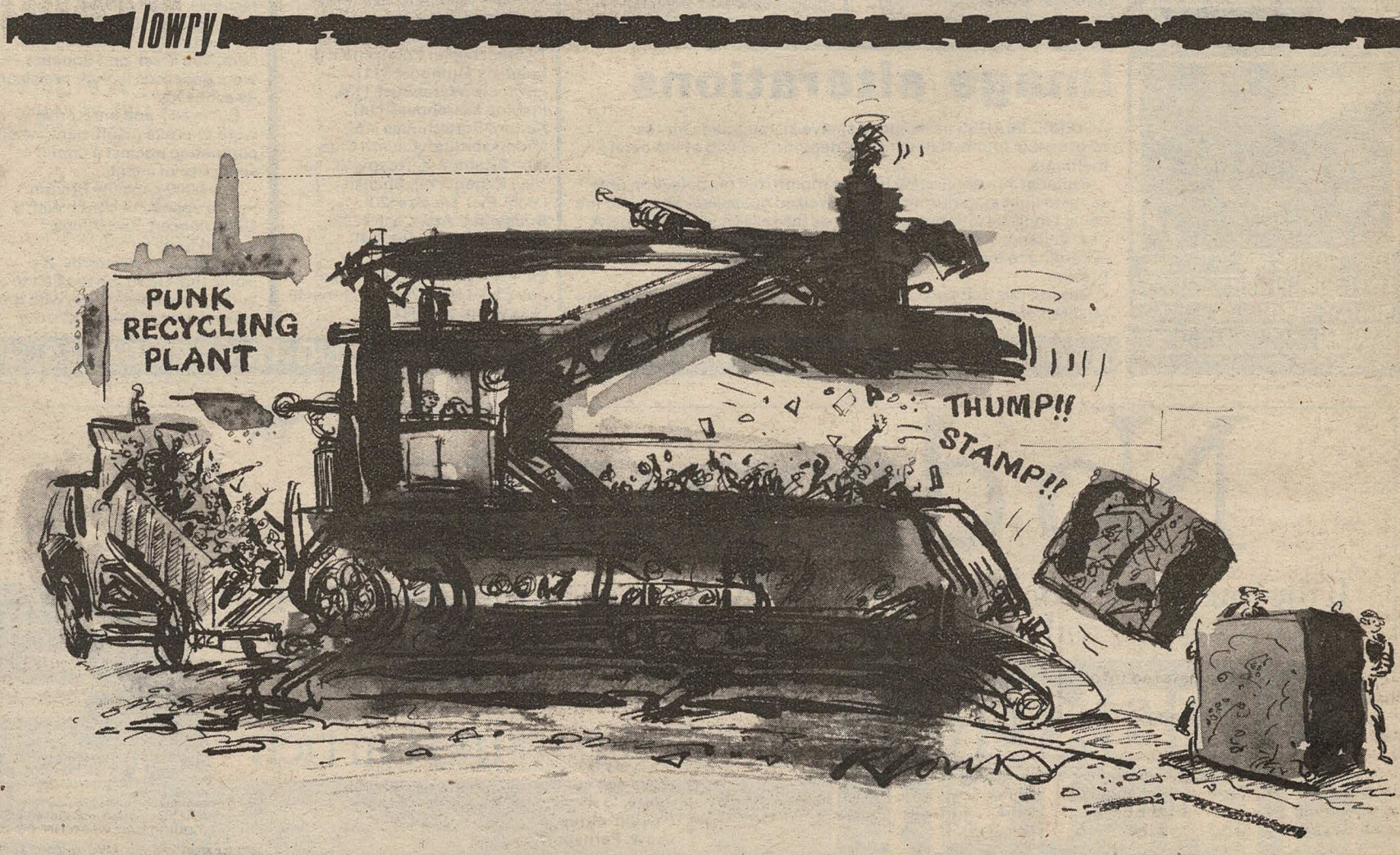
There is a long pause, 5000 miles away, at the other end of the line.

"I think so... really," he says.



There's a riot goin' on... Soweto children dance defiance round a burnt-out delivery van, during the 1976 upheavals. Pic: Camera Press.

Sweet Soweto music



portrait of the artist as a **CONSUMER** HALL & OATES

DARYL HALL

SINGLE

The Message ... Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five

LP

None

BOOK

The Holy Blood & The Holy Grail

Michael Baigent, Henry Lincoln & Richard Leigh

FILMS

All John Waters movies

MAGAZINES

Country Life

Easy Rider bike magazine

ACTORS

Clint Eastwood

Joe Pesci

SINGERS

David Ruffin

Paul Williams

FOOD

Indian

HERO

Richard Pryor

DESIGNERS

J C Penney

Flagg Bros (before 1965)

JOHN OATES

SINGLE

The Message ... Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five

LP

H₂O

BOOK

The Holy Blood & The Holy Grail

Michael Baigent, Henry Lincoln & Richard Leigh

SINGERS/ACTORS/ACTRESSES

None

FOOD

Cuisine from Poon Tang Region

HERO

Tazio Nuvolari

DESIGNERS

Gordon Murray

Vittorio Jano

Daryl Hall (left) and John Oates. Pic: Paul Cox

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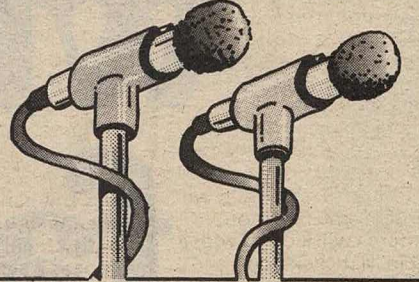
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Pic: Peter Anderson

Peggy Sue got very bored with Buddy Holly week

BLUE SUEDE shoes were stepped upon but for once there was far more grease in the spring-heeled feet of the finalists of the Buddy Holly Rock & Roll Dance Championship than plastered into their sculptured hair.

Staged at London's Lyceum as part of Paul McCartney's Annual Buddy Holly Sends His Apologies beanfeast, coachloads of young quiffabillies and bobbysoxers (teds were in short supply) packed the dancefloor whilst the usual celebrity rent-a-crowd packed the

balcony (assorted Spandaus, Bananaramas, Bellestars, Not The Nine O'Clock Newsers, Billy & Pammy, Lauren "come let me take you away from all this" Hutton, etc).

The main attraction was the dance-off, with the three winners being crated up and shipped off to Texas — this part was judged by Tony Prince, Mari Wilson, Billy Fury (scoring the biggest cheer of the night) and Stuart Coleman who was confronted with mass booing — apparently, Stu is reviled in these circles for his whitewash work with Shakey and The Jets.

Late arrivals were the McCartneys and the Ringo Starrs — the latter's shameful entry, together with the performance from wimp-rockers The Stargazers, constituted the nadir of the event. Ringo's appearance in the balcony resembled an SAS raid, with the grizzled ex-Fab surrounded by extremely jumpy 'minders' whose over-acted presence seemed to be inviting trouble.

Buddy Holly — who just a few short years ago confided to NME interviewers, quote, "I wish I'd never been up in that bleedin' airplane" — again failed to show. Perhaps next year!

***** LIVE BANDS ***** LIVE BANDS ***** LIVE BANDS *****

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***** LIVE BANDS ***** LIVE ***** LIVE BANDS ***** LIVE BANDS *****

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Evelyn Daggart and Kath Rogers in 'And All Things Nice'

Camden kulchur

THE BARBITURATE mayhem of the Music Machine in the summer of '79 provides the focal point of *And All Things Nice*, the autobiographical debut play by 18-year-old Carol Williams, currently showing at the Old Red Lion, Islington.

A tale of amorality rather than immorality, it relates Carol's experiences after she was thrown out of her respectable West Indian home for keeping the wrong hours and company. She winds up sharing drugs and a Camden Town squat with two lively if slightly loony punks, Mo and Mandy (marvellously played by Kath Rogers and Evelyn Daggart) — until one bad experience too many prompts her to call home.

Carol is portrayed with just the right amount of naivety and despair by Susan Browne, while Charlie Hanson's agile direction makes the best possible use of the limited set and manages perfectly to capture the breakneck speed of the London punk scene.

After its season at the Old Red Lion (until Oct 2), *And All Things Nice* moves to the Riverside Studios, Hammersmith (from Oct 5).

— LLOYD BRADLEY

LPS EXTRA

The scene so far: Danny has been sitting in front of a blank sheet of paper at Lynn Hanna's desk all day. Suddenly, at 4.30, he begins to type...

NO IMAGINATION!

IMAGINATION

In *The Heat Of The Night* (R&B)

THE CAT'S out the bag, the dog's in the manger, the bull's in the china shop, the wolf's in sheep's clothing, the sun has got his hat on and pop goes the weasel. This is not in fact a review at all. It is just several lines of copy to fool the casual passer-by that I am on the case. In fact I have a headache that goes right up into my hat. What is it that drives a fairly ordinary hack to these bizarre lengths in order to 'dodge' a routine piece of work like reviewing an LP? If I can concentrate on writing this — why can't I knuckle down to the matter *really* in hand? I could easily — oh hang on, here comes... er yes, Imagination have in their none-too-subtle use of sexio-fantasmal imagery defined themselves a turf that is mainly untapped outside the less important pop, er, pop... it's OK now he's gone. God that sun's hot. If I sat further back from the desk then I'd be in the shade. But then my fingers wouldn't reach the desk. Oh God, here's Phil... hope to Christ he doesn't read over my shoulder. Ha-ha, he's just seen the heading and yelled "Great! Well done!"... I feel a bit guilty. I think I'll try typing from the shade. KFHkdum vjf; no that's gibberish. I can't see the keys properly for a start. What's going on in those offices over there? There's always someone walking around carrying copy. The sun's still belting down. Monty's still doing fuck all. But in a most officious way. Keeps consulting some bloody text book. Types a couple of words then sits staring at the tip of his cigarette. Haha... Andy's got a bit tetchy cos Monty — who has given up pretending now — has asked him to fix his

E180. What a fucking joke this office is! Phil has had the gall to suggest Andy might be busy! Monty is staring at his abysmal work rate again. I wonder what he's really thinking. How Chris Bohn can work in here is beyond me. Gavin's started chanting like a two-year-old kid all of a sudden. He's going: "Happy happy happy." I figure I've got about five minutes till the sun goes over to Ian's desk. Monty is looking at some rough sheets with an expression that says: "What the fuck did I mean by that?" His tape is lying rather sadly on Andy's case.

I wonder if two pages is stretching this "review". What if someone picks up the finished sheet and gives the game away? Fiona just delivered a letter. Ha, I can see what Monty's typing now — it says "In The Can One" One! Here we have a grown man sitting in a chair for several hours managing to hack out but one sheet of paper — most of that cribbed from a text book! Still, as long as you *look* occupied I suppose. Christ, I wonder how they'll react when they discover what this really is? They'll never believe that I'll give it to 'em Monday — I've said that for two Mondays already. Sometimes Phil sees these impromptu bits and is so taken with 'em he puts them in the paper regardless. That'd be good. I'd 'protest' of course but secretly I'd be glad I've got shot of this fucking LP. Everyone knows what they sound like. Hang on, Monty wants to show me something. He's given *Last American Virgin* a good review. He must be as bored as I am. I wonder if it's as hot as this outside the glass acts as a heat amplifier or what? I'm boiling up here. Right I reckon this looks long enough. Now to keep it away from Andy till I break the news about Monday. This time I

LOVE & MARRIAGE

... goes together like a punky-metal barrage??

GAVIN MARTIN hears Lemmy and Wendy O stand by their principles

IT'S A MARRIAGE of extremes — the queen of American punk lobotomy and the clown prince of terminal gross-out home-made heavy metal. Wendy O'Williams of The Plasmatics with her sellotaped tits and Mohican haircut and Lemmy of Motorhead with his gnarled rabid vocals and years of conscientious drug abuse, decimating the sacred cow of country music and the paean to servile femininity 'Stand By Your Man'.

From the other end of the transatlantic blower Ms O'Williams tells how this made-in-hell's kitchen hit-bound sound came about.

"I always liked Motorhead because to them nothing was sacred and that's how The Plasmatics feel as well. We met last year in New York and decided to do the most outrageous thing we could think of and this was it.

"The original was such a sexist song, but Lemmy's improved it by writing new lyrics. Country music has always been symbolic of conservative lunacy, especially with the roles guys and girls have. To me people should have the freedom to do what they want.

"Tammy Wynette is backing George Wallace for re-election as governor of Alabama and Wallace is one of the biggest lunatics America has ever produced, he's for segregation and all that shit. 'Stand By Your Man' has been Wynette's theme song for years and she's been married four or five times, so what the hell's she talking about?"

Before hanging up and conceding defeat to Buzby and his gremlins, O'Williams said that a third Plasmatics LP recorded in Germany with The Scorpions' producer was ready for release, and there should be a chance to see the group and her not-so-endearing old charms when they come to Europe early next year.

Meanwhile, back in his London record company office chasing vodka with small cans of Special Brew (very effective), Lemmy intimates that the partnership may be renewed at a later date. He and Wendy may go out to Nashville to record an LP — although the likelihood of them ever getting out alive seems to make that pretty remote.

"I don't know what NME are making of all this. What do they reckon up there?"

Desperate publicity stunt are words not far from people's mouths with regards to this one Lemmy.

"Really? I'm sorry to hear that. (So are we! — NME staff.) I figured we were getting enough publicity — if anything Motorhead have been over-publicised. So you can put that one under the fucken carpet right away."

Whether he needs the publicity or not, broach any topic and Lemmy's likely to have something to say about it.

ON THE SINGLE:

"We did it for fun and to turn people's heads around. I think the punks and Motorhead's fans are pretty polarised — us coming

together should shake them up a bit.

"We wanted to destroy a few misconceptions about Motorhead and about The Plasmatics. Ritchie Stott the guitarist with The Plasmatics is a really innovative guitarist and the solo he plays on the record is one of the best solos I've ever heard on that type of record."

ON THE NME:

"I take it for granted that it's not the NME's cup of tea because it's got a bit straitlaced of late. You look like you might get rid of some of that, you look like a fun-lovin' lad. It's getting to be as interesting as the Financial Times, I can't believe it's so boring. It devotes a lot of time to things that have nothing to do with music. If I want to read about

CND or unemployment I'll buy the Times, it reports on that stuff a whole lot better. The NME seems to think it's the conscience of the nation's kids."

ON ROCK'N'ROLL:

"People seem to have forgotten rock'n'roll is supposed to be fun. It's all so serious — artistic licence and all that bullshit nowadays. All it is, is the stuff your parents would never listen to."

ON STARDOM:

"The best thing is being able to cash cheques without a cheque card. I wanted to be in a rock'n'roll group since I was 13. I'm just living out my fantasies — it's wonderful stuff. You can't go wrong, can you?"

ON COUNTRY MUSIC:

"Yeah, I like a lot of country music. I like a lot of different

stuff — Joni Mitchell is a fucken genius, Abba make perfect pop singles ... but if I like anyone I like Dolly Parton, she doesn't give a shit. 'Show your tits', right — there you are. So what, y'know?"

ON THE NOLANS:

"We're mates, have been for years. The Nolans are very funny actually. No one ever gives them credit for being human beings, to most people they're just four pretty faces who sing all these sweet songs. I suppose it's the same with me, people get an image of you through the media and think it's the reality, you expect it. But if the truth were known, The Nolans are really four feisty little fuckers."

"Our manager was talking to Linda Nolan at the bar and he dropped some money on the floor and bent down to pick it up and she goes, 'While

you're down there ...' and his brain nearly came out his ear. Because The Nolans aren't supposed to say things like that."

ON BELFAST:

"We used to go there quite a lot even in the mid-'60s when I was in a group called The Rockin' Vicars. We got banned because we wore clerical collars onstage. We got all these letters in the papers — 'I invite your prayers to stop this heathen mob coming over here debasing our religion'."

"But everytime Motorhead do a tour we play Belfast. There's so many groups don't and I can't understand it. It's fucking phenomenal — Belfast's crowds are the best in the world. I think people are shitheads for not playing there — apart from the reception you should do it anyway. It's only over the bloody water."

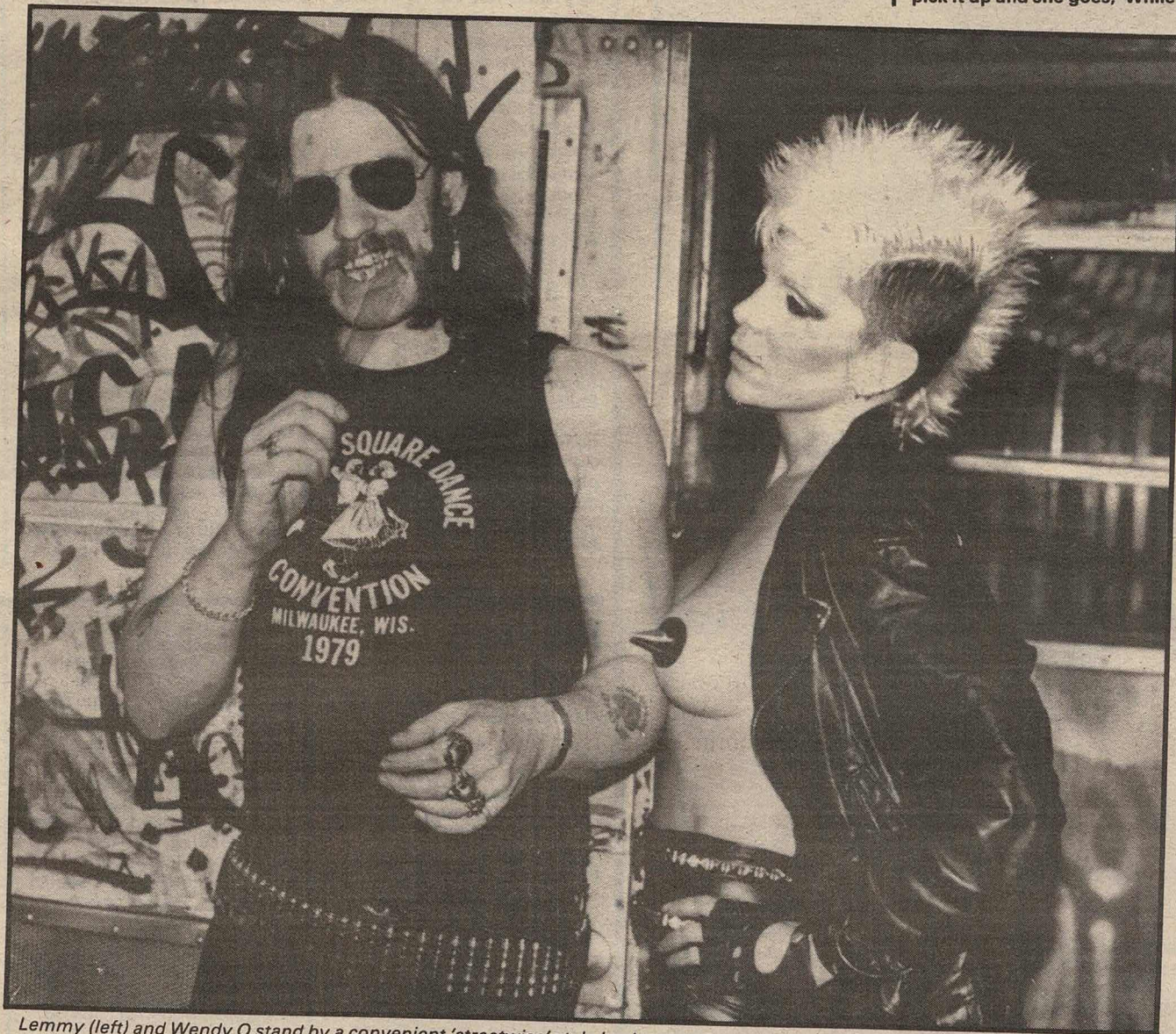
ON VAN MORRISON:

"I used to know him for a while just after he'd left Them. I remember him sitting on a bed in our hotel room really down in the dumps. 'Times are bad, Seggy,' he said, 'times are very hard having to work with a bloody showband, I can't get a gig anywhere'. Then in two years he put out 'Astral Weeks'. He's a really dirty singer, one of the great old shouters. Such a bastard though."

Lemmy admits to being "fed up to the teeth" answering questions about Fast Eddie, who departed from Motorhead after the recording of 'Stand By Your Man'. He's made friends with Eddie again, and they jammed together at Reading. Lemmy has now enlisted Brian Robertson — formerly of Thin Lizzy — as his permanent replacement. But is there not a danger that die-hard Motorhead fans will feel betrayed by Lemmy's collaboration with Wendy and look elsewhere for their enjoyment, just like Eddie?

"Well they don't have to buy it if they don't like it, it's just a one-off. There'll be plenty more Motorhead records which won't have changed all that much from the old Motorhead records. Then again, who knows? Maybe I've just ruined my entire career by releasing this record."

He opens his mouth, revealing two rows of cracked brown and yellow teeth, gaping holes and broken fillings, and gives a long loud cackle.

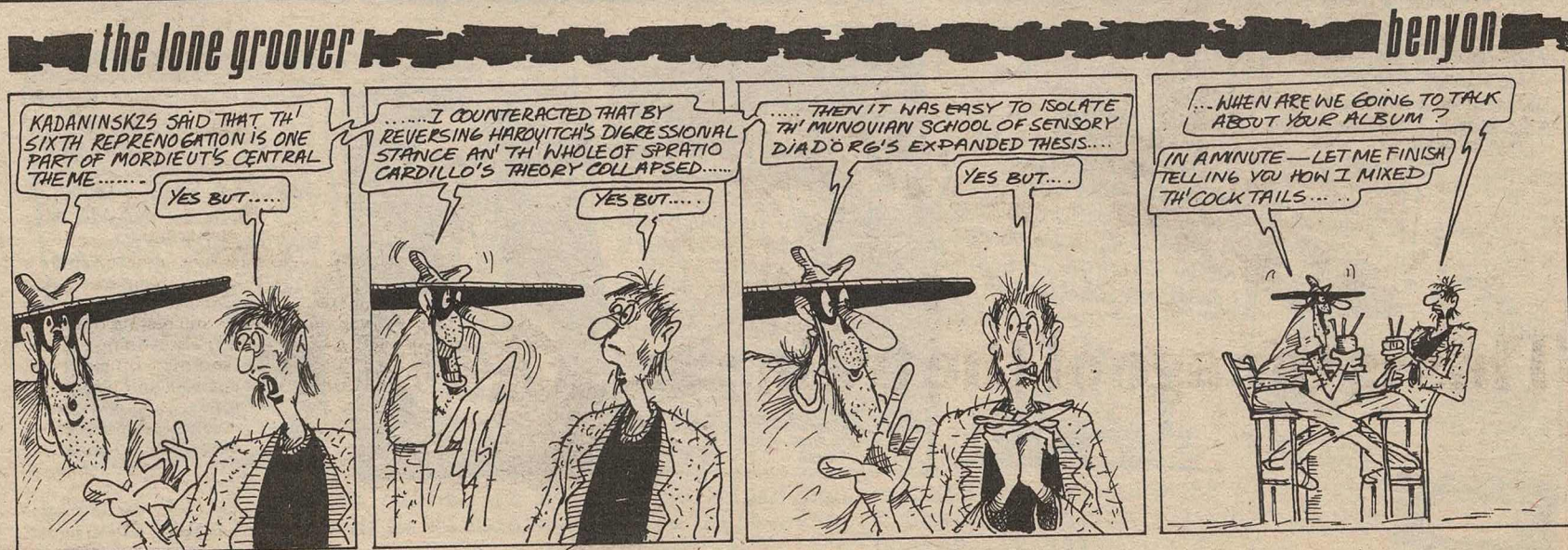


Lemmy (left) and Wendy O stand by a convenient 'streetwise' style background.

really will deliver it but there's ... Monty's just chuckling to himself about demolishing another review, "That's another one done!" he's saying ... there's no chance I could write a funny review feeling like this. In any case, a lot of people like Imagination — they're entitled to a review I suppose. Except the unemployed — they're not entitled to nothing the scum. Hold it ... I'm starting to write like I expect this to be read. That's the time to finish. Let's see ... er, and so who can honestly say that Imagination won't be with us ten years hence, playing that same old song. Still releasing singles and still be absolutely entirely all your own. I love them!

Danny Baker.

● The proper review of the Imagination LP appears on Page 39.



Lambeth rocks dole queue

THE LONDON borough of Lambeth, former stomping ground of 'Red' Ted Knight, has come up with a novel idea for South London's unemployed young 'uns. The council is setting up workshop centres to get its unemployed off the dole queue and onto the stage.

The initiative comes from John Dennis, Lambeth's entertainments officer, who told *NME*: "The idea of the workshops is to foster latent talents in the performing arts — music, sound systems, street performance, rolla-walkman fire-eating, rant . . ."

Lambeth's bid to become London's loudest borough begins at the end of October. "I've been testing the water, checking out how much is being done in the youth clubs," said

John. "It seems youth centres are opening up in the afternoon for the unemployed but there's not much of a programme. We're setting up sessions where musicians and performers would actually come along.

"For the first workshop we're getting Abacush, a local reggae band, and we'll split the sessions so there's one on 'bass and drums,' one on 'sax, keyboards and guitar' and three vocalists doing the last one on 'vocals'."

The sessions will be organised once a week at five venues around the borough.

"The fact is there's very little provision for the unemployed during the day. We can put on gigs, though that's another level of organisation, but this is something for their own skills." Instead of just putting on

bands, Lambeth looks set to breed its own. In order, however, to develop this wealth of performers from the ranks of the unemployed, John Dennis needs to hear both from those willing to share their expertise and those keen to benefit from it. Anyone who wants to go to/work in/help run the workshops should contact John on (01) 622 6655 ext. 324.

The scheme certainly seems set to be a revolutionary launch pad for new bands and performers. "If there's enough new talent then we'll organize a showcase," said John. "And we have definite plans for a club night in Norwood . . ."

Today a night in Norwood, tomorrow a week at the Hammersmith Odeon — what odds 'Rocking' Lambeth for the next Merseybeat-type explosion?

— X. MOORE



Cruella L-R: James, Dave, Phil, Colin

Cruella De Ville: where childish sadism verges on evil

"THE THING about Brecht is I hate him," says Colin Muinzer, soft-spoken guitarist and vocalist with Cruella de Ville. "He's just not entertaining, but I really like the stories of Saki, he's my favourite writer and he always writes about *enfant terrible* types."

I see. I'd mentioned Brecht because I thought the breakneck Hinge and Brackett comic black narratives on Cruella's 'Two Dreadful Children'/'Drunken Uncle John' single had a Brecht/Weilesque ticklish irritancy and dark cartoonery about them.

But for all the Grand Guignol trappings on record, CdV are an outwardly innocuous cords'n'Kickers quartet consisting of James Clenaghan, Mike Edgar, Colin and his sister Philomena — personal assistant to Sting but away on holiday as we talk. Phil's a writer with a couple of Radio 4 plays to her name, lots of short stories and a Mills & Boon commission currently in the offing.

It's Colin and Phil who form the curious centre of CdV, going back to their pre-teen years. Colin, who embarrassedly admits he's never seen any other bands, elaborates:

"When we were little, visitors would come round and we were always made to sing and play in the front room with the piano for them, which we hated. So we used to make up little songs and sit and play them. It really used to humiliate us and whenever anyone came round we used to hide, but then we'd be dragged out and told to play and damn well enjoy it. Duress, that was our biggest influence."

From this parental, er, encouragement grew up a group of songs which eventually got recorded in a converted turkey shack using an old record player as a guitar amp and a box as a bass drum. A brother then sneaked these tapes to Good Vibrations Records and later Polydor took up the option on the material.

Colin describes it as: "Like skipping rhymes put to a beat. Phil and I would devise lines that would co-ordinate whilst we each tried to out-sing each

other at the same time, outwitting each other vocally in a race to the end of the song."

What this turns out as is a deviant, ghoulish mix of falsetto voices racing through an absurd operetta of piano and guitars, and it's already prompted one local DJ to smash the disc over the air, exclaiming his loathing for the record.

"All our songs at the minute," says Mike, "seem to be verging on evil. I got home one night after rehearsal ready to commit suicide. I don't know if that's just the way we rehearse . . ."

"But it's only Tom and Jerry violence," insists Colin. "It's not real."

There's also work underway on the storyboard for a half-hour film called *Carry On Cruella* that'll eventually be transferred to video, along with another video project which is being directed by someone Colin calls "a very experienced Royal Shakespearean Company actor."

But best of all, Chas Smash enthused vigorously about the single on a recent *Roundtable*. He and 101 dalmatians surely can't all be wrong.

— ADRIAN MADDOX



Above: Karn and O'Connor and (below) the sculpture. Can YOU tell the difference? Pix: Bill Zygmont

Caution — artists at work

AT LAST — the rock video to rival *E.T.* for poignancy, *Poltergeist* for special effects, and *Fame* for sheer youthful exuberance. Yes, the rock video truly comes of age with 'Sound Of Waves', the visual extravaganza made to accompany the new Mick Karn single. No expense has been spared to animate Karn's original sculpture (depicting a Rock Man holding a Water Nymph), and Japan's bassist has gone to De Niro-style lengths to bring his own creation to the screen. In a work of such blistering significance, it was absolutely essential that the right actress be selected for the plum part of the Nymph — luckily Hazel O'Connor was available. We can only stand humbled in the face of such



artistic endeavour and secretly wonder if the totally convincing baldy-wigs worn by Mick and Haze are made of

the same sort of rubber that washing up gloves are made of.

— KEITH PRATT

Fair Deal

■ From page 3

gigs were on offer. Briggs also claimed there was a vendetta against him in a substantial section of the rock industry, though this is unproven.

One backer, Mantrax, remained to support Briggs through his problems. But further help was needed and, throughout the summer, he was seeking additional financial aid. Despite having to lay off most of his staff, he remained confident that the Fair Deal could be revitalised.

But during the last few weeks, the venue has been the centre of a takeover bid, and Briggs

has been struggling to retain control. It seems he finally decided to give up the fight when the GLC refused the licence application for the UB40 concerts — and, at the same time, Mantrax demanded money owed to them.

The takeover bid has been made by a consortium of local businessmen, headed by Asian tycoon U-Ming, who has already revealed ambitious plans to restore the Fair Deal to full viability. They propose re-establishing financial equilibrium by paying off Briggs' creditors to the tune of 50 per cent, and they feel that a change of management will eliminate the alleged vendetta against the venue.

They hope substantially to boost the number of concerts staged there, while at the same time opening a pool hall beneath the stage, and running a nightly disco in the vast foyer. A source close to U-Ming told *NME* on Monday night that he was "95 per cent certain" the deal would go through, despite a somewhat tepid counter-bid by local community leaders. It seems unlikely that the venue would retain the Fair Deal name if U-Ming gains control.

At the time of closure, just as the autumn tour bonanza is beginning to peak, the only confirmed bookings in the Fair Deal diary were the two UB40 shows. A number of top acts had booked rehearsal time there, as they have been doing through the summer — but, as Briggs pointed out, "rehearsal fees don't even pay the rates".

For the sake of rock in general, and London audiences in particular, it's to be hoped that such a superbly equipped venue can be saved from the shutters and mothballs it had endured for the previous eight years. Failure to do so would be a tragedy. Briggs' dream failed to materialise and it remains to be seen if U-Ming, or whoever, can now bring that dream to fruition.



Livingstone at work in Africa

not only rock and roll lowry

POP IS SUFFERING A NERVOUS BREAK-DOWN AND ECONOMICS BECOMES THE LEADING ART FORM...



IN THE DEPRESSED NORTH, MONT HAS OPENED A NEW FACTORY EMPLOYING THOUSANDS OF HARD-UP FOLK TO WEAR OUT BRAND NEW DENIM FOR EFFETE LONDON YOUTHS ANXIOUS TO JOIN IN THE NEW FASHION TREND-LOOKING HARD-UP..



AND ON THE DARK CONTINENT.. IF ONLY SOMEONE COULD FUSE THE INCANDESCENT EXCITEMENT OF THE DRUMS AND THE POPULAR SONG FORM.. IF I COULD FIND ME A WHITE BOY WHO... MAYBE I'LL GIVE SAM PHILLIPS A RING...



Next: THOSE WRINKLES! Should middle-aged hacks be allowed to peddle this filth to today's pop kids? Should all deejays and Stephen Pile be hit repeatedly with flat stones? Errol revival, anyone?

A SMASH HIT

Taxi! Taxi! Airport Kennedy

*If you've heard these words on the Radio
and want this Record it's called*

LORRAINE

By

The hit of the Notting Hill Carnival

WINSTON (THE EXPLAINER) HENRY

Taken from the Charlies Records album "Man From The Ghetto" by Explainer. E.C.R.421

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NME3



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NME Tape & Leisure Division presents:

THE NME MIGHTY REEL

OKAY GANG, eyes down for the latest chapter in one of the greatest sonic success stories out our time!

Yes folks, it's round four of our soaraway **NME** tape jamboree! After a summer spent jiving on the wire, it's time for another price-pulverising cassette crammed with all the coolest contenders on the musical map.

This latest box of tuneful tricks goes by the name of **NME 'MIGHTY REEL'** — and once again it is available only to the readers of the world's most tapewise music weekly.

Our three previous tapes — 'C81', 'Dancin' Master' and 'Jive Wire' — have combined hot hits and a floor-filling frenzy with spoonfuls of more esoteric and ethnic musics and now the 'MIGHTY REEL' is set to fast-forward in their footsteps.

More than any of its predecessors, though, this new cassette reflects the truly international nature of the current music scene: the 22 contributing artists cover practically every corner of the globe, spanning seven countries in four separate continents. A truly cosmopolitan guide, as a quick gander at the track listing below will confirm.

Again we have gone not only for some of the biggest names, but also for rare and previously-unreleased recordings — songs

completely unknown to man or beast; songs that may never surface on vinyl; songs twisted and transformed by expensive new alternate mixes; songs to remember at a price you'll never forget.

And all you have to do to ensure your own copy of the 'MIGHTY REEL' is to cut out 'n' keep three of the weekly vouchers we'll be printing over the coming issues — the first is on the very page you hold now — and post them back to us with a remittance of just £1.99 and 22 tremendous tracks will be yours within a matter of weeks, all postage and packaging included.

Full order details to follow shortly. In the meantime, though, this is precisely what you will be getting for your money...

**22 TRACKS FOR
£1.99**

NME MIGHTY REEL (NME 004)

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS — Town Cryer
The Emperor offers an alternative variation on an 'Imperial Bedroom' favourite.

HAIRCUT 100 — Calling Captain Autumn

Exclusive: live gear from Nicky Haywood and the boys.

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS — Loving You Made A Fool Out Of Me.

Exclusive: Senor Darnell and company mix an Hispanic paella.

WEEKEND — A Day In The Life Of

Exclusive: Rough Trade's favoured progeny offer their autobiographic disclosure.

MUSIC FROM SOWETO/ELFAS ZONDI — Umkumbane

Percussive panache from SA's scarred township.

BROTHER "D" WITH COLLECTIVE EFFORT —

Dib-Be-Dib-Be-Dize

The tuffest agit-rap this side of 'The Message' and 'B Movie'.

FASHION — White Stuff (The Unfinished)

Exclusive: haute couture of the highest order.

YELLO — Sensation (No More Words)

Exclusive: Electro Swiss cause celebre.

THE HONEYMOON KILLERS — Petit Matin

Exclusive: Further Euro adventures — from Belgium.

MARI WILSON — Are You There (With Another Girl)

The Queen of Neasden Soul otherwise engaged.

KING SUNNY ADE & THE AFRICAN BEATS — Kita Kita O Mo La

Exclusive: from the King of Nigerian Ju Ju music.

ORNETTE COLEMAN — Sleep Talk

The sultan of the jazz saxophone speaks dreams.

ROBERT WYATT — Round Midnight

Exclusive: exquisite tribute to Thelonious Monk.

THE RAVISHING BEAUTIES — Futility

Exclusive: Words by World War I poet Wilfred Owen, music by Virginia Astley.

THE THREE COURGETTES — Now Dance

Exclusive: Ratatouille rock from the London doo-woppers.

THE FUN BOY THREE — Aliibi

A new mix of one of the funsters' favourite tracks.

CABARET VOLTAIRE — Loosen The Clamp

Exclusive: another *Mighty Reel* special from Sheffield's incomparable androids.

LIAISONS DANGEREUSES — Dancibar

Exclusive: Europe's vaunted electro boppers, here in full flight live at the Hacienda.

UB40 — Forget The Cost

Dudley dole queue dub, hard and economical.

MICHAEL SMITH — Trainer

A preview from the JA dub bard's forthcoming LP.

Also on offer:

THE NME/CHARLY POCKET JUKEBOX

SO SUCCESSFUL was our springtime double-pack offer — anyone who wrote us off as one-hit wonders better think again — that we are presenting another twin-taped bonanza this time around.

In addition to the 'MIGHTY REEL', we are producing a second showcase cassette of vintage material plundered from the archives of the venerable Charly label.

This bonus tape, the NME/Charly 'POCKET JUKEBOX', comprises 18 highly-collectable momentoes of our musical heritage, an aural gallery of rare, raunchy originals — songs continually covered but never bettered.

Like 'Hit The Road Stax', our recent

cassettified salute to the Stax label, this taped tribute to some of the stars and sounds of the flash '50s and soulful '60s retails at the special cheap price of just £1.40 plus just three of the vouchers we will be printing over the coming weeks. And remember, each weekly voucher covers *either or both* of the cassettes.

As in the past, we are also offering both cassettes — the 'MIGHTY REEL' *plus* the 'POCKET JUKEBOX' — at the cost-cutting two-in-one price of just £2.99, again inclusive of all postage and packaging costs.

Don't say tomorrow — cut that coupon out today!

NME-CHARLY POCKET JUKE BOX (NME 005)

NINA SIMONE — My Baby Just Cares For Me

T-BONE WALKER — Too Much Trouble Blues

THE SPANIELS — I Like It Like That

JIMMY REED — Take Out Some Insurance

JERRY LEE LEWIS — Big Legged Woman

JULIA LEE — Can't Get Enough Of That Stuff

BETTY LAVETTE — Let Me Down Easy

THE PRISONAIRES — Don't Say Tomorrow

GENE CHANDLER — Duke Of Earl

ROBERT PARKER — Barefootin'

LEE DORSEY — Ride Your Pony

JOHN LEE HOOKER — This Is Hip

LITTLE JUNIOR'S BLUE FLAMES — Feelin' Good

THE DIXIE CUPS — Iko Iko

BETTY EVERETT — Getting Mighty Crowded

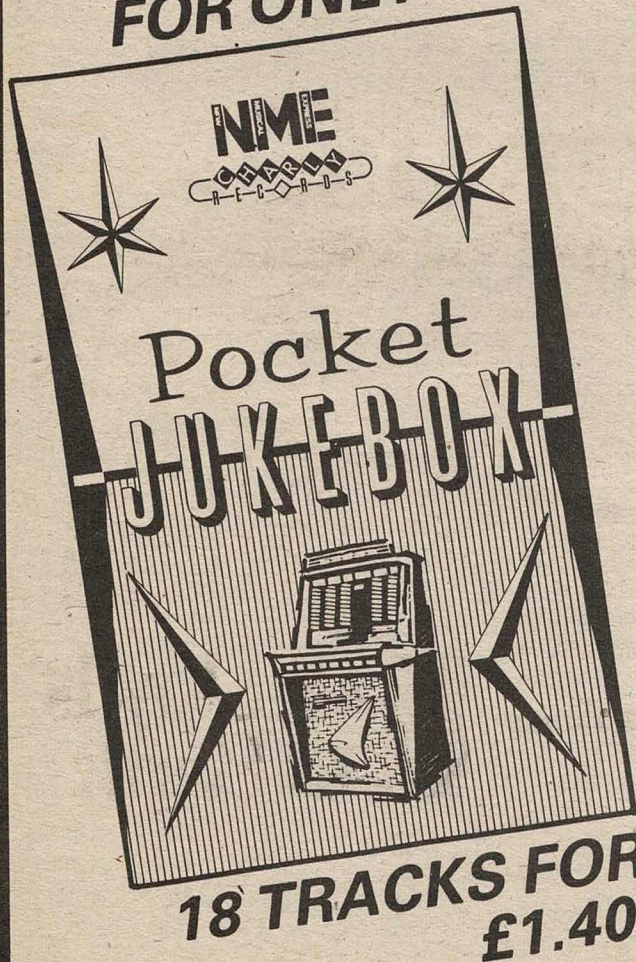
JERRY BUTLER (with CURTIS MAYFIELD) — He

Will Break Your Heart

GEORGE PERKINS — Cryin' In The Streets

AARON NEVILLE — Hercules

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**MIGHTY
REEL
& & &
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Seven Inch - Roxy 5

"TAKE A CHANCE WITH ME"

"THE MAIN THING-REMIX" (3' 45'')

Roxy Music

NEW SINGLE

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"TAKE A CHANCE WITH ME"

"THE MAIN THING-DANCE MIX" (7' 43'')

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PRODUCED BY RHETT DAVIES AND ROXY MUSIC
REMIXED BY RHETT DAVIES AND IAN LITTLE

FIRST GET THE THEORY OUT OF THE WAY

"I'd do anything
"to get the chance
"to go.
"..... **BANG!**"

(from 'Go Bang', Dinosaur L)

Dragging my heels on . . .

SUMMER — ho ho ho — in the slum weather and fierce nine diffidence of London, Sundays and Wednesdays are brightened by a commendable SE15 'pirate' radio station, Horizon FM — a steady frequency of 12" and LP-cut funk, soul, jazz, equal parts creeping sameness and silvery nuggets. Into the latter category free-falls 'Walking On Sunshine' by Rockers Revenge, not so much a nice new record as one of those summertime-meridian big bangs which — WHOAH!!! what was *that?* — the listener's cartoon head does 180 degrees on a bevelled neck to clock a steely, hoarse-soul dub-stratified street dance, an intruder, a commotion!

"Leaping to the mountain top,
we'll work on til' it's time to
stop . . ."

Ah, those Dionysian heights! In a world whose idea of forbidden purity is the latest mineral water import, this was *heat*. And what's more, it seemed to go on for ever and ever: swinging, singing, cooing, rumbling, breaking into pieces of wild and crazy acapella and returning back to bounce. (The original 33½ package lasted for over 30 minutes, in fact.)

I raved to uncomprehending ears, and cool clubs raved to it. It made number one in Horizon's FM listener's chart a few weeks running, before — in the same darned week — both it and 'The Message' from Flash shot into the wishy holy sanctum of the BBC's Top 30. Dave Lee Travis played the 7" as a New Entry (*sic*) and it lasted about as long as David Irving at a Brixton sound system.

It just wasn't *made* that way — as a jingle to compete against other pop brevities, to paint a smile between calypso from Barking and a "new" version of that old Kathy Kirby 45 we know deep in our hearts is what *is* really happening.

It was made, primarily, as a New York street funk record. Anything else that comes its way is a bonus. It was made, primarily, by soul fan, producer, ideas man, temporary manager and label magnate Arthur Baker. Two sly and shy session men provided all the music (keyboards and drums by Fred Zarr, percussion by Bashiri Johnson) and four mouths provided the incredible range of vocals (Donnie, Dwight, Tina and Adrienne).

Arthur turns out to be the maniac behind another weird funk monster — 'Planet Rock' by Afrika Bambaataa and the Soul Sonic Force: that's the one where Kraftwerk bump mid-orbit against a Clinton space-shuttle full of Bronx rappers — and others we won't go into just yet.

CARVING FASHIONS IN SOUND

SUMMER 1982: a low cut, functional, fleshy rather than flashy, maximum impact from minimal lines, very loud use of severely stripped down material(s).

Cut to . . . the membrane of pavement muscles, walking in 90 degrees, kinda warm in Brooklyn today baby . . .

PLOTING POINTS IN MADISON AVENUE

FIRST I meet Mr Arthur Baker, man of many walking parts, and his business partner Paul, in their temporary office space, a small suite (shared) in Madison Avenue: the heart of the beast! My generous host begins to unravel various figures, various grids, various patters. The first glimpse of success is obviously a delight to him, but it has yet to soften his opinions of the American media.

He's just back from a "Rapper's Convention" I had been told. Uh huh? This turns out to be at the behest of an old and with Southern radio DJ called Jack the Rapper, and the convention is a place where folks connected in some way with the

making, broadcasting, distribution, etc, of black music can broach and resolve the questions and problems thereof. 1982, it got bogged down a bit in semantics, relates Arthur — sort of, when is a black music record not a black music record; how many white/black people involved before it swings this way or that; so forth.

Eg: 'Walking On Sunshine' is conceived, written, played, mixed, produced, engineered by people who are not black, sung by three people who are and one who isn't, so what does that make it?

One of the sheerest, swingiest records about, would seem to be the only sensible answer. Arthur's verdict is — something either has or hasn't got that spark, the scorch or dip that makes for code-word 'funk'. But even aesthetics got prejudice — and he talks unfavourably of the American media in general, radio stations and the rock press in particular.

Not that the United Kingdom should be displayed as a paragon of free-thinking virtue; medi 'racism' may not be inscribed in discernible slurs so much as a twine of indefinite assumptions, a fibre of invisible germs. The exceptional radio DJ springs to mind — Charlie Gillett, Alexis Korner — someone who takes *all* forms of black popular music as 'seriously' as white rock and roll, but in the main our airwave servicers tend to casually discern (*sic*) between 'good' and 'bad' disco "product". Elsewhere, dumb "trash aesthetic" bands are an analysable proposition if they're white, but black 'trash' (eg. slick, invariably banal dance music) is simply *bland* — whatever criteria *that* has a useful meaning within. At the other end of things, The Clash are OK to broadcast, Gil Scott Heron less likely to be heard. Not wanting to sound simplistic, or a paranoid loony, I'll leave this for another article.

But bear in mind that behind the guise of 'liberal' programming, any number of vaguely tarnished vagaries can be committed. There's an ad here on NYC TV, where a white guy at a

piano is trying to flog one of those NOT AVAILABLE IN YOUR STORES boxed-set job-lots. "I love jazz", sighs his soft-sell intro. "It's the one music that's *purely* American."

HOOKED ON HOOKS: ARTHUR BAKER (VOCAL)

LET IT roll.

"Alright. That's been my concept from the beginning — with 'Planet Rock' and 'Walking On Sunshine' — to take the familiar songs or hooks, and jazz 'em up. What we're doing now is the true jazz music, I think, because jazz artists of the past, they wouldn't always particularly write new songs; they would take standards and do something new to them, like Coltrane's 'My Favourite Things'. I mean, not to compare what we're doing . . . but it's a basic growth from that.

"Rap to me is jazz; it takes something familiar — a beat or a melody — and has fun with it. That's what the jazz musicians were doing in the past, taking melodies and turning them upside down."

Reinventing them for the time.

"Right. Other record companies are discovering it now, but to know what it is and to be able to do it are two different things. It takes being creative or being aware of what's going on in the streets. A lot of record company people think they're aware because they call a record store once a month and they'll know the guy's name there . . . but they don't *go* to the record store, they don't really hear the street DJs spinning and rearranging records. And that's where I got my initial ideas from — going to the Bronx and going to hear a lot of the rap DJs, going to clubs, and from what I hear on the radio.

"You have to be open, to pick up things. Producers shouldn't live in a vacuum, and a lot of 'em do, and don't deal with what's popular and what people are getting off on."

Shift tracks to something instrumental: 'origins and originality'?

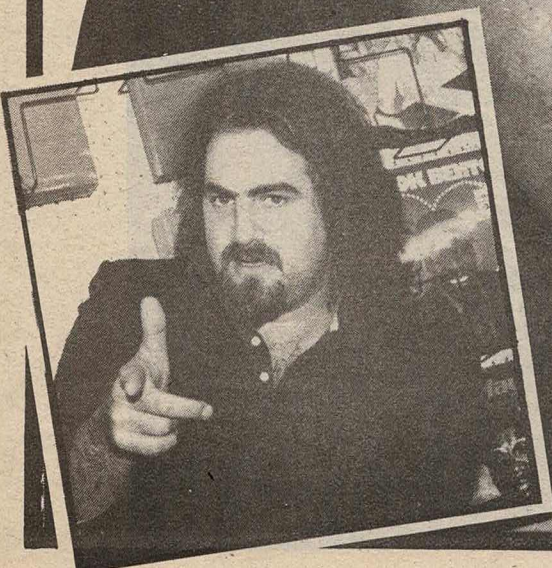
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THE BIG BANG THEORY

Or . . . how a crate of records fell onto producer Arthur Baker's head and created a new jazz music and the beginning of Rockers Revenge

BY IAN PENMAN

Donny Calvin on the deck.
Inset: Arthur Baker



ROCKERS

From previous page

"There was Chic and then from Chic came Change and the Solar Sound, and now there's Kashif... Everyone's influenced by everyone else and the only people who don't admit it are the people who've got big from *someone else's* sound or the people who haven't got big at all, and they think they can be 'original'... I don't think it's a sin not to be original."

Who really influenced you? Or, who do you consider to be the mark of perfection?

"When I first got into black music it was Gamble & Huff and Norman Whitfield. Norman Whitfield because he got into electronics and he had message music. Well, both had message music; they weren't in a vacuum politically... I try not to be. I'll make a fun record but the lyrics to something like 'Walking On Sunshine' are important. Then there was Jeff Lane and Randy Mueller, the people who did Brass Construction and BT Express, who to me were the first New York street funk. A whole load of people: I never lived in a vacuum, 'cos I was a DJ and I worked in record stores and so forth."

The bridge of his progress into production is pretty archetypal: no formal training, hustled up some money and musicianly friends, scored a few minor hits and a minor rep. A year and a half ago he was working in a record warehouse until — as he tells it — a crate of the buggers fell on his head. The convalescence rekindled his ambition. Personally, I calculate that this painful incident could also have some subconscious bearing on his current aural signature — that big bang that resounds through both current Baker hits.

So what about all this delay-crazy dub-riddled stuff?

"I love it!"

Something demonic glints in Arthur Baker's eyes.

"I wanna like buy 28 delay units and have 'em all over my house so I can just..."

Delay the doorbell?

"Delay everything!"

Before semantics o'ertakes us, what is it about delay and dub that makes for such compelling listening (if it's done right)?

"You were saying about new sounds, and dub over here is a new sound. Larry Levan's production on the Peech Boys record ('Don't Make Me Wait') used it and I used it on my Michelle Wallace record; Francois from Prelude — what he did with D Train, that obviously influenced me. Why do people like it? It's different. There had been a void for a long time in club records on what you could do with a remix — percussion breaks, bass

breaks — you can only hear a certain type of sound for so long.

"Now with the delay thing, you can take any vocal, any instrument and make it more interesting, it becomes a new instrument; you can use the voice as an instrument, not just a voice, you can use a handclap as an effect, not just a handclap, you can use the keyboards as an explosion... between the echo and the delay you can make something more exciting, something less predictable. And when people expect one thing in a record and get another, they're gonna remember it. All I ask with my records is a chance to get them on the radio, 'cos I think if they get on there people aren't gonna forget the record; whether it's a good record or a bad record — like a lot of programme directors thought 'Planet Rock' sucked, they thought it was horrible, but they put it on the radio and people would call and wouldn't let them take it off. They still don't like the record but people liked it and the people buy records, radio programmers don't."

A BIT OF CROSS CUTTING

A RECENT issue of Andy Warhol's intriguing (but that's also a whole other article) fanzine *Interview* featured a 'conversation' between friendly business associates Paul Schrader and Giorgio Moroder. At one point Schrader puts forward his "disco theory" (to a largely befuddled Moroder) which has its heart in Jung — great new ideas are the result of combining two old systems previously considered incompatible — and a perverse eye on history; Moroder's synthesis, he says, is based on getting African girls to sing (or swing) to the Third Reich precision of a techno-beat.

"I'm not sure about that," says Moroder.

Why do 'Walking On Sunshine' and 'Planet Rock' sound so fresh, I ask of their mastermind. Does it have something to do with the marriage of two sounds that were *never meant to meet*?

"With 'Planet Rock'... if you live in New York city and you keep your ears open and you hang out like I do: 'I saw black kids getting off to Kraftwerk for years, 'Trans Europe Express' to 'Numbers', they would really get into it."

At first I thought it was peculiar, these black kids getting off to this music, very technical, very German; but it's more general, in society everyone is getting very technical, with all the video games, hardware, boxes, tape recorders. So the kids liked 'Numbers', I liked



Donny Calvin, Adrienne Johnson, Dwight Hawkes and Tina B.

Kraftwerk — we knew it would get over to the New York kids, but we didn't see it catching on like it did. I mean, I had a feeling I'd done something better than I'd ever done before, but it wasn't the type of thing where we took a lot of time, we didn't concentrate that much, we just had real fun doin' it, we were real loose.

When you're loose making a record and you have no pressure on you, I think that's when you come out with your best music. Otherwise it shows in the music — it's restrained, it just doesn't flow. You don't go in and try to make something like that, you just go in to have fun... and it just happened to turn out that it sold 700,000."

Any Pan-Aryan-African-Brooklyn chant that can make Number One in *Denver* has to have something going for it.

Then in walks...

"That record (Eddy Grant's original 'Walking On Sunshine') had been gettin' played for the past two or three years in New York and I saw that Epic weren't putting the record out again. There was a demand for it and I always liked it and thought I could do something to it."

Why *Rocker's Revenge*?

"Well, I suppose there's the reggae thing,

but really I just like making up names, and here I wanted something that'd just sound tough. Although in some ways it does mean... the street people, they'll get theirs in the end; that's what we've done — two guys who work in a record store, still are, they're singers and want to do something but they're in a job that's seven days a week and the chances of getting over in the music business are rough. But after all the years of work they got theirs, so in a way... rocker's revenge.

"A lot of kids are like that. Everyone's a performer. Everyone's a DJ — you could find thousands of DJs out in New York, who may not have jobs, who may not have equipment, just that whole subculture that's developed: DJs, rappers, break dancers, graffiti. They're being creative in ways that haven't needed that much money and in ways that they can create their own art."

"This is their music, their jazz."

And the currently jazziest producer in town breaks a grin.

"So someone might ask, well, how did you get yourself involved? I don't know, I just have and I love it and I'm just there."

Just there.

"... AND ABOUT TO POP!"

SUMMER is Saturday in midtown Brooklyn. Seven days a week, nine through seven, the craziest of three influential local record stores: walk into the Music Factory, managed by brothers Dwight and Donnie Calvin. The racks reach up from floor to ceiling — best sellers, cut outs, gospel, MOR, all denominations under a groove. Leaf through a letter and it'll go McCartney Manhattans Mass Production Mayfield Maze Middler Miller or Parliament Pendergrass Pink Floyd Presley. Classic '70s funk is on sale next to hymns by Bishop Wm Morris O'Neale and the Pennsylvania State Choir, or the Voices Universal of LA California (AY-men!).

An equally comprehensive selection of age groups wander in and out of the store, jive awhile, ask for tunes rather than names ("Still got a copy of that one that has that break that goes..."), and apprentices gape at Donnie and Dwight alternating spins at the double turntable.

This must be the place. Hear 'Walking On Sunshine' mixed into short punching revolutions, one phrase or lick endlessly cut back and forth — "whomped" — called — and cajoled into surreal merger with the rhythms of some other current hit.

This must be the only group to have a cross-Atlantic smash hit single, who actually

Continues page 57

TYGERS OF PAN TANG

THE HIT ALBUM

• T • H • E • C • A • G • E •

ALSO ON CASSETTE

INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLES RENDEZVOUS, LOVE POTION NO.9



TYGERS OF PAN TANG

THE CAGE

ON TOUR

BIRMINGHAM ODEON Wednesday Sept 15th
LIVERPOOL EMPIRE Thursday Sept 16th
MIDDLESBROUGH TOWN HALL Wednesday Sept 17th
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE Thursday Sept 18th

'The Cage' is an LP with intricate melody and rhythmic power.....

NME

Lay me down, roll me over and play it again and again and again.....

RECORD MIRROR

The kind of once in a lifetime album that should see them on the path to worldwide fame.....

RECORD MIRROR

The cage is nothing short of a masterpiece.....

SOUNDS

Undoubtedly the best hard rock album I've heard this year... Every track is a classic.....

KERRANG

The almost arrogant confidence and dynamics that one expects from a group who knows they've recorded a bloody great album.....

SOUNDS

extra terrestrial man

BEGINNING WITH his 1966 debut LP, 'Safe As Milk', and continuing through ten subsequent albums, Captain Beefheart has been sprucing up the world with astonishingly original music.

His unique style marries rural folk tales, free association, punning, and ecological propagandising to a spectrum of sound that stretches from Charles Ives, jazz, blues, and Stravinsky to the natural sounds of the Mojave Desert, where he's lived in a mobile home for the past seven years.

Careening from a wistful, dark vision of American life evocative of Randy Newman, into some atonal, primordial mind-frame, Beefheart makes jolting leaps in rhythm and mood. Disjointed and vulgar, lyrically poetic, ominous and

euphoric all at once, his music jumps out at you and hollers boo, then whispers something sweet and funny in your ear.

A freewheeling and wild soprano saxist, Beefheart has a five-octave vocal range that allows him to slip into diverse characterizations as he ruminates on his pet themes: the wonderfulness of women, ecology, man's stunning stupidity and spiritual sloth, and the splendour of every damn thing in the galaxy from Haley's Comet to a rusty nail.

Often dismissed as a charming eccentric, mistakenly described as a modern Delta blues man (due to his gruff, growly voice), Beefheart has never fared too well in the marketplace. A major shifting of perceptual gears is required to even *hear* his music, much less figure out how to market it, and his last album, the brilliant 'Doc At The Radar Station' died on the vine, a fate suffered by many of its predecessors.

Though still with Virgin in the UK, Beefheart recently signed in America with Epic Records (his eighth label), who will

distribute his new album 'Ice Cream For Crow'. Although he feels it's one of the best albums he's made, he remains sceptical about its commercial potential.

Having decided to retire from touring, Beefheart intends to promote his new album with a video, so on August 7 he and the Magic Band gathered in the desert, performed the LP title track, and had Daniel Perle, the cinematographer who shot *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, film it. Plunked in the middle of the Mojave, with nothing but Joshua trees and sand for as far as the eye could see, they filmed from sundown to sunup, and I spoke with Beefheart during the interminable waiting periods that are part of film making.

Beefheart makes unexpected conversational segues that parallel his music, and conversing with him can be like struggling with a jigsaw puzzle. He's a funny man with a remarkable memory who's had to wage a fierce battle to preserve and protect his music, and he's rightfully, defiantly proud of the work he's done.

A child in many ways, he's apt to find the task of ordering his lunch befuddling, yet he's incredibly wise when it comes to the big issues.



Captain Beefheart on the video set.

MANY OF the themes and much of the imagery in your music is distinctly American. How do you feel about this country?

I really don't give a damn. I'm from this place but I think it's ghastly — although I'd rather be here than anywhere else due to the fact that they don't even know I'm here.

Are artists allowed to get away with more in America?

I think so, although I don't find that many artists trying to get away with anything. **What's the most significant change you've observed in America over the course of your life?**

They've begun to try and pass it off as the name of something, almost like an adjective or generic brand. But it was more America when

I was a child than it is now. If you don't use a thing the way it's meant to be used it deflates. And there's no restraint. They're gonna ruin this planet if they get a chance.

Did you grow up in a liberal environment?

I must have because I wouldn't be here if I hadn't. They'd have probably shot me.

Was there music in the house you grew up in?

My aunt used to play a lot of the current stuff like Glenn Miller. I thought it was wonderful then and I still like that music. He's almost sculpting that stuff. I'm wilder and like to tear up more than that, but for the instrumentation he used I think he really did it. Amazing. My aunt also played a lot of Al Jolson. I heard that stuff in my basinet as I lay there being rocked back and forth.

What was the first record you bought?

A record for teaching a parakeet to talk, you

know, "say hello Tweetie". I thought it was pretty hip. I got it when I was about five. Years later I took it to a party with a bunch of cholos, you know, heavy Mexicans, bad cats, women in angora sweaters, the bunny shoes and stacked hair. I took that record and slipped it into the stack of 45s and they just couldn't take it!

What were you doing at a party like that?

Observing.

Did you like the women's style of dress?

I thought it was humorous. An over-emphasis on being a goldfish, the way their skirts were pegged.

You've commented on numerous occasions that you believe women to be the superior sex. In what way are they superior?

They're able to tolerate more — and it's a drag that they have to. The way women have

beefheart

been treated all along is an effrontery to my eyes. Women see more irony than men do — I mean, there's certainly irony in the fact that they'll get a big circle which gets bigger and bigger and then they have an infant! Sex leaves a human in them like a suppository! Amazing, just amazing.

Have you ever considered using a female musician in one of your bands?

I wanted to have Ruth Underwood and was going to use her on this album until Cliff Martinez came along. She's probably the best percussionist I've ever heard. She was in one band that was just atrocious though. She was just used as a kind of hood ornament — and you know who I'm referring to. That guy who looks like a fly's leg, Zappa. He's not even as hip as a fool.

Have there been pivotal episodes in your life that shaped you as an artist?

I don't think so. It was more a case of "Hey you! It's time to get up and write this down! Now paint that! Now sculpt this! Get this down!" Why? What the hell! Why do I have to do this!

What step in the music-making process do you most enjoy?

Probably giving it to somebody else and hearing it back, getting as close to the initial flash as possible. If the initial flash burns out to the edges and it gets up close — wow! I do enjoy the collaborative part but I don't enjoy collaborating with an audience. I'm there doing what I do and it has nothing to do with an audience. I'm not enough of an exhibitionist or voyeur to enjoy audiences and they're mostly just a distraction. That sounds horrible, doesn't it? I sound like a real jerk, but maybe artists are jerks. Selfish and inconsiderate.

How has living in the harsh, aggressive desert environment affected your work?

I haven't paid any attention to it and have nothing to do with it. I guess I'm just buried in what I do, whatever that is. I've been out here in the Mojave in a damn trailer for seven years! The only way to stay cool here is to use this thing called a swamp cooler, which is like an air conditioner that sprays out water. Moisture! I need it!

Your music suggests that you feel an unusually strong bond with nature. Why do you think that is?

I suppose it's because I know that I'm an animal — and I don't have to work to remember that. I don't think there's any way I



The maestro creates Magic.

could possibly forget it. **Rock critics often lump you in with the Delta blues singers. Do you think there's any truth to that?**

No way, that's just ignorant thinking. And the idea of thinking itself! I mean, it's extremely difficult to think about something somebody else is doing. I have a lot of compassion for anybody who's got that job. I wouldn't have the nerve to do it! Pin something on me and I'm another way a minute later. Yeah, lumping me with the Delta blues but they already did it. I wouldn't go over somebody else's painting. How could they think I would?

You know who really moves me as far as blues singers go is Lightnin' Slim. Ever hear that song of his called 'Bed Bug Blues'? "Lord them bed bugs sure is evil / they sure don't

mean Lightnin' no good / they thinks they am a woodpecker / they mistakes me for a chunk of wood". Isn't that nice? That's frightening. A really good sculpture. I like Lightnin' Hopkins too. And Martin Luther King. He was a funny fellow — a good blues singer.

Do you think of yourself as a religious person?

No. Religion's OK as long as it doesn't get too lively.

Do you work better amidst calm or chaos?

Chaos, and believe me it's all around us.

In past conversations you've mentioned numerous people you admire: Wyndham Lewis, Shakespeare, Lenny Bruce, Franz Kline, Stravinsky. Is there a common quality those people share?

Yeah, they're all real sensitive and honest. They have no choice other than to do what they do and don't try to fool around about it. They just do it. And they suffered for it. It's a popular theory that an artist must suffer to do great work. Do you think there's any truth to that?

Yeah, to do the kind of work I like to see. Van Gogh for instance. Man oh woman oh man!

HOW DO you explain the adversary relationship that seems to exist between artist and audience?

It's true that people either seem afraid of artists or they love them in that "ooh, that's wonderful" way. I saw people doing that to a Van Gogh painting that absolutely put me on the floor! I started smashing my head against the wall and all these people were calmly saying "ooh, pretty". I don't know that they meant any real harm but I don't think they could even see the painting. But then, when Van Gogh was alive he wasn't treated too well, so maybe people do mean harm. They'll squash a spider! God, spiders are great. Talk about mathematics! Those things are funny. Is today's audience more intelligent than the one you addressed ten years ago?

Yeah, but they're also more tedious. My records sell better than they used to but that's just because I'm becoming "popular", like a hood ornament or something. It's been my experience that people who initially just ran away in horror from my music have come up to me later and were really ready to be there. I guess those are the people who are really hearing it. And when I meet people like that I ask, "well, what do you think?" I want to know what the hell they think of it because it's just me going to the bathroom.

What's the chief pitfall an artist need be on guard against?

If they even have to think about it, or think they have a choice about what they do, then they're not an artist. And I don't think there are too many artists. There are many different kinds of things, but I sure don't think there are too many artists.

Then what in fact are the many people who refer to themselves as artists?

Courageous and guilty.

Has your work forced you to live an insulated life? It seems that for a period you were attracting extremely obsessive fans who worshipped you in a rather unhealthy way.

That's true and it's something that concerned me to the point that I didn't even want to see it. They were using me for an excuse, which is ridiculous. What I'm doing isn't even comfortable.

Do you still get obsessive fans making their way to your door?

Yes, and that's part of the reason I'm moving. They've got a lot of nerve. You know,

I love the way Muddy Waters said nerve — *noive*. I can't imagine what they want from me. You'd think all the records I've made would be enough for them. Greedy. I wonder what they get out of it? I sure wouldn't go to somebody's house like that, even if I wanted to. Isn't it funny, all these people who think they have the right to anything they want. They just really think they're correct. If they had any idea I'm sure they'd run.

What advice would you give someone who admired you and wanted to travel a path similar to yours?

Grow up. But what an idea! And people actually do try to do that don't they, model themselves after someone else! That's crazy! **What steps do you take to edit the input you get from the world?**

Quick steps. The world, let's say it's a pear. That's a hip shape you know, all that water at one end. Kind of like a schmoo shape. That word, schmoo, that's from those old Popeye cartoons. Those were great cartoons. Max Fleischer was a wonderful artist. Hey, have you read *The Forest People*, that book about pygmies by Turnbull? I really enjoyed it.

What struck you as the most significant difference between the pygmies and contemporary Americans?

Pygmies have a sense of irony that is worn away by all the commercials we have to endure here. Some commercials are pretty funny though — actually, a hell of a lot better than most of the music played on the radio these days.

WHAT ASPECT of the future is most frightening to you?

The fact that man seems intent on getting rid of nature. You see pine trees that have been shaved until there's nothing left but a little poodle tail on top and you just know that somebody had an awfully bad Christmas.

So man is taking out his personal disappointments on his environment?

Looks like it to me.

What's the most overrated idea currently popular in the western world?

Stability. In attempting to hold it people don't get stability, they get rigor mortis.

When you find your will and inspiration are flagging what do you do to revive them?

Scratch my dog I guess, but I don't have that problem too often.

How do you intend for your music to be used? What effect do you hope it might have?

I hope it gets people up and makes them move like I have to. I do it out of irritation — that's my drive. I have to do it. It's like sandpaper on a shrimp.

Are there days when you don't feel that drive?

I can't recall ever having a day like that. You know, I hear so damn good — I can hear through anything. No... there's never any silence. Course, if there was I'd start screaming.

What's been your biggest disappointment in life?

That I even had to move. Do you know what it takes to move a body?

What's the biggest obstacle you've had to overcome in your life?

You're asking some pretty deep questions. The fact that I can't feel something someone else is feeling exactly the way they're feeling it. For instance a man and a woman — the idea of feeling what a woman feels for a man is a hell of an obstacle because it's totally different.

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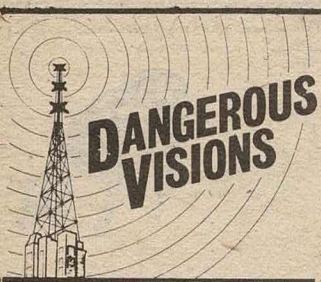


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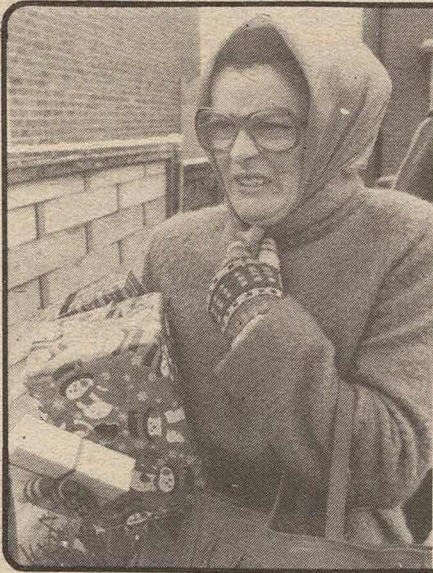
PAUL MORLEY
watches Mike Leigh
and Noel Edmunds
pulling the wings off
flies

WILL DANNY DeVito ever
get to finish his anecdote?

If it's *snidy* enough to suit
The Late Late Breakfast Show
(BBC1) then it'll appear sooner
or later, followed by a callous
Noel Edmunds cackle: clever
Edmunds confident that he's
helped add more frivolous
cruelty to the deepening
British crust.

Edmunds has the kind of
eyes that suggest he'd piss in
your mother's mouth, given
half a BBC cheque. As with
Chris Tarrant, his dandy-less
leap from the absolving
topsy-turviness of 'children's
TV' into the absolute debris of
'adult TV' has seen him
assume a dogmatic
determination to rip open the
air itself with his new-found
cynicism.

Beneath that immaculate
exterior undoubtedly lie ten
quite bent and dirty toenails.
Edmunds allows kindness
onto 'his' show — one week
the hapless DeVito of *Taxi*, the
next week the vulnerable Mari
Wilson — only to gloat silently
over the pathetic qualities he
sees at the heart of goodness,
or indeed true badness. Sat on
his tail, Edmunds ruthlessly
mocks the foolish frailties of
you and I, parodies the
repetitiousness of our daily
gossip, abuses us with his
crippled comments.



Game for a laugh — four of Mike Leigh's specimens (L-R): Brenda Blethyn in *Grown Ups*, Roger Sloman and Alison Steadman in *Nuts In May*, Joolia Cappleman in *Who's Who*.

You gotta be cruel to the kind...

As John Peel, like Danny
DeVito, potters out of the
cuckoo's nest to stutter
through arrested anecdotes,
Edmunds distastefully
crushing *The Listener's* video
columnist via off-camera
murmurs, and as Noel
Edmunds snaps his gold teeth
into the town of Scunthorpe, it
becomes clear that the
difference between light
entertainment and heavy
sarcasm is totally blurred. To
be light in 1982 demands
sarcasm: as soft and batty as
Matthew Kelly's, as harsh as
Edmunds, as rambling as
Peel's. Sarcasm is God's way
of showing you you're on top:
and don't I know it.

*The Late Late Breakfast
Show* is the BBC's
approximate retort to ITV's
now rocklike **Game For A
Laugh**, both dancing inanely
on the pinheads of
momentous insincerity. Hey,
make fools of other people so
that you will feel 'better', be
superior, lose all of your heart,

lose each bit of your head!
Edmunds lends to the BBC
effort a knowingness that
crushes ITV's primal
simplicity; one wicked
Edmunds comment, a blink of
his grossly self-satisfied eyes
— eyes that say "Falk you,
Bernard" — and Beadle, Kelly
and Kelly would be lost in
tears. Survival of the fittest, or
something. Those who do not
kill us, or do not sack us from
the BBC, make us stronger.

You won't find a character
as unbearable or destructive
as Noel Edmunds anywhere,
outside of a Mike Leigh play.
Edmunds cries out, with
graceless self-importance,
'Look how much I'm in
control, I'm flying'. Leigh's
characters have a different
kind of dreck in them, a shitty
stuffing, a sludginess, a
weighty hopelessness when it
comes to finding 'a sense of
what is going on'. Noel
Edmunds supposes that he
can read between the lines; a
Leigh character has enough

trouble reading the lines
themselves.

There is an abject
compatibility between Leigh's
street of dim wit, habit and
apathy and the increasingly
savage entertainment
signified by Edmunds. Both
press down on us,
manifestations of our spiritual
corruption. In a mixture of
entertainment and monotony,
you sit through a *Late Late
Breakfast Show* actually
laughing at some of it.

For a week we were
suffocated by the works of
Mike Leigh, actually laughing
at some of it. (A Mike Leigh
Season (BBC2) — **Nuts In
May, Abigail's Party, Who's
Who, Grown Ups**.) We learnt
that Mike Leigh has managed
to place himself in the centre
of modern consciousness,
that he's a sarcastic bastard,
that he gets grim to be grimly
overwhelming, that his
answer to the question 'Do
you think this is a good life?' is
'No'.

We learnt through **Mike
Leigh Making Plays** (BBC2)
how he 'devises and directs'
his work: unconventionally,
but nothing surreal; Leigh's
rigorous method perhaps
controls things just a little too
much.

We wondered whether his
plays depress for the sake of
it, or depress for a reason. We
wondered who was cruellest:
us laughing at the trapped
flies he pokes and prods, or
him for 'devising' them.

We decided that if there is a
narrowness to his range, it
was compensated by the
brilliant force of the
observation that we are
locked in a most savage and
terrible ignorance. And we got
a little too big for our boots
because we felt we knew so
much more than these
deviously traced flies. But
who can tell?

It is the 'narrowness' and
'negativity' of Leigh's work
that stand out when such
plays get pushed into a week,

but the fact that something so
incisive as a Leigh play can
work its way to popular
surface is encouraging. After
the laughter stops, we're
thinking, if not aloud and that
will do for now.

And for those who note the
narrowness and negativity,
the 'unlikely' exaggeration of
reality, the blankness, just
turn to the early Saturday
evening entertainment. It
would seem that we are a
nation of sarcasm-keepers:
everyone's a conner. *Game
For a Laugh, Abigail's Party,
The Late Late Breakfast Show,
Grown Ups*, it is clear what is
the treasure and what is the
trash, what lifts us up and
what keeps us down.

As millions get caught up in
the futile fictions of Edmunds
and Beadle, one senses
Leigh's characters getting less
and less 'unlikely'. It makes
you wonder what's worse; to
be stuck inside a Mike Leigh
play, or trapped in Noel
Edmunds' reality.



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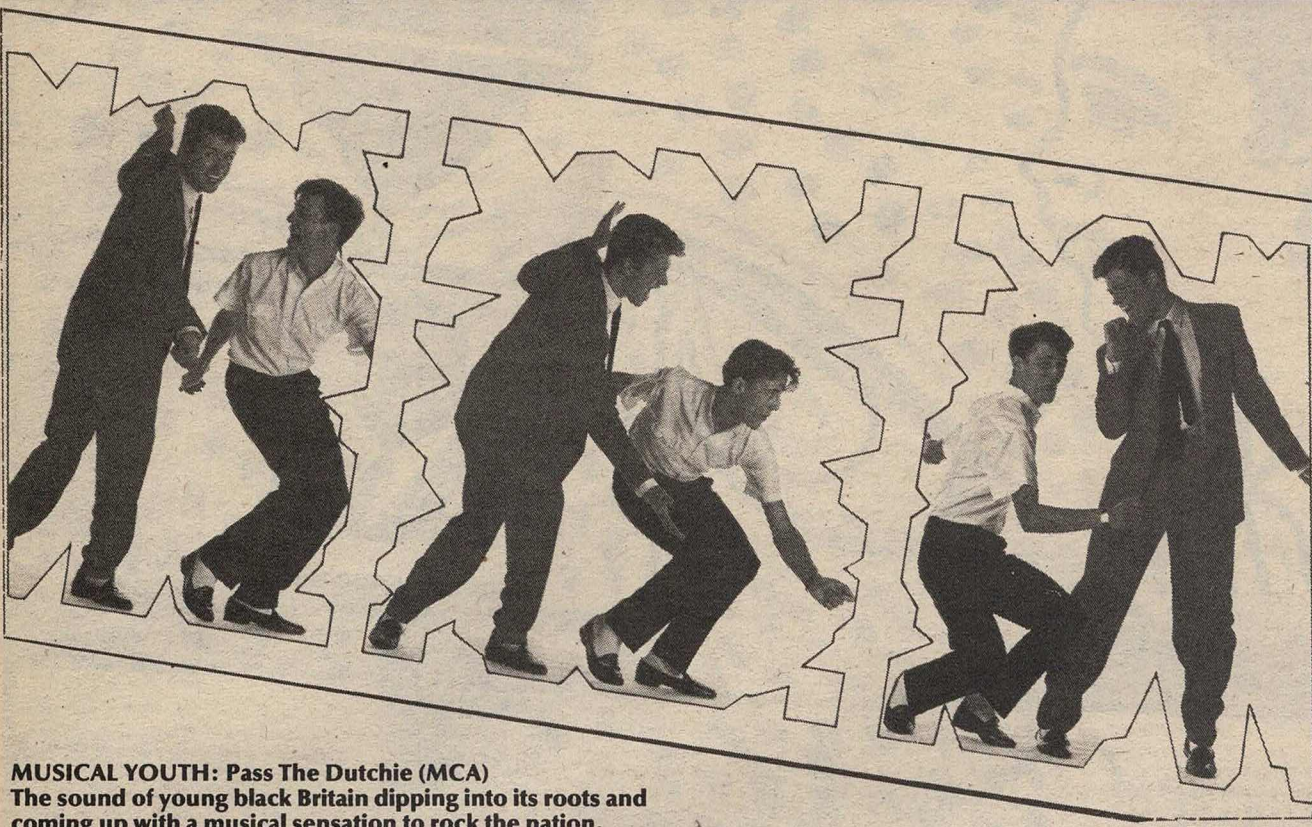
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MUSICAL YOUTH: Pass The Dutchie (MCA)

The sound of young black Britain dipping into its roots and coming up with a musical sensation to rock the nation.

With their signing to MCA Records came the suspicion that Birmingham's aptly named Musical Youth were going to be marketed as no more than a novelty band — a black Haircut 100, perhaps — on account of their tender years. Such is unfounded, however, on the strengths of 'Dutchie', their debut single for the major, which stands purely on its musical merits, free from any gimmickry.

The song is a woodentop skank which scans its way back through the band's rich musical inheritance to the period towards the end of the '60s when Jamaican music was making the vital graduation from rock steady to early reggae. The nearest thing to it is perhaps The Beat circa 'Hands Off' and 'Ranking Full Stop'.

One could argue that all the Youth do is assemble a collection of the reggae clichés we have known and dubbed for years — a lickie bass to wind up the waist, some neat three-part harmonising and a talkover that goes "bong-bong-diddly-diddly-diddly-bong" — but the fact is that they put those clichés across with a conviction and style that gives them a new freshness. Musical Youth . . . the best-dressed chickens in town.

THE CLASH: Straight To Hell (CBS)

A blast of the Strummer whine. After the curt, compact 'Know Your Rights' and the abysmal 'Rock The Casbah', here's the track that was always going to make the best single from the spasmodic 'Combat Rock' album.

'Straight To Hell' is the finest thing that The Clash have recorded since 'The Magnificent Seven' almost two years ago. A mournful lament, the song sees Joe Strummer well to the fore, almost crying his whispered words against an eerie oriental backdrop, his voice a curious mixture of compassion and defiance. The

garbled lyrics — seemingly something about Uncle Sam's cultural imperialism and militarism in the Far East — take second place to the performance itself, which is simply one of Strummer's most convincing ever, even with the second verse of the song edited out, as it is on the single.

Though it could well be the other side — the rambling Stoness 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go' — that will pick up most of the airplay, it is 'Straight To Hell' that is the reaffirmation that there is still life in The Clash.

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS: From Head To Toe (F-Beat)

Just as he has never strayed from the heights of skill and sensitivity in his own songwriting, so Elvis Costello has always displayed the greatest care and consummate good taste in selecting songs to cover.

Here he has gone for one of Smokey Robinson's, delving back into the '60s soul tapestry that provided the framework for the 'Get Happy!' album. But whereas the Attractions' brief on that LP was to provide

an abrasive approximation of a Stax soul stew, their role here is more that of a strolling, casual escort. The mood is leisurely, the pace gentle and the punchlines all understated. Some contrast with the bitter twists of El's 'Imperial Bedroom' sagas.

SPANDAU BALLET: Lifeline (Chrysalis)

The cathartic second side of the 'Diamond' album now behind them, Spandau Ballet have undergone another intriguing change of course, switching producers for the second time this year and slipping into a smoother, gliding groove distinctly at odds with the lumpier veneer of some of their earlier efforts.

Where Trevor Horn only fanned Spandau's unfortunate tendency to make a simple song into a contrived epic, new producers Jolley and Swain — the men behind the Bananarama and Imagination hits — impose some welcome economy without resorting to the starched, flat landscapes imposed on the band by Richard Burgess.

'Lifeline' might not be the great club record that 'Chant' was, but it still has all the ingredients of a majestic pop single. Singer Tony Hadley sounds more relaxed, more confident with the crisper production behind him and the versatile Steve Norman — the Gary Mabbutt of pop — makes a stunning contribution in his latest instrumental role of saxophonist, while the song itself is probably the catchiest thing Gary Kemp has written in ages.

The grins that surfaced during Spandau's recent period of anonymity won't be around for long: believe me, the mobile knives can still cut it.

ULTRAVOX: Reap The Wild Wind (Chrysalis)

I tried once, around the time of the excellent 'Sleepwalk' single, to take the pomp pop of Ultravox seriously, but then

I saw Midge Ure singing 'Vienna' on *Top Of The Pops* with a bog-chain strapped across his chin, and it put me out of my misery with regards that one.

Since then, Ultravox have tried and failed to become the first credible futurist heavy metal band with 'All Stood Still' and are now reverting to what they do best. Their latest single, produced by George Martin, is a mild Kraftwerk pastiche which can at least boast a shockingly decent melody line and tune which becomes all the more forceful with repeated plays. But . . . 'Reap The Wild Wind'? It means nothing to me.

THE SWINGING LAURELS: Rodeo (WEA)

AZTEC CAMERA: Pillar To Post (Rough Trade)

Both these bands would appear to have all the 'right' credentials: the Laurels having recently worked with Fun Boy Three, and Aztec Camera having just shuffled their way out of the Postcard pack.

But those past pedigrees are deceptive, and what we have here are just two very average modern pop singles. The Aztecs' wall of scrawny sound isn't vastly different to that of Orange Juice back in their Postcard days, although they lack the bittersweet vocal charm of an Edwyn Collins. The Laurels effort is even more anonymous, despite the sterling trumpet work of Dean Seargent. Neither record is actually 'bad'. Both are just numbingly predictable.

SWANS WAY: Theme From The Balcony (Exit)

On the strength of a three-track cassette appetiser circulated in the summer, Birmingham's Swans Way are a trio to be watching.

You would never have guessed that, however, from their debut single, which is drab where the initial tape startled — a dreary, nasal scat over a dog-eared scrap of mellow, moody jazz. Imagine

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

WHAM: Young Guns (Innervision)

The new nasties of Bushey return with a second single every bit as brash and nimble as their 'Wham Rap' debut of a couple of months back. A change of producers — Steve Brown replacing Bob Carter — has refined the rasping Wham frazzle only slightly. 'Young Guns' slows the frenetic pace of its predecessor down to something approaching the mid-tempo gait of a 'Walking On Sunshine' or 'Funkin' For Jamaica', giving the supple falsetto of George Michael a little extra room for expression.

A Wham single can make a pertinent point in a quick and witty way. 'Wham Rap' was about youth unemployment and the importance of keeping your soul and sparkle despite the hardships of life on the line. 'Young Guns' is a celebration of the joys of staying single, an anti-nuptial taunt the equal of The Specials' 'Stupid Marriage' or 'Too Much Too Young': "Wise guys realise there's danger in emotional ties / See me, single and free / No tears, no fears, what I want to be / One, two, take a look at you / Death by matrimony!"

Wham know that most pop people take their 'fun' far too seriously and refuse to be drawn into the trap. If their sound has its lingering traces of the poppy late '70s soul on which they cut their musical teeth, their lyrics — particularly their tongue-in-cheek relish for the intricacies of five-talk — resonates with the flippant urgency of the best '60s pop.

But it would be wrong to think of 'Young Guns' as nostalgia . . . it is arguably the most contemporary record of the week. Go for it.

The Contortions trudging through the Club Left songbook and you'll have some idea. Now forget it and hope that Swans do too. There's still something there.

A CERTAIN RATIO: Knife Slits Water (Factory)

It's tempting to roll out all the old clichés one more time: 'dry', 'grey', 'flat', 'colourless'. The functional fretwanking of A Certain Ratio never changes that much. Despite their protestations, the Mancunian miseries will always be closer to Brian Eno than Banbarra . . . or is it supposed to be Cameo at the moment?

A few years ago, this very responsible record might have been regarded as 'healthy'. In these post-Morley days, it should make you feel sick.

CIMARONS: Big Girls Don't Cry (Safari)

British reggae stalwarts The Cimarons have been at it long enough to know that their 'roots' appeal these days is pretty limited, so they do the obvious thing and try for a crossover hit in the most blatant way possible — another bloody cover version. Their genial interpretation of the Crewe-Gaudio standard is palatable enough. Something more spectacular, however, will be needed to grant them the chart status they crave for.

EXPLAINER: Lorraine

(Sunburst)

BELINDA PARKER: Gypsy Love (Sunburst)

Although based in New York, the Explainer (aka Winston Henry) is the main man of soca, the soul-calypso fusion music of Trinidad. In the joyous, jinking 'Lorraine' — in truth far closer to trad-calypso with a couple of spicy horns than a true soul-calypso fusion — he is on the verge of a

surprise UK hit, following extensive club and radio play. Just as popular on the carnival systems at Notting Hill a fortnight back was another Sunburst 12", Belinda Parker's 'Gypsy Love', a lover's adaptation of an old rock steady rhythm. With so little new reggae of real interest around, it's no wonder that people are seeking their inspiration back at the roots.

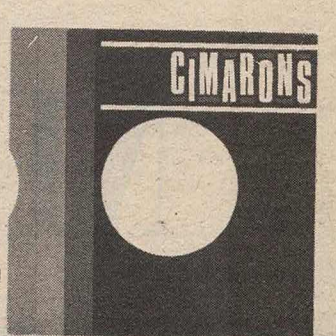
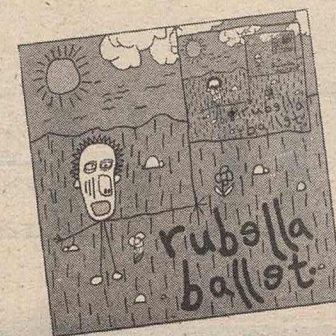
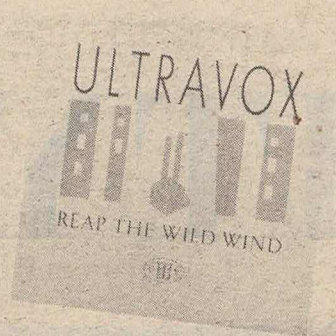
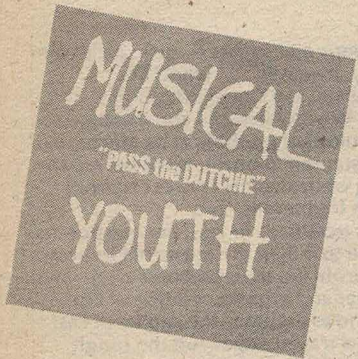
MIKEY DREAD: Heavy-Weight Style (Dread At The Controls)

JUNIOR MURVIN: Bad Man Posse (Dread At The Controls)

Indicative of reggae's current trough are these two sloppy sides from the erratic DATC set-up. Two artists of proven calibre; two fair performances and two terrible tunes. Mikey Dread remains one of the most invigorating exponents of the toast, his characteristic parched delivery giving most raps the old interesting twist. His previous single 'Rocky Road' was one of his best, but the move from 12" to the trendy new 10" format has resulted in a corresponding scaling down of the inspiration quotient. Murvin, meanwhile, does his usual silky stuff over a Dread rhythm, but even one of the finest voices in reggae cannot redeem material this transparent.

RUBELLA BALLET: Ballet Dance (Xntrix)

Rubella revive the ghost of The Rezillos circa the 'Can't Stand My Baby' classic. I didn't expect this much from an X-rated band, but the Ballet have an appealing sharp edge to their claustrophobic punk thrash, a poppy surge and even a discernible funk readjustment, particularly prominent on the snappy 'Krak Trak'. Of course, they could always be taking the piss . . . hmmm, I like it.



The New African Music: part two.

Continuing our musical trek . . . to Mombasa, where we meet Mazembe — the voice of Kenya, and discover the talk of the trade.

By Richard Cook

Photography:
Anton Corbijn

NOW THIS IS something straight from the banana republic. We've just been signalled off the road to Mombasa by this unsmiling giant of a policeman as the villagers who live by this stretch of the Kenyan coastal highway begin to assemble at its edges. As a police vehicle hurtles past, officers gesticulating furiously at our now dormant car, we realise our honour: President Moi is to come past on his reassurance tour of the countryside.

The locals do their best to make a welcoming throng for about 80 yards each side of the road, and the children gradually begin to requisition our car, the babies fascinated by their reflections in the windscreen. An old man opposite, who's seen presidents and governors alike, grunts and folds his arms. Every few minutes a cyclist or car rockets past, scanning for possible dangers. Women hug babies inside their wraps. The sun is on mid-morning scorch.

Finally the dust of a great motorcade comes into view. A stooge at the far end cues the people to start clapping and they fall into a three/four beat as the long string of Mercedes comes closer. They go by so fast it's over in a moment: the President is all but invisible, looking out from a far side window, one hand perfunctorily extended. Somehow the grandeur is deflated by the straggle of farm trucks and battered estates that had piled up on the slower preceding miles. The people break into laughter, though whether it's through amusement at the daft brevity of the spectacle or happiness at seeing their blessed survivor isn't clear. They drift back home without fuss.

"Music is a way of expressing the thoughts of an individual, preserving ideas, tribal cultures and special events for preaching the goodness of our country and feeling the facts that can build our nation. So I am surprised to see that those in charge of music in Kericho do not take the trouble to brief choir masters early enough!"

— Letter to Kenyan Daily Nation.

KENYA IS NOT a happy land this year. Long regarded as one of the most peaceful and stable of African states, particularly in comparison with the neighbouring Uganda, the attempted coup of August 1 allegedly organised by rogue elements in the Kenyan Air Force has shaken the presidency, the people and overseas investors alike.

Moi's loyal troops had the hopelessly disorganised rebels under control within hours, but the gesture was enough to trigger

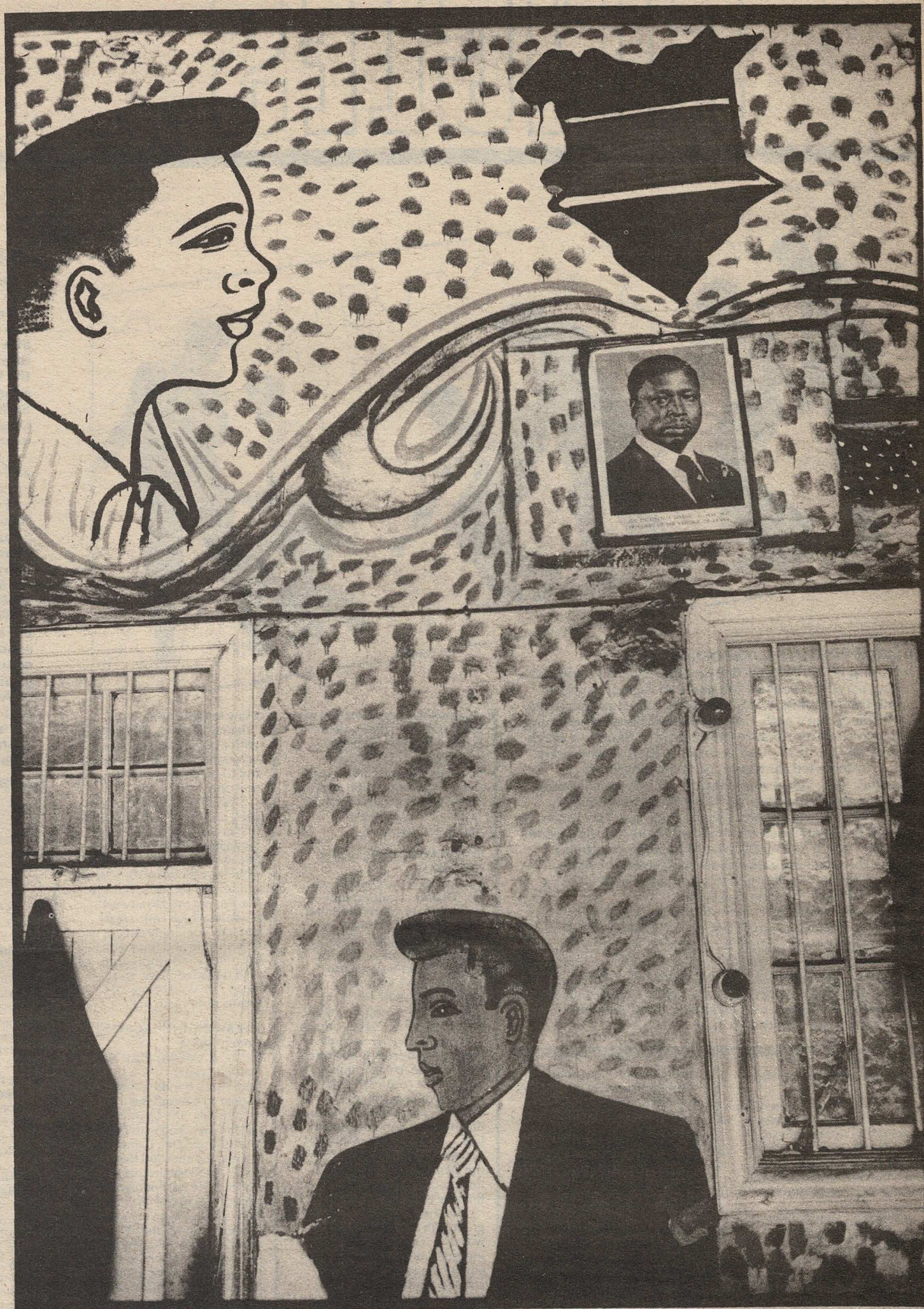
the chain of repressive measures that rings unpleasantly familiar to observers of modern Africa. During our visit Moi's regular speeches insisted on a new, harder line; the Air Force was disbanded altogether; and the army prowled the precincts of the capital, checked vehicles on major roads and took on a disturbing vigilante air that has already sowed seeds of disquiet among the business interests of Nairobi.

What the West reported as a minor flash in the customary fireworks of African politics may actually have resulted in hundreds of deaths — a high proportion of them students — and an ugly incidence of rape and looting by loyalists scenting the possibilities of indiscriminate

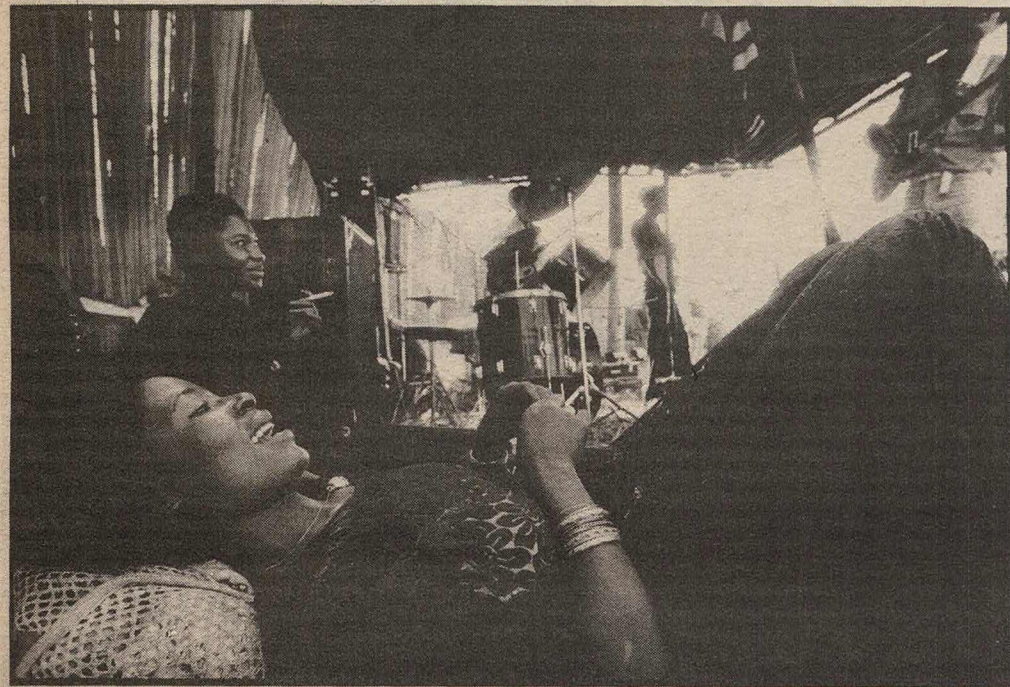
reprisal.

Nairobi sleeps on its fears — outwardly calm and everyday, inwardly . . . what? The night-long curfew is a Godsend to some ('Concerned Wives, Nairobi') and irritation to others (the colonials grumble at having to rush through a restaurant dinner): but what are the troops doing while the city snores? Nairobi after dark is a frightening spot.

And in this troubled climate, Kenyan pop has a harder edge to it than the music of Orchestra Makassy. Nairobi is a dour business city — in its way, a cheaper and grimmer edition of Los Angeles — and as arguably the capital of East African pop its frayed edges suit the rough complexion of the Kenyan groups. The



MIGHTY MOVERS



1. Wall painting in a Nairobi hairdresser's. The portrait of President Moi is omnipresent in Kenya.
2. Super Mazembe in session.
3. A breather for Mazembe's dancers.
4. Producers Ron Andrews & Norman Meighell, at the forefront of East African pop.
5. Kenyan record shop. Barbers for coffee?



enchanted sway is displaced by a captious and thoroughly muscular sense of swing. The same airy treble tones and forms arrive with a punch rather than a wave.

The record shacks and shops of downtown Nairobi are full of that sort of music. American disco has a strong grip on vinyl tastes, and with Kenyan youth as likely to buy The Gap Band, Shalamar or Odyssey as they are Super Lovy, The Maroon Commandos and Nybomba, the home groups are merchandising a dance music supple and forceful in equal measure. The Kenyan pop single (about 75p a throw, albums around £3.50) proliferates over a huge number of tiny labels, much like Jamaican music; it generally features a single track around eight or 10 minutes split over the two sides; and it comes in any number of dialects. It's most likely to be in Swahili or Lingala but it might speak in Luhya or Kikuyu or even French.

The fascination is in how the groups have grasped the tautness of the disco 12-incher with the feel of an endless drone rhythm. Instead of falling to stupefying repetition, these supremely buoyant dance tracks grow and spiral so insistently they justify every second of their length. They actually *breathe*. Nybomba's rivetting 'Double Double', a big current hit, employs a curious wah bass sound and a hi-hat sizzle that toy with US disco dreams and slips them beside a localised flow of voices and melodies. The result is a lemon-fresh slice of contextualising and a beautifully responsive dance cut.

All that's missing from these records is the refinement of painstaking production. The music itself lacks for virtually nothing: instinctively, the musicians record with a real sensitivity towards weighing the different components. Nothing *drags on*, nothing is pounded flat — if they get bored they simply stop or move on.

But the initial excitement of the raw recording eventually stales as the shortcomings of distortion and shrillness become wearisome. What's needed is something that the breakthrough will depend on — production work that enlarges and strengthens without taming the spirit and checking the inimitable character.

It's not going to be easy.

OF ALL THE exponents of Kenya's new pop, Super Mazembe look the likeliest contenders to touch wider fields. Like Makassy, Mazembe are being fostered by AIT Records and at this moment are in the CBS Nairobi studios recording their first LP for international consumption. Norman Meighell is again producing, and if he can harness the explosive spirit of this remarkable group to a real technological sheen the end product could be one of the most significant records to figure in this new American wave.

Because Super Mazembe have a swaggering toughness about them that ought to cut a pretty potent realisation of the harder side of this pop. Where Makassy floats and glides, Mazembe surge and leap. Their awesome reserves of energy stamp out an impression of a moving militancy that, while dropping short of rage and sorrow, drenches the usual exhilaration with a deeper purpose. Mazembe — the name means a mighty mover of earth, hence their pet logo of a massive soil-digger — have an aim to *awaken*.

They are already long established in Kenya, although once again the roots of their original incarnation lie in Zaire. The first Mazembe was formed there in the mid '70s; the current group is basically the same, even if the usual comings and goings have been exacted — an incestuous crossing of personnels means that the principals in the leading Kenyan groups usually have experience of playing together. The same sense of family — which involves both a chain of command and the supportive philosophy that lets the group weather setbacks and survive — is present here as with Makassy. But rather than a single figure dominating, a small nucleus controls another huge group.

"There's 20 of us in the band," explains Longwa, unconcerned at this amazing number. Longwa is one of the head men. He sings, has a passion for florid shirts and is constantly masked in big futurist shades, a sharp customer. It turns out that the 20 includes roadies, drivers and generally 'involved' bystanders — playing in the band is, indeed, a family affair.

We have to fly cross-country to the coastal resort of Mombasa to see the group play. The AKS Mombasa Show is an agricultural and industrial sponsors' event not unlike, say, the Royal Norfolk Show. It runs Wednesday through Saturday in this winter week, with the Mombasa heat registering up in the 80s. Some winter. Mazembe are providing the music for

the show, playing sets every day in a little fenced-off enclosure on the showground which an extra 10 bob gets you into.

This is probably the most popular band in Kenya, yet in Africa all things are relative. In what is really a tiny space there's still plenty of room to dance, and at most there's probably no more than a couple of hundred there at any one time. The local fans mingle with soldiers on hand for the show. And Super Mazembe play and play and play.

The stamina, the sheer *endurance* of this group is staggering. The first day we drift in it's about four o'clock, they'd already been playing a little, were taking a break to tinker with their terrible PA system. A few minutes later a couple of the players start to chatter out a rhythm; the guitarists listen for a moment, then plug in; one of the vocalists drains off a beer, steps up to the microphone. The half-dozen of us listening wave encouragement as the group roll into place like fruit machine dials — of all things, it's a sneaky version of 'Guatanamera' they're warming up on.

Inside 20 minutes the area is half-full of dancers, the group are moving towards overdrive and they have the music by the horns. They won't stop now for — well, a couple of hours, at least. The drummer catches my eye and fields a wide grin as the song skates onwards. The two girls in the group dance out their own zigzag diagram.

A Mazembe tune might last 30 or 40 minutes depending on how they feel, how they hear the heart of the dance beating. The singers have the obligatory understanding of harmonies but will often let one of their number break wildly free — he'll go into what is almost a toast of the song, spattered with whoops and shouts and pleadings to the listeners to involve their feet with *Mazembe!* The guitars flail all around him, hitting a phrase mercilessly until it's looped into your muscles and you have to try and respond both to that rhythm and the storming pulse emanating from the 'proper' rhythm section... and Super Mazembe wheel their dance track over and around and finally you've forgotten that the PA sputters like a village fete system and you're jumping on hummocked brown earth and darkness has fallen. They wind up at two am.

AT THIS MOMENT, the central link between Makassy and Mazembe and the selling of East African music to Europe is a youngish, genial white man called Ronnie Andrews. He's the boss of AIT Records, a company that manufactures home product and distributes European and American imports to a record-buying public that's difficult to identify in marketing terms. With no reliable chart systems, sales vitally dependent on local airplay and improbable hits — Jim Reeves, straight choral tracks — mixing with predictable winners like Mazembe and Imagination, Andrews' smooth temperament and easy-going charm make up a useful resilience to the pitfalls of a business alarmingly prone to restriction and calamity.

"We started pressing Kenyan music around 1969-70," he explains. "The industry was much more buoyant then — currency was stronger and there were fewer distribution restrictions. The emphasis has changed from it being a rural market to an urban one. But there are still an unbelievable number of labels in this country. You can record a single for £15, a one-take thing that can be wrapped up in an hour and then pressed up in an edition of 350 copies."

"The biggest problem for a Kenyan record is that you don't have the kind of push you'd expect in a European marketplace. There's very little in the way of posters or ads. Dealers will come into Nairobi to buy direct from us on a twice a month basis — we sell in quantities of one album or five singles, and sometimes they buy no more than that."

"With a hit group like Mazembe one distributor will sometimes order 500 copies in one go. If they have a hit single they'll sell about 3,000 copies of it in a month. We licence to Zimbabwe and Zaire — in fact we used to rely on heavy exports to Nigeria, Gambia and the West: but because of the foreign exchange situations in the other countries we can now only export to Malawi. Nigeria has banned record imports altogether."

"Records are bartered across borders here. They can be exchanged for bags of coffee or whatever — if the currency isn't there they deal in commodities."

How important is airplay to a record?

"Very important. It's the principal marketing force — that and the group's live performance."

The airtime that Voice of Kenya affords is precious. With no music press and all independent producers fighting for exposure, Kenya's cottage pop industry is not quite the

CONTINUES OVER

OF MOMBASA

MOMBASA

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

homespun amusement a casual observer might imagine.

"The groups see their recording fees purely as an income item — so they'll tend to be very prolific but rather samey. They might go from producer to producer — even if they're under an exclusive contract — make so many records that they kill their sales — and it won't be practical to take legal action because the returns wouldn't merit it.

"There's a problem in record prices too. The pressing factory in Kenya is under a monopoly and they can just about charge what they like. An album costs about double what it does in the UK to press but the retail price isn't so different. If we do 500 of an album that's a good sale. On the other hand recording and advertising costs amount to far less.

"Mazembe would make an album in one day. Longwa would say right, we're ready to record — they'd come in, do it, do the photo session and have the whole thing completed in a single day."

How does he think Europe will react to the new African pop?

"It's kind of a surprise to me anyway.

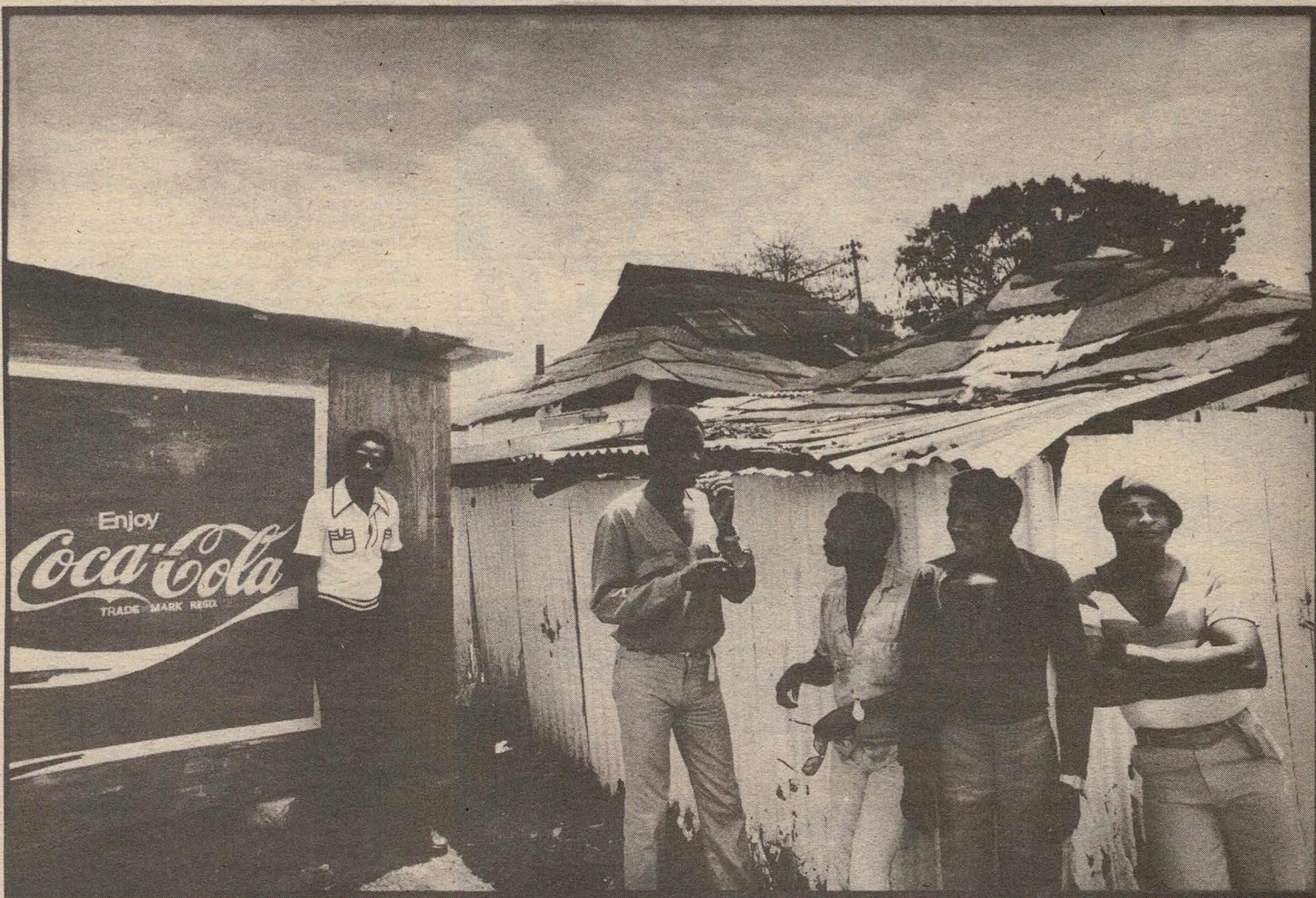
Coincidences and chance have brought us to this point, where there could be a real break, though in France there's been a strong interest for a long time. It's hard for me to say because I'm not a European, I'm a Kenyan. I hope there's elements in it, like the rhythmic factor, which people will pick up on, but it brings us back to the question of what is African music.

"What we're covering is just one part of Kenyan music. I hope Europe inspects African music very carefully because there is so much to hear. Out policy throughout Africa is to send music into areas where the language won't necessarily be understood — and it's still created hits there. So there must be something about it that can communicate strongly enough to make people want to hear it.

"There are thousands of groups in Africa and they really don't meet. There's none of the continuity that there is with reggae. It's — well, its *unimaginable* what it would be like if they all got proper exposure! Africa isn't a country — it's a continent."

Norman Meighell is an experienced engineer (Joe Jackson, Toots and the Maytals), an Australian and the man who's produced Makassy and is now working with Mazembe.

"All these fantastic parts are being played by these guys and yet you can't really hear them



At home...

on their records. The intention with Makassy was really just to record it well — not to produce the music and arrange it so much. I don't see it as a dilution at all. It's an enhancement, exactly what they play — the difference now is that you can hear it properly.

"What Mazembe will sound like, live, with a decent sound system — you'd be astounded. That's what we're trying to capture. The way they play the bass here makes reggae players seem really boring. This idea of African music being completely drum-dominated can be shown up as wrong — here you've got

something that's full of jangly guitars, the bass shooting up and down and drumming that's almost incidental, that works on accents."

What kind of problems did he encounter in the studio?

"What didn't I encounter!" he laughs. "The studio machine had only been lined up once in a year. Makassy's men didn't understand the idea of multi-tracking and their equipment was in rough shape — the guitarists couldn't get decent strings. But it came together very well in the end."

MOMBASA TYPIFIES some of the contradictions that have grown up with Africa's new nations. Its beach hotels cocoon the visitor in an artificial European atmosphere that purveys an Africa cleansed of squalor: only the warning not to stray onto the beach after dark reminds of the nastier world outside. A great wreck stands less than a mile offshore, held aloft by the sea like some vast rusted trophy. It has stood there for years.

The town itself gradually retreats from



Mari Wilson

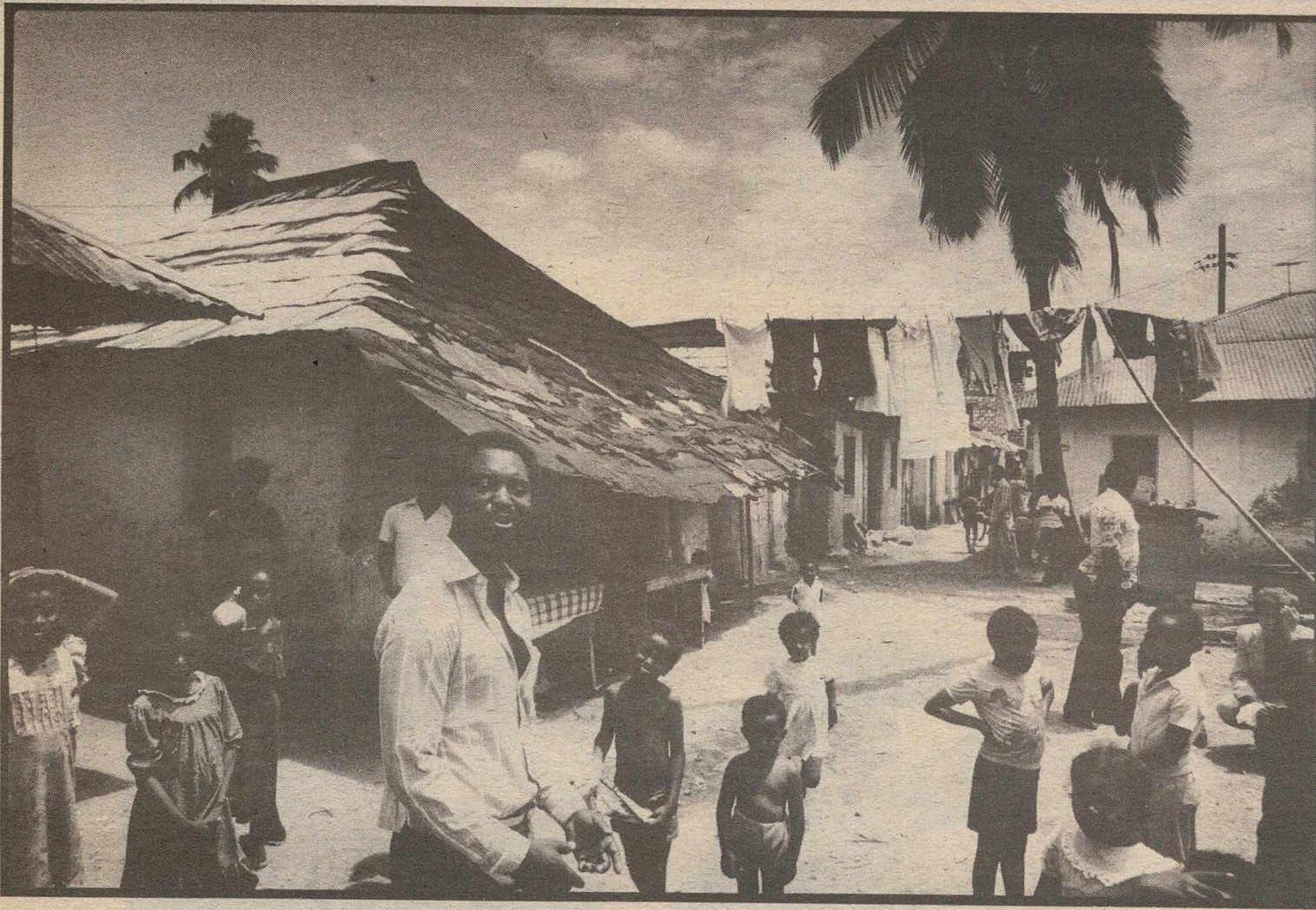
Just What I Always Wanted

NEW SINGLE

Available on 7" & 12"

7" includes ltd. ed. flexi-disc of
"DANCE CARD"

12" includes "BABY, IT'S TRUE"
as extra track on B side



... Mazembe relax.

respectability into shabbiness into near misery as one penetrates it further. We meet Mazembe one morning for a photo session and they lead us into what must count as Mombasa's ghetto: irregular, decayed houses roofed with corrugated iron, alleyways dank with the stench of putrefying vegetables. Curious eyes look out from interior rooms dark as caves. A solitary Coke stand provides a rare splash of colour; the children of the houses rush forward, unable to resist the lure of a camera, and clamour to be in the pictures. Longwa and his colleagues stride between the

shacks like favourite sons on familiar ground. The burnt-out shell of an ancient car lies crippled at the end of a cul-de-sac.

No outsider can say what the music of a group like Mazembe means to this community. Perhaps the heart of Mazembe's dance will never be open to scrutiny: pop stardom is still the currency of respect, not adulation, in this gentle society. But the universality of Mazembe's expression of life is what keeps it breathing. It refuses to be a private joy, unlike the sorrow in the blues, the enclosed pride in reggae and the cultural elitism in soul. And

there is another of these contradictions.

Longwa's English is hesitant — he and the rest of the group speak better French — and the brief conversation we conduct is snatched between songs at the showground. He is, though, an exemplary diplomat.

"We have two hit singles this year but we will concentrate on the album. That is what is important," he says.

What's your purpose in making music?

"Well we're going to continue to make money. We make money now but not a lot — we try and play two or three times a week. And

then we're going to make an effort for the progress of African music."

"We play all over Kenya, of course. Last year we did a tour of Uganda and now we have a plan to go to Zimbabwe and other parts of Africa. West Africa, the South . . . these are very strong areas for music," he looks pensive a moment, as if sizing up the task of winning over a continent.

This seems a very upful occasion on the showground. Is there ever trouble at the band's gigs?

"It depends on the place. Sometimes they get crazy with the music — just look around you! Even here!"

How does the group know when it's time to stop a song, after they've been going on and on?

"It is on how the people dance. If they look tired, or if they start to shout — it is all dependent on them. Sometimes we play sad songs too — there is always a story in every song. We always have something to say."

Does he think these stories will seduce European ears? Longwa looks slyly at me over his shades.

"There is one thing. Here in East Africa the people are always most interested in the melody. I've never been in Europe, but I know people from there who have seen us play. They will hear it!"

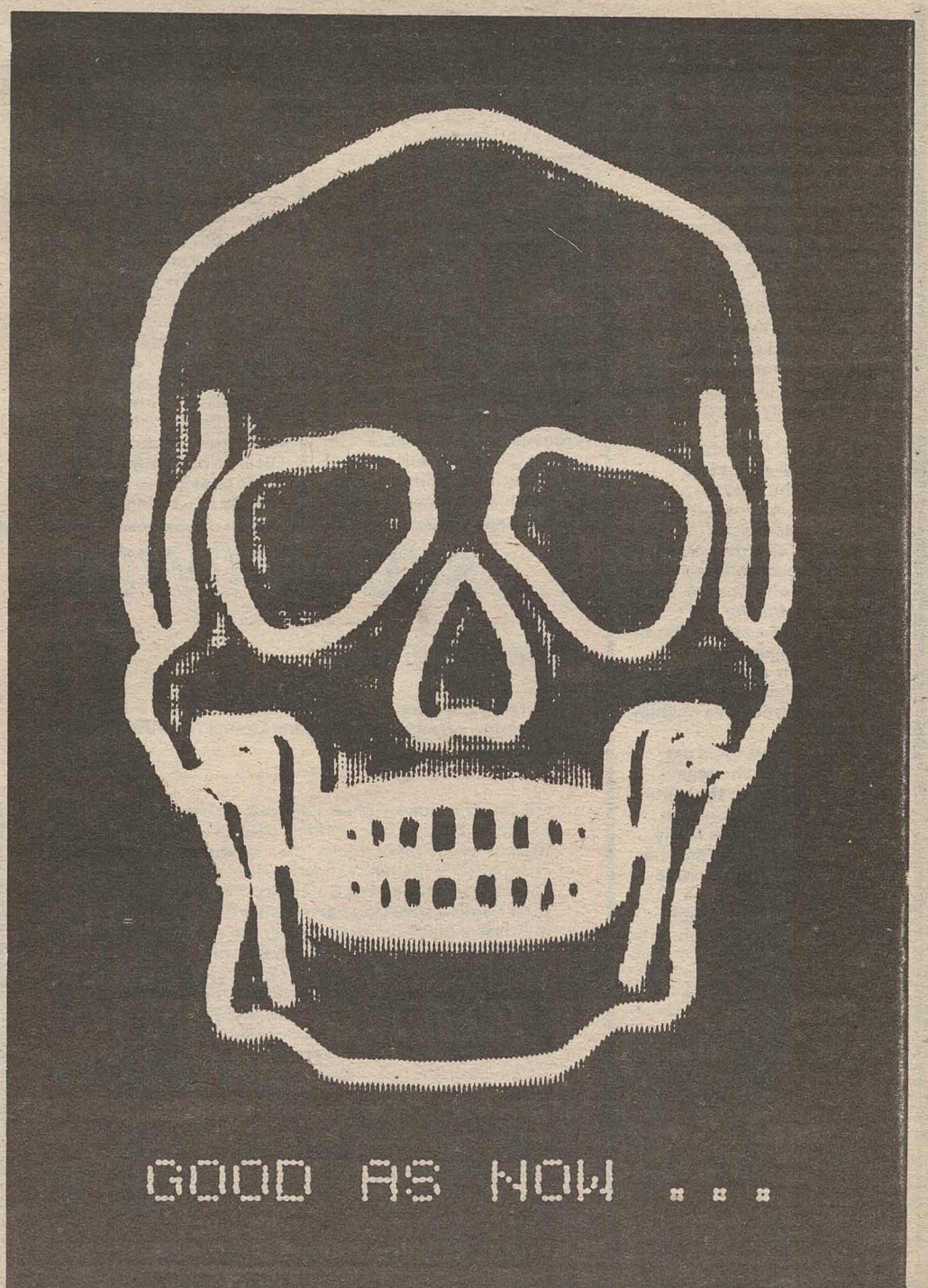
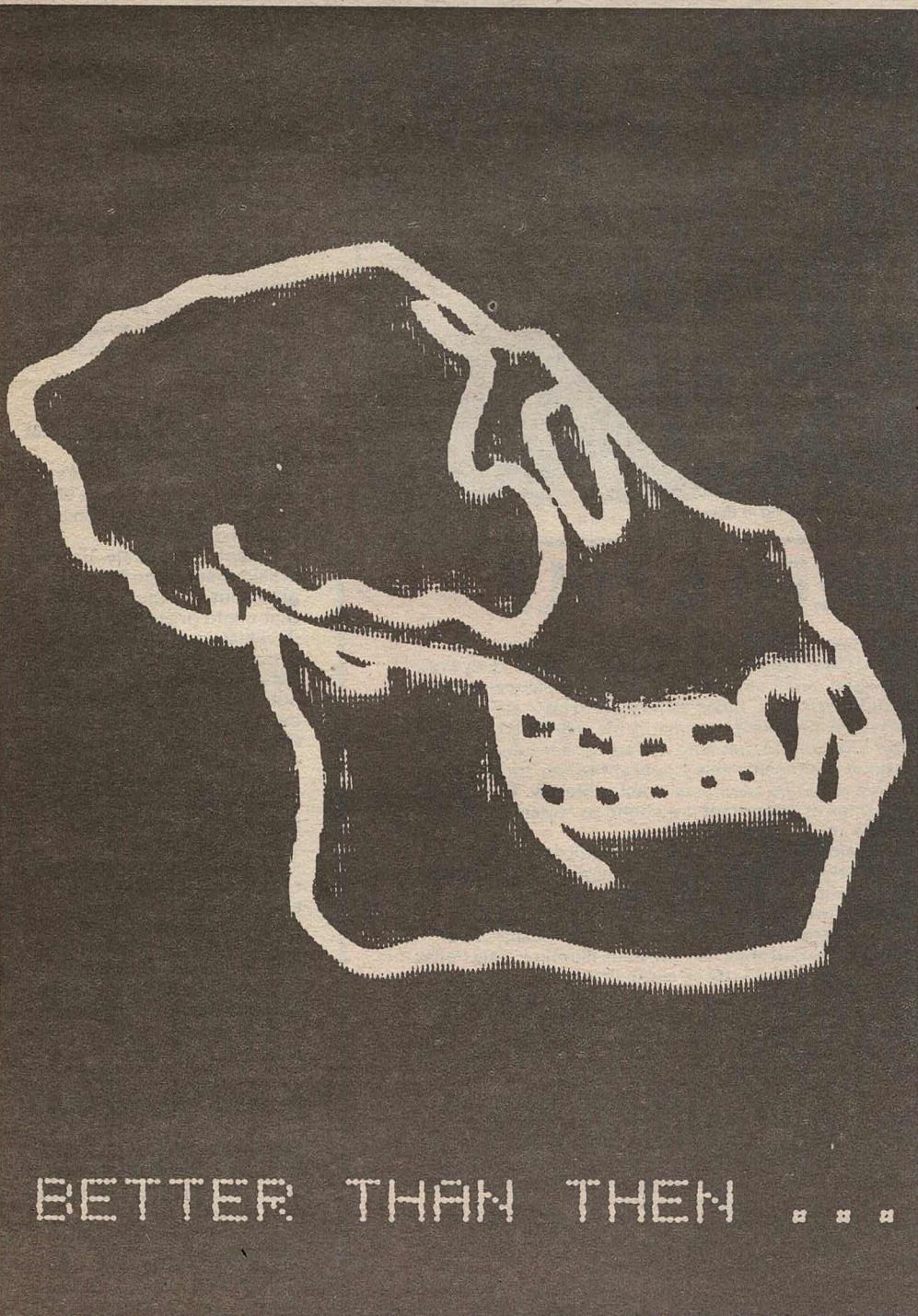
And Longwa slipped through the dancers and ran up to join Kassongo, Atia-Jo, Kayembe and Katele, as the dance went on.

CONCLUSIONS? Where African pop will move next is not something I or any other flying visitor can conjure prophesies to. If Europe is willing to open its ears — and surely there is no more receptive time than now, when even the grizzled old UK is grudgingly aware of a wide world of pop music outside — then the tumbling sounds of an entire continent are literally up for the asking. The deals granted by Virgin and Island might only be a humble scratching on a boundless surface but any doorway to music of such rich reward (head, heart and feet) should surely be hammered open.

For us, it's an unqualified opportunity for enjoyment. For Africa, a different chance is offered. If their own pop music is to take the shape they want they must ultimately follow the lesson of Jamaica — the technology must be mastered to their own ends.

I offer no moral to this thumbnail sketch. In its long and stained relationship with the North, this is one of those few occasions when the choice lies principally with Africa.

Conclusions? No. Beginnings.





Poltergeist: The Freelings, with the aid of a dwarfish spiritualist, attempt to exorcise their home.

PUTTING THE WILLIES UP SUBURBIA

Poltergeist

Directed by Tobe Hooper
Starring Jobeth Williams,
Craig T. Nelson and Beatrice
Straight (UIP)

LIKE EVERY ghost story, *Poltergeist* makes you wonder about the most ordinary things. The uproarious grin and spreadeagled limbs of a bobble-hatted clown doll — there it is, perched on a chair, unmoving — but you're afraid to take your eyes away in case...

The idea of *Poltergeist* is irresistible. A script and production by Steven Spielberg, perhaps the last real romantic-mystic in Hollywood; and direction by the eerily accomplished frightener Tobe Hooper, still best known for the cut-and-come-again frolics of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Surely all manner of elegant disturbance could be conjured from this unlikely alliance?

It could — and there are moments when the team engineer upsets to the natural order so vivid it seems the hapless protagonists really are under siege from another world. Exploitation cinema rarely comes this sophisticated. The trouble with *Poltergeist*, though, is one that has always infiltrated Spielberg's pictures: the attempted injection of vast metaphysical resonance into slam-bang matinee heroics.

A certain confusion as to the film's identity expands almost into bewilderment as it proceeds. Happy suburbanite homesteaders the Freelings grow uneasy as their little daughter sleepwalks to the post-closedown TV set and speaks to something inside;

then chairs start to perambulate unaided around the kitchen; and the realisation breaks that something unspeakable has been unleashed into the rafters. As a coincidental tornado rips through the estate the family looks set to be overtaken by tragedy.

So it starts as some kind of SF-cum-horror trip, fuelled on the vague incomprehension of the central icon of the American household, the TV set — a smart notion, and one that Spielberg's script runs over and around. Mom reproves her youngest, staring into the blank static of the screen one morning, with a traditional "It's bad for your

eyes" and a channel switch — to a raging war film.

When the demons of the tube appear to abscond with the kid and a paranormal research team are called in aid it seems we do after all have a conventional spook story to enjoy; but that wouldn't, of course, be enough for Spielberg. He has the dwarf medium who coordinates the attempted rescue spout a dawn-of-understanding justification for all the troubles, inflating the confines of a simple idea into a grandiose omniscient adventure — and Spielberg's Disease has struck again.

It's possible to see the film merely as a string of



Little Robbie Freeling in the eye of the storm.

admittedly electrifying set-pieces made possible by brilliant effects. None of the characters register very strongly, just as they never do in Spielberg's vulgarly DeMillian universe. Individuals are lost to wider concepts.

But amidst all this journeying into the unknown by the producer we've forgotten that it's actually Hooper — who last made the really frightening *The Funhouse* — at the helm.

Though there are cinematographic sleights that are pure Hooper in their blackly cynical humour it's as if for most of the picture his guv'nor's laid a restraining hand on his shoulder.

Except in the finale. Hooper breaks loose to go for a gross-out anti-apocalypse that might present a timely devaluation of the preceding seriousness but basically blows the whole movie right out the window, even if it had been presaged by the last rites on the family canary at the very start.

Despite all this, the constant element in both Spielberg's and Hooper's film-making — the wonderment of the tricks you can pull off with cinema — remains intact. There are moments when epic excitement and palpable fear fuse almost transcendently. *Poltergeist* goes some way towards being a great movie — it's a shame it works out so seriously confused.

Richard Cook

SKOLIMOWSKI: INDEED A POLE

Moonlighting

Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski
Starring Jeremy Irons, Eugene Lipinski and Jiri Stanislav (Miracle)

OR THE threadbare charm of the Polish patriarchy, exposed. Four Polish workers, sent to Britain to renovate their boss's holiday house (their labour being infinitely cheaper than British), are wrongfooted by the military coup that stomped out Solidarity last Christmas. Only their English speaking party leader hears the news and he imposes a blackout on the others so as to prevent worry and outrage interfering with their work.

It's for their own good, he convinces himself, while intercepting their mail and establishing a strict new schedule that cuts them off from the Polish church and ensures their meeting of the month's deadline. Meanwhile, when their meagre money supply runs low, Nowak secretly turns to shoplifting to supplement their rations. Don't let it be said he doesn't shoulder his responsibilities stoically.

The value and brilliance of *Moonlighting* — easily expatriate Pole Skolimowski's best, not to mention most comprehensible film — lies in its understanding of the little man turned petty tyrant by force of circumstance, which speaks far more than blind, spluttering condemnation of cruel regimes.

Given his role as ruler, Nowak simply follows the

patterns laid out before him, his task made that much easier by the others' inability to speak English. Their mute reliance and dumb acquiescence suggests they want him to be right, just as he believes himself to be in the right. But does their helplessness justify his shielding them from reality? The only person who suffers from his decision to keep quiet is himself. Life's lonely at the top, he discovers, but to his credit he continues to act selflessly. Thus the few murmurings of discontent are bound to appear to him as insolence and ingratitude.

The illusion of complete control is maintained by Skolimowski's filming the story through Nowak's eyes, thereby scaling down any allusions to Poland's new regime to a manageable personal level. That it is not laboured is largely down to Jeremy Irons' excellence as the heavily burdened chief. No subtitles illuminate his Polish conversations with his three compatriots, he must speak for them all. His voiceover — an impeccable, anglo Polish accent tinged with hints of regret and resignation — is by turns fretful and comic. Best though is watching him deal with British hostility towards foreigners with a mixture of blank incomprehension and sullen defiance.

Through such encounters *Moonlighting* also provides an oblique commentary on the way Britain is viewed by foreigners. Setting it in bleak West London, he makes the city appear as small and petty as the types he proceeds to caricature: a retired soldier neighbour, blustering workers, officious immigration officers and mean shopkeepers.

His portraits might be ugly but, being a part-time resident here since he left Poland 10 years ago, they have the truthful ring of personal experience.

Chris Bohn

■ OWING TO THE HEALTH WORKERS' DISPUTE THERE IS NO *ON THE BOX* COLUMN THIS WEEK. A HEALTH WORKER SAYS: "ON THE BOX IS BAD FOR YOUR BRAIN."



Sting sends Suzanne Hamilton into a coma with his violent overacting. Joan Plowright (left) remains unimpressed.

TEATIME NEUROSES

Brimstone And Treacle

Directed by Richard Loncraine

Starring Sting, Denholm Elliott and Joan Plowright (Brent Walker)

AND WHAT we do receive is scarcely enough to fill out a film, put out a purist or indeed blow up a disturbance of any dimension. The soggy and slapdash impression left by *Brimstone And Treacle* is of a promising if familiar idea poorly thought through and affixed all too conveniently to the cross of everyman guilt.

If *Pennies From Heaven* — Dennis Potter's first Hollywood excursion to emerge this year — cast a preponderance of gloom over a bojangles stylisation, *Brimstone* errs the other way.

In playing it for bitter chuckles if not exactly laughs, director Richard Loncraine has the picture persistently misfiring. Instead of nailing the core of cold hysteria which must have lain in the marrow of Potter's original he lets the story teeter dangerously close to whimsy at moments where raw nerve is called for. The refusal to darken the aperture leaves it on unsatisfactory middle ground.

The playing is the film's great strength, with Denholm Elliott almost perfect as Bates, the disillusioned father haunted by guilt over his daughter's accident. Joan Plowright looks equally effective as his overly devout and trusting wife, and as the enigmatic dark angel who inveigles his way into their suffocating home — where the scullery clock ticks like a countdown to death and suburban browns deepen the overall torpor — Sting seems an ideal embodiment, cuddly and mischievously sinister by turns.

Yet it's his very 'naturalness' that undoes the balance of the central triangle. Sting's bumptious air looks so cunning and fulsome it drips with a familiar selfishness. As if bewitched by this undeniably magnetic golden fringe (a great opening: the diabolical Martin ducks out of a cathedral gate, munching a carrot) Loncraine's camera eye Sting over and over when it's Elliott's sweating jowls that demand the closest attention.

The complexities of Mr Bates are glossed over: they should have been dissected ruthlessly. It's soon clarified — in a flashback-cum-fantasy sequence the director almost loses control of — where his immediate guilt lies, but the cumulative weight of a lost faith, a domestic prison and the unending punishment his ruined daughter's presence provides is used as a simple explanation. A backlog of deceit is only skimmed through. Shouldn't something cut deeper here?

Maybe. Potter's screenplay has the expected ear for civilised savagery and teatime neuroses. It's just that having Tom Bates muttering about frustration and suffering is only teasing at a wider resonance.

In the same way the climax seems unnecessarily rushed (if you'll pardon the cross-reference) as the creeping disquiet is abandoned for unhallowed release of various sorts. The moral ambiguities look decidedly callow.

Loncraine's tag line is witty enough. It seems inevitable, all the same, to have to report that a doubtless exceptional television drama does not equate with a similarly potent movie. Either that or this director isn't the man to bring Potter to a bigger screen. Not enough brimstone.

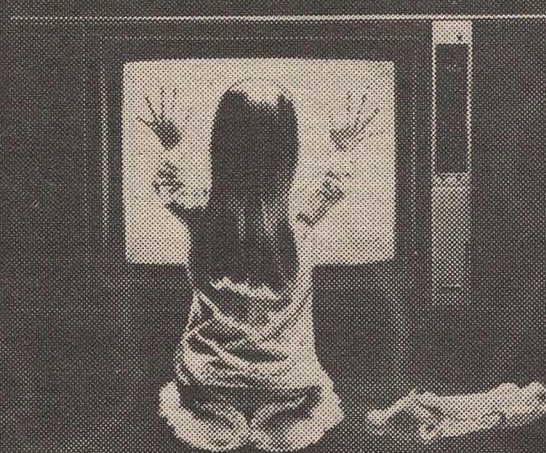
Richard Cook



"Ummm — perhaps this wasn't such a great career move."

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EDINBURGH'S FILM FESTIVITIES

THE 36TH EDINBURGH film festival saw the advent of 70 new feature films and offered the usual opportunity to overdose on celluloid of all standards. The subject matter ranged from the seemingly absurd (Peter Greenaway's features on windows and lightning) through the arty experimentalism that always surface (and often sinks) at festivals, to the more conventional thrillers and documentaries.

The last category encompassed a variety of topics from Berlin and Vietnam to 'Youth Culture', for which purpose Longinotto and Lemon's *UnderRage*, reviewed a couple of weeks back in *Silver Screen*, was aired as the token stab at rekindling dormant social consciences. Much more truly aware was the powerful *You Are Not I* by Sara Driver. Relating the story of a mental patient's escape from a sanatorium and her brief return to her upright sister's home, *You Are Not I* paints an enlightening picture of the thoughts of the patient, Ethel, while escaping the patronising ring of mist documentaries. The motives for Ethel's actions are related through the soundtrack to her thoughts, so that the confusion within her mind becomes apparent, and her moves are converted from seemingly illogical whims to the natural responses of a jumbled mind. On arriving at her sister's home, Ethel fingers the furniture with wide-eyed amazement, an action viewed with horror by her sister and neighbours as a sign of dangerous serangement; but the soundtrack explains: "Right away I saw she'd had the whole house rebuilt backwards — I couldn't help examining everything to see if she'd carried out the reversal in every detail." Vivid photography, eerie music and an ambiguous ending add to the haunting appeal of the film.

Most flops at film festivals happen because of excessive ambition on the part of the directors. A near miss is Nicholas' *Mouth Music*, a study designed to prove that speech is the least important part of communication. Nicholas attempts to reveal the vital role played by body movements in everyday conversations, but fails to strike the right note between simplicity and ingenuity. The two situations he chooses — the chat-up and the quarrel — are so clichéd that they are worthless examples, because the physical gestures they involve are well known to most people.

Even more ambitious is *The Waves*, a Dutch attempt at the book by Virginia Woolf, which unfolds the relationships between six people in the form of poetic pieces read out by the actors. The feelings of the actors and their past history is meant to become apparent in a jigsaw fashion, but it's hard to retain enough interest to see the tedious business out.

Caligari's Cure, like *The Waves*, is an overlong experiment in which director Tom Palazzolo scrapes away the criteria of performance, photography and plot and attempts to recreate the coming of age of three Catholic boys through semi-comic depictions of their childhood life and experiences. Despite several humorous scenes, his attempts at expressionism fail and interest wanes way before the end.

The two thrillers that stood out at the festival were Jean-Jacques Beineix's startling accomplished debut *Diva*, and New Zealander Sam Pillsbury's first feature *The Scarecrow*. *Diva* is set apart from the average run-of-the-mill thriller by the skilful camerawork which fuses classical with glam pop art surrealism, the intricate plot twists, and the unusual combination of unstrained humour and real romance. *The Scarecrow*, a narrative unfolded with Huck Finn enthusiasm by 14 year-old Ned, concerns the arrival in town of a lecherous old criminal who sets his watery eye on Ned's beloved sister Prue. Combining the magical flavour of a child's adventure story with murder and intrigue, *The Scarecrow* retains enough suspense to have you halfway out of your seat throughout, and deserves to be a commercial success when released.

Finally, Paul Bartel's *Eating Raoul*, which explores the bizarre with deadpan sobriety, surfaces as an outrageously funny black comedy. It relates the story of how a tightly sexless couple, Paul and Mary Bland, come up with an ingenious way of finding enough capital to open the homely country restaurant that has been their life-long dream, while simultaneously giving their slaving neighbours their just desserts. Highly unrealistic, perhaps, but then escapism has always been the charm of cinema.

Leyla Sanai



IN THE WORKS

□ T.B. OR NOT T.B., THAT IS THE CONSUMPTION: This one is frankly irresistible. Paul Mazursky, a New York film-maker who has made an inordinate amount of friends with dubious 'comedies' like *Bob And Carol And Ted And Alice*, *Alex In Wonderland* and *Willie And Phil* (Paul has a thing about names), has finally come a cropper with his latest pretentious venture. No one, but no one, has a kind word for *Tempest*, Mazursky's ludicrous up-dating of Shakespeare's play (normally prefixed 'The'). The thespians involved are John Cassavetes, Mrs John Cassavetes (played by Gena Rowlands) and Susan Sarandon; the music is by Stomu Yamashta. Here is what one eminent American critic had to say about the film: "Paul Mazursky's *Tempest* is a disaster of sufficient magnitude to require the services less of a critic than of a coroner. Full fathom five the script should lie, and the acting even deeper. Everything that can go wrong in a movie goes wrong in this sub-Shakespearean conceit, shipwrecked on the shoals of self-indulgence." Sounds barny!

□ SHORT TAKES AND RE-MAKES:

With the Hitchcock retrospective still in full flow on the ever-admirable BBC2, disturbing news from Universal studios, home of the infamous *Psycho* mansion. Yes, it's *Psycho 2* time, with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles repeating their roles from the Master's 1960 masterpiece; direction is by

Richard Franklin, the young Australian who made last year's vaguely Hitchcockian *Road Games*, cameraman is Dean Cundey, John Carpenter's colleague on *Halloween* and *Escape From New York*. . . Back in Australia; Hitchcock's *Under Capricorn* (a rare 1949 flop starring Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten) is being re-made by Rod Hardy, starring Lisa Harrow in the Ingrid pith, sorry, part. . . Jason Miller, the sceptical priest in *The Exorcist*, is directing *The Championship Season*. The cast is full: Robert Mitchum, Bruce Dern, Martin Sheen and Stacy Keach. . . Tuesday Weld and James Woods join De Niro and Treat Williams in Sergio Leone's *Once Upon A Time In America*. . . Testimonial from Mel Brooks for *Loose Shoes*, a rude comedy starring Bill Murray: "I laughed my socks off" . . . This year's *Airplane* is, apparently, *Young Doctors In Love*. . . Oh, hooray! *Friday The 13th Part 3* is on its way, in 3-D. . . Dennis Potter is scripting the best-seller *Gorky Park*. . . Rick Rosenthal, responsible for *Halloween 2*, is shooting *Bad Boys* in Chicago; based around teenage urban crime, it sounds horribly like a *Violent Streets* for kids. . . (We need a big one for the finale. — Ed.) OK. Here it is. **Monty Python Live At The Hollywood Bowl** probably won't be released over here. It is coming out on video, though. But, e'en as we bicker, **Monty Python's The Meaning Of Life** is currently shooting on location in London and Bradford. Fact. Terry Jones is directing all the others. He's saying things like "Look, I know none of us is exactly poor, but let's try to be funny, please." I suspect half the world will laugh.

Monty Smith

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Blade Runner (Directed by Ridley Scott). An emotionless yet highly atmospheric futuristic thriller, with Harrison Ford glumly tracking down a bunch of over-acting androids in LA 2019 AD. (Warner Bros)

Conan The Barbarian (John Millius). Oddly reminiscent of those deadly earnest Biblical epics of the early '60s, *Conan* completely eschews the cod trendiness of such execrable exercises as *Flash Gordon* and goes, magisterially at times, for the gut. (20th Century Fox)

The Last American Virgin (Boaz Davidson). My colleagues have been rather churlish about this film. It's got lots of smutty schoolboy humour, plenty of tits

and bums, and is thoroughly enjoyable. (Cannon)

The Loveless (Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery). Just a note to say that this wonderful motion picture, so tellingly analysed in last week's *Silver Screen*, will not now open until October 14. Which means that our advertised chat with Miss Bigelow will not now be appearing until a little closer to that time. Everybody happy? (Mainline)

Piranha 2 — Flying Killers (James Cameron). The senile *Guardian* columnist makes his directorial debut. In fact, all the Italians involved in the production of this low-budget shock-horror sequel have changed their names to protect their accountants. I think senile *Guardian* columnists should be told. (Columbia)

The Thing (John Carpenter). Extremely unpleasant and effective horror film that owes absolutely no allegiance to the Howard Hawks original. Danny Baker reckons it's the film of the year. And it is very good. I've just got this horrible feeling that Carpenter has gone mad. (UIP)

Monty Smith

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He used to play for £5 a night. Now he's a Millionaire.

JOOLS HOLLAND

Age six, Jools's uncle taught him boogie-woogie piano. Impressed, his mother sent him to the Blackheath Conservatoire of Music, where they taught him 'The Dance of the Pixies' on two fingers. Unimpressed, he left within the week.



But by fourteen, he'd returned to the piano and was playing his local for a fiver a night.

At fifteen, he formed his first band, Skyco, with a bunch of schoolmates. Later they renamed it Squeeze.

At seventeen, Squeeze signed with their first manager. "That was a bad move," says Jools. Too late, they discovered his favourite band was Paper Lace.

Nineteen saw Jools on tour, crammed in the back of a box Transit between a PA system and the rest of Squeeze. "I think it was Holland," he says. "Didn't see much of it, really." Then their first release failed to make much impression. "Didn't see much of that either," he adds.

But by twenty-two, Squeeze had made four hit singles including 'Cool for Cats' and 'Up the Junction,' and had completed an exhausting series of tours. At that point Jools left. He said he had his own career to follow.

At twenty-three, he did his biggest gig ever in Madison Square Gardens. "It was terrifying. I had this plan to faint and get carried off if the going got too rough." His next gig was billed as 'The World Premiere of Jools Holland and the Millionaires.' "A slight change of scene, there," he says, "at Huddersfield Poly."

Now at twenty-four, he's written and recorded a debut album with the Millionaires, he's been recording with Sting, and he's just back from an American tour.

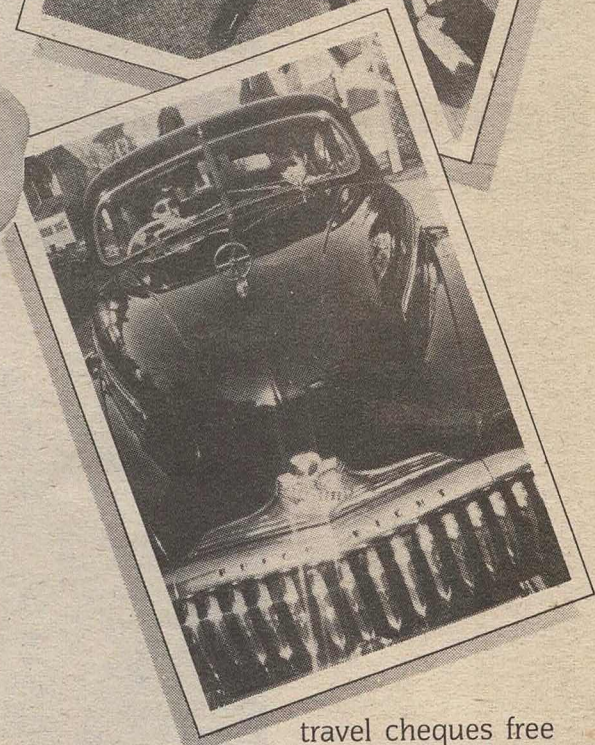
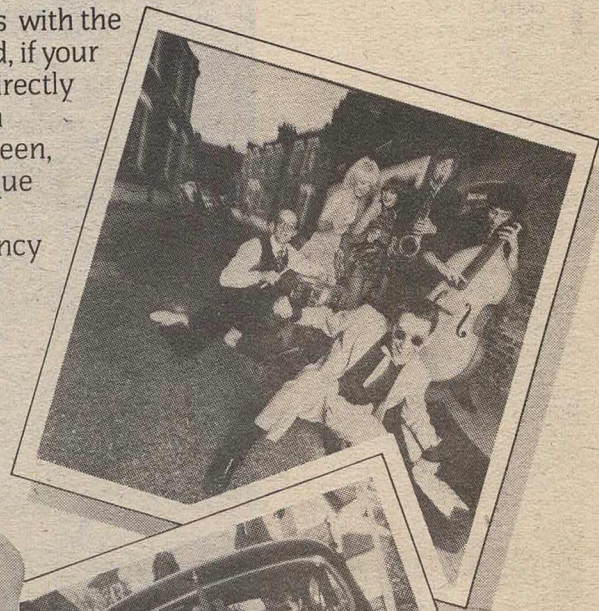
"It's been a very bumpy ride since leaving school, but in the end it's all been worth it," he says. "And I'm sure we'll go a lot further, me and the Millionaires. But you've really got to work at it, and believe in what you're doing."

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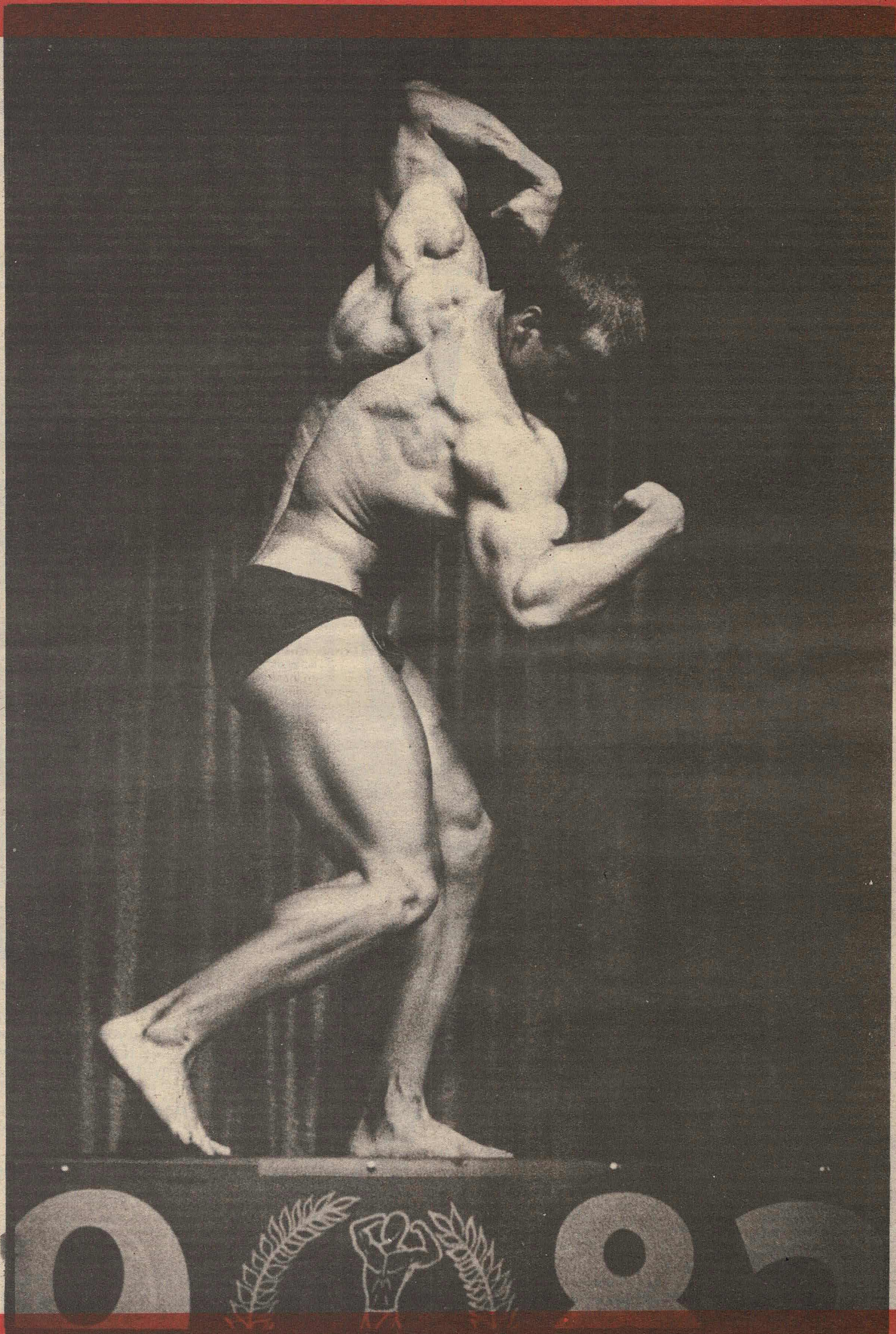
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NAKED OBS



Gary Kendall, 22: "The majority of body builders are people who don't enjoy themselves."

Let's get physical. All year round, body builders sweat and strain through a pitiless routine of barbells, diets and utter devotion. Their goal — to win the English championships, recently held at Nottingham. And if they can't do it naturally, there's always the banned anabolic steroids . . .

Report: Andrew Tyler

Photography: Pennie Smith

SESSIONS

"Strive for excellence, exceed yourself, love your friend, speak the truth, practise fidelity and honour your father and mother. These principles will help you master yourself, make you strong, give you hope and put you on a path to greatness." — Joe Weider, Trainer Of Champions.

A CHAMPION BODY builder simply *knows*. He knows there are rules as summed up by leading US entrepreneur Joe Weider. He knows that the pain of physical exertion translates into muscle and as the body grows stronger, so does the mind.

A champion body builder is like a great stone face on Mount Rushmore. The image is self-absorbed and rock-headed. The intended effect is awesomeness.

At Nottingham's Sherwood Rooms, where the English Championships have just been held, a British adept explained how he was literally made weak after watching a presentation by an American called Tom Platz.

Platz, probably the next Mr Olympia, is a squat man with a build most people would consider repulsive. He has muscle packed like jungle vine and gristle, tendons and arteries cutting through skin which has been deliberately starved of liquid and fat.

Platz is a 3-D man. He is the plastic transparent biology man children get for Christmas; evidence of mind over blabber.

In Joe Weider's *Fitness And Muscle* magazine, Platz explained the depth of his compulsion. "Body building is somewhat like being a priest in that you have a calling of sorts if you are going to be a champion. Physically I am blessed in certain respects but I've still had to train like a dog to get where I am now. I might die trying to win the Olympia, but if I don't die I will win it."

When the English adept looked at Platz he recognised a superior form of devotion. That he felt weak is no wonder.

IN LONDON'S East End is a 22-year-old called Gary Kendall possessed with Platz' death-or-glory vision. At the Nottingham championships he was fancied, particularly by himself and his mates, to take the light heavyweight title. To do so he would have to dislodge the dark-eyed wonder from Chelmsford called Angelito Lesta. For a couple of years Lesta has been considered easily best meat in the division and has appeared regularly in muscle magazines around the world.

Kendall believed he could topple the champ. Two weeks before the event he tells me, "I'm looking the best I ever have. I'll feel disappointed if I come second. This game's too hard to come second or third."

We were at his Stratford training gym run by a 54-year-old ex-marine, who some months before had fought off armed bankroll bandits with a leather belt. They shot him in the leg, fired ammonia in his eyes but got

nothing. Body builders are a breed that like to hang on to what they've got.

The training floor is the sort of thing Spencer Tracy — as the Priest — would have mocked up for his dead-end kids. There's a rickety pool table as you go in and a kiosk selling rupture belts, magazines, food supplements and the like. The workroom is ballroom size, with 30 or 40 men clenching weights in an atmosphere that is loud and clammy.

Gary was waiting out front, sunk in a battered plastic chair. The big chest heaved and he rose up about five and a half feet to offer a damp hand.

Tonight the work is on stomach, calves and thighs. Tomorrow it'll be the top half, pumping and pressing for the essential cut-glass look.

He's beginning to refine the diet. Fats are out, as well as other non-value food.

"A lot of class body builders," he says, "think you've got to follow way out diets all year round — like meat, chicken, fish, water and that's all. I never fancied that. I like a balanced diet."

He'll eat fruit, even though fruit yields liquid which lies beneath the skin clouding muscle definition. He's confident his fast metabolism will drive it out in time. He also allows himself carbohydrates, such as brown bread, gradually cutting back as the tournament approaches.

The countdown runs like this: one week before the tournament, get a haircut, lay down a tan at the solarium. This can be pepped up later with liquid tan.

Three days before, stop training. The body must rest and recover energy. Also shave the entire physique, and wring out surplus water in the sauna. Eat only dried foods (apricots, raisins, chicken). And nothing with salt because salt retains water. Rub on the coats of quick tan — five in two days. The hours tick by. Slow down the calories. Relax. Think ENORMOUS.

TONIGHT AT THE gym Gary has a fellow to catch weights and urge him on to one more impossible 'rep' (repetition of a basic exercise).

His man in the shabby jumper shouts "Come on, come on! That's not so hard!" as Kendall's tongue darts out and his eyes light up in wonder. The noise is what you might find in a labour ward. "Come on love. Just another little push."

The session lasts 40 minutes, moving quickly from one piece of equipment to the next. He's on his stomach curling up weights with his thighs; then crucified by barbells, performing squats and lifts. He can sit on a chair with heavy weights and a man on his lap, and lift both with his calf muscles.

Other men stagger as if in a dream but Kendall races. He makes the most noise, lifts the biggest weights.

"That's it," he gasps and rolls out to change for a shower behind a plastic screen. No one must see his present condition. Not even his brothers at home where he keeps the bathroom door locked. Once his followers have *seen*, the excitement will have gone and they will start looking for faults. When the time comes he wants unrehearsed, unqualified gasps of wonder.

GARY AND his brother Paul started training eight years ago. Gary was the short guy at school with "sort of an inferiority complex, I suppose". Paul, two years older, had been paralysed down his right side after falling from a roof. When he came out of his long coma, the brothers pooled their money to buy weights.

Dad thought it grand, he being a regular towel twister of the dynamic tension school. "He reckoned it was better than dosing about," recalls Gary, "hanging around in the street chatting with your mates."

Paul recovered the use of his body — barring the tips of his fingers — and Gary, after several years slipshod training, got his

nose down in 1979, since when he's managed second, fourth and first in junior regional contests; number two in the all-UK juniors and number two again when the English Federation Of Body Builders (organisers at Nottingham) held its British championships last year.

The man who topped him then was Chelmsford's Angelito Lesta, the man he must beat in Nottingham. The vision of success possesses him.

"To be really good," he says, "you've got to be thinking about body building all the time, 24 hours a day. I'll sit around in the day when I'm not training and maybe watch a bit of television. If it's nice weather I'll go out and lay in the garden, or do a bit of shopping. Just keeping yourself contained really."

"I know it might sound strange, but the majority of body builders are people who don't really enjoy themselves, because they feel the need to do something out of the ordinary. They get so caught up with self improvement and training hard everything else has to revolve around that."

Does he have nightmares about his cherished body falling sick or being hacked down in an accident? No — he won't allow that slide into pessimism. Does he consider his body beautiful, extraordinary?

"I suppose you don't really think of it as part of you anymore but something you've got to train to get the details out, the cuts in your thighs and things like that."

The mental attitude also takes on a 'cut'. "It educates you to be dedicated towards anything. You realise you can do things you never thought possible because when you think of changing an ordinary body into a massive muscular physique that's no easy task. If you can achieve that — you think to yourself — well, you can achieve just about anything."

And what does he want to achieve? He wants to beat Angelito Lesta. There is nothing else.

To reach Olympian heights a body builder must consume an array of "food supplements" at not inconsiderable cost. Joe Weider, the force behind the Mr Olympia contest, is among the leading suppliers. For his Olympian brand range the image is the big man in the little leather cod piece, a girl at his side, sabre-toothed cats at his back, all of it taking place in the Ice Age so as to heighten the heroic quality. If you want to be a Weider Olympian, reads the message, you must eat your cans of Crash Weight Gain, Cell Toner, Body Regulator, Dynamic Stamina Builder, Body Shaper, Digestyme, Fat Burner, Driving Force, Power Source, Liquid Amino Acid, Dynamic Energex with Fructose. And that's less than half of it.

Then again, there are the increasingly essential anabolic steroids which can be had at a wink in most gyms.

Gary Kendall calls them "the one black spot on the sport," but won't say whether he does, doesn't or ever would.

Anabolic steroids are the male hormones that aid muscle development. They are distinct from the androgenic sort that give a spurt to the testes. Orthodox anabolic use is for patients with muscle wastage or for ultra thin ectomorphs.

In the *Penguin Book Of Medicines*, author Peter Parish reports side effects as "increased skeletal weight, salt and water retention, increased number of blood vessels in the skin, increased blood calcium levels and increased bone growth. "Used over long periods," he writes, "isolated cases of cancer of the liver have been reported."

Gary Kendall says, "Everyone in the sport wishes they weren't invented. The guys at the top of the profession all use them. It's a well-known fact. And at the very top you have to use that much more than the next bloke — so what's it doing to their health? Body building is probably the best sport in the world, but when you get to that level it's sort of depressing sometimes."

It's in reaction to steroids and other crash solutions (the Russians are rumoured to be implanting electrodes under the skin of their athletes for a non-detectable, guaranteed

muscle response) ... it's in reaction to all this that the natural movement has taken off in the States and in Britain. While less than monumental, the British group (International Body Building Union) stages its own regular shows. In a magazine called *Natural Body Builder* it touts garlic capsules and ginseng as well as physiques that are recognisably mortal.

There are still oddball ads, for 'pump tablets', each of which contains 140 milligrams of raw heart, but the IBBU are clearly the game's idealists. The aim is to catch body building youth of both sexes and shield them from extremists.

The drawback is that for those youths with extreme ambition — such as a 16-year-old North Londoner I spoke to called Bill Day — IBBU contests are mere pebbles in a stream, used to hop over to where the big money is. And that means Joe and Ben Weider's Mr Olympia showcase. The professional ranks are slim. Britain has produced no more than half a dozen.

Day, however, believes he can hit the pay button and he believes he can do it 'naturally'. What, though, if it came to a point where, in order to break through, he felt he needed to get the steroid habit?

"I'd try everything before I actually did. And I'm not sure I would but I suppose ..." The words trail off.

EVEN WITH STEROIDS you have to get out of your armchair. They might take you to the Olympian heights quicker but, as London gym owner Carlo Ferrari points out, they can become a habit, and should that habit be suddenly curbed a magnificent physique can deflate one and a half stone in two weeks.

"To a competing body builder," says Ferrari, "that's like cutting his arm off. That's terrible."

THE GREAT Nottingham Pose Down.

In Nottingham's Sherwood rooms, between the hubbub of actual performance, the atmosphere is calm. Queues form at the sandwich bar composed of neat people in neat slacks. Many are in the muscle class but there's also a good portion of flab in an audience numbering 1,000.

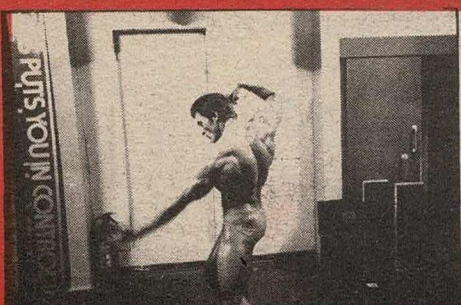
The Rooms have the hazy Mecca ambience, coloured lights slinking about in the ceiling, a balcony trimmed in red felt. Already the silver cups are on the stage twinkling like bubble gum prizes, while high above is strung the banner of the EFBB.

As we arrive the under 50 kilogramme women do their preliminary posing, one in time to the *Match Of The Day* theme. Women are rapidly breaking ground in what was never a staunchly male preserve, anyway. Weider's International Federation (to which the EFBB is affiliated) welcomed them early. The all-British amateur NABBA association would appear to have offered resistance but even they realise the days of physical 'culture' contests offering soft women on teetering heels are in their twilight. The distinction between culture events and the Eric Morley saccharine pageants was never clear. Perhaps it was degrees of passivity.

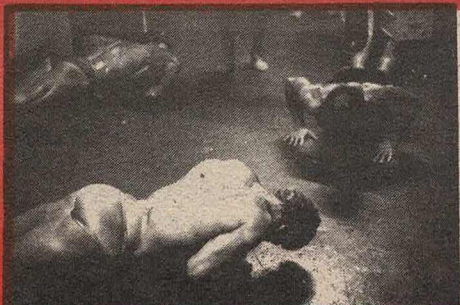
After the 50k women, Gary Kendall's light heavyweights must do their stuff.

Gary himself holds back till last. When he enters he is throbbing with nerves, putting on the dance hall flash. Sweat gushes down his front. He tries to dismiss it with a manly paw and I have to feel sad for the big little guy. His nine or ten mates and his two brothers are in the audience gasping for him but even at this early stage the challenge of sloe-eyed Angelito is looking *bad*. Angelito is cool. His is a sharp triangular frame that tapers to a 'ripped up' abdomen and, at the other end, a very English face. He has Sebastian Coe's brattishness. He evokes scouthood and

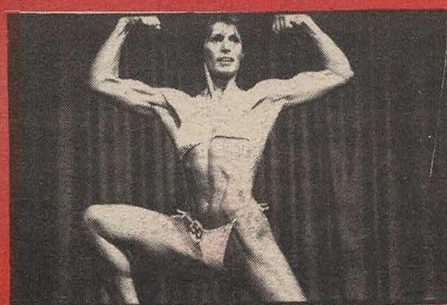
CONTINUES
PAGE 56



Champion Angelito Lesta



Pumping up pre-competition



The female of the species



Bill Davy works out

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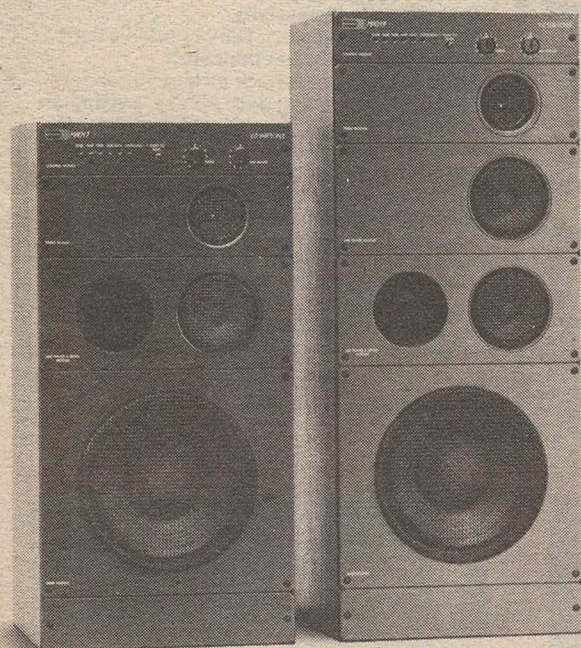
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LPS

THE MELTING POINT OF GOLD

SIMPLE MINDS

New Golden Dream
(81-82-83-84) (Virgin)

ONE

THIS RECORD is something of a glow. Whatever your preference you will find it memorable and instructive. Find its qualities and fix your place. Be swept, be drained. . . This is really all I have to say, but I shall not stop on that account. Indeed, I shall begin again.

TWO

MY LOYALTY towards Simple Minds is known to be considerable, yet even I am jarred by the constant beauty of this music. Truly, all I need to say is that 'New Golden Dream' robs me of my breath — but let's continue. Be swept, be drained, believe me.

THREE

After their last (double) LP it could be said that despite their undoubted ability the group threatened to settle down into an overwhelming, agitating monotony devoid of nobility: a heat-switch has been turned on, the looming Simple Minds solid has melted, is melting into a bewitching, fresh sound. Suddenly the group sound acutely aware of space and emptiness, and their impact is a lot harder because of that. (When I say harder, I am just as likely to mean "softer" — it depends whether you're stood on your head or not.)

Simple Minds took a certain way with rhythm and motion to its limits; they've now shook away what was becoming a kind of concussion, to be left with a very clear head. And, clearly, a heat. 'Melting' is a useful word to use in connection with this record. Not only are the known Minds clichés melting into new forms and shapes, but also more general clichés melt into new

meanings. The familiar deliciously falls in on itself. This 'melting' results in an exotic re-orientation.

Indeed, and this is perhaps because the Minds' aspirations sometimes seemed too great for the pop context to hold, the music contained here is as searching a representation of the meltings between what is 'memory' and what is 'imagination' as that which troubles me in the workings of Beckett and Baudelaire. 'New Golden Dream' is the perfect attack upon those who think pop too small to think big.

The group, confounding banal limitations and their duff reputation as kids muddling in areas roughly outside their scope, have outgrown what was previously their defiant restlessness, a celebrated stoicism, and turned their song into an adventure: an adventure embedded in memory/imagination, patient and dark, as intoxicating as the adventure of Buckley, as personally aggressive as the adventure of Joy Division. It is responsible to no one and nothing, it is sensation for sensation's sake, but it takes the working listener to wherever, it suggests to the working listener that . . . everything is possible.

Let's face it, it's a glorious achievement to produce something that works generously in the usual sweet way tucked inside the trivialised pop context, yet that stretches far beyond those coloured walls to stand strong as an exhilarated, canny comment on the "state of the world's flow", on the position of hope and anxiety. There's plenty of light and melody through the 'Dream' to please you; but enough heat to chill you.

There's a number of outstanding instrumental performances to turn to — Forbes' arrogantly commanding bass, Burchill's



Simple Minds

shrewd and eager guitar, MacNeil's expressive and seemingly infallible keyboarding — but 'Dreams' music is something that succeeds smoothly yet provocatively as 'a whole'. A rippling, humming, beating, rustling, driving, melting 'whole', with Kerr's voice, his glancing, broken words, as if tiny holes allowing glimpses into the worldview that enabled such noble music to appear. The 'whole' is an ardent, tender sound that sweeps and sways between the sly and the open with pleased mastery; as for Kerr's 'holes', there's nothing wrong with his spelling, his spelling is binding, his images and touches spellbinding. If previously he could be irritating, now he and his

words insist on response. And measure the words' intrigue by the depth of that response. The working listener will be quietly, carefully, profoundly re-placed.

The absolutely gripping opening song 'Someone Somewhere In Summertime' immediately announces that Simple Minds have shed old skin. What accounts for this shedding, the 'melting', the shaking away of concussion, is the group swallowing the pill of simplicity: rather than try to make a point or point towards mystery through a rush and rush of overcompensation — this is where many other groups, ie. Bauhaus, flip and flop into the muddle of futility — the group have moved out into the opening of understatement,

tweaking will and snatching heart through implication.

It's the kind of simplicity Joy Division smashed into accidentally and to devastating effect: a proof of articulacy and sensitivity through keen selectivity. The two '82 singles 'Promised You A Miracle' and 'Glittering Prize' fit into this record not as blatant shows of concession for the charts but as bright, confident celebrations of this simplicity: the group scatter their assault rather than channel it.

Listening to the completely satisfying instrumental 'Somebody Up There Likes You' it sounds as though Simple Minds believe they are creating magic: and in a way they are, conjuring up from nowhere such vital, cajoling

systems as 'Big Sleep' and 'King Is White And In The Crowd', systems that will connect themselves to your experiences without wasting your time or minimising your energy. The title track confirms that Simple Minds' diagnosis of what is up and down about the bits and pieces of the world is as shocking, shaming and indignant as any pop group's.

And then when Herbie Hancock glides in to embellish the lovely 'Hunter And The Hunted', one doesn't sense a clumsy, irrelevant intrusion by a name pianist with a huge erratic musical background, just an apt, almost hidden contribution by one musician to the effort of other musicians. It's a fine moment, sealing the group's (radiant) simplicity, and claiming that the group can exist on any terms — no longer must they be locked into a strained-art-pop closet.

So certainly this is Simple Minds' most distinguished collection. It also continues, powerfully, a period of music that melts and scatters around 'For Your Pleasure', 'Correct Use Of Soap', 'Closer', 'Sulk', 'Tin Drum', a music that went to follow through how Iggy somersaulted through good and bad possibilities, how Reed reached below the functional surfaces of city life, how Bowie travelled, how Hamill hoped, how Eno twisted and treated the pop song to the edge of 'the marvellous'. A music swerving and unnerving through recollection and recognition and habit and faded sensations. . . searching for connections and new vantage points, using pop to mind more about memory than the order of guitar notes.

Simple Minds have produced something as inventive, as cleansing, as suggestive as anything by the musicians, The Heroes, who first inspired them to form around the days and nights in Glasgow. This will thrill them, for it is still in them to be thrilled. And what will thrill you is that it is possible to pluck something as special and triumphant as this out from amidst all the painful failures. Its uses are abstract, but its significance is universal. And the feeling grows, as I listen, that they're just beginning.

FOUR

AND NOW you begin. . .
Paul Morley

A THORN BY ANY OTHER NAME...

TRACEY THORN

A Distant Shore (Cherry Red)

TO SAY that the bright and bouncy music currently decorating the national chart has grown progressively bland and directionless over the past six months is more a statement of fact than opinion. Just watch *Top Of The Pops* these days and it stares you in the face.

To claim, on the other hand, that the newer, unquestionably hard bands now emerging in the clubs (cf. The Corporation; last week's *Live!*) are the sole antidote to the malaise could hardly be wider of the mark.

One of the great things about pop is that it always throws up more than one solution and as sure as the music is getting tougher at one extreme, so tenderness is making a welcome comeback at the other . . . which is where Tracey Thorn comes in.

Those of you not already familiar with this soulful young Hertfordshire songwriter through her work with The Marine Girls and her collaborations with Ben Watt as Anything But The Girl are strongly advised to check out this mini-album of eight of Tracey's best love songs to date.

Mellow and melancholy, 'A Distant Shore' soothes and stimulates with the warmest of romantic voices and the tenderest of touches. Its light, airy folkiness anchored to a melodic pop economy in all the places where things might otherwise border on the dowdy.

The album title and songs like 'Seascape' and 'Plain Sailing' might suggest an extension of previous nautical obsessions, although 'A Distant Shore' is a far more refined, mature record than anything that The Marine Girls have yet produced.

A Tracey Thorn song reads like a reflective extract from a lover's diary. She deals with the darker side of love, the torment and the lies, the self-deception and the contradictions: "Why can't we cope with this love that we've found / Seems we'll say anything to bring it down / But then I realise that I love you more / Then is that what we go through this for?" ("Too Happy")

Such stark honesty seems all too rare at a time when the mechanical love-by-numbers song constructions of Martin Fry are generally considered as the ultimate in romantic songwriting. There is something mighty real about Tracey's better songs and her natural, unforced way with the language of love — a simple skill that hasn't been apparent in the pop chart, save the odd Undertones single, since the heyday of Pete Shelley and the Buzzcocks.

But the words of the songs are in some ways secondary to the overall mood so superbly created by the combination of just two instruments, Tracey's voice and her lilting electric guitar, both simply 'recorded' rather than actually produced by engineer Pat Bermingham.

So successful are Thorn's original songs on the record that the inclusion of a cover version of the Velvets' 'Femme Fatale' seems almost superfluous. Her own songs really say it all.

Adrian Thrills



Tracey Thorn

.....DATELINE...OCTOBER '82.....

Benevolent company donates free transistors to deprived nation!

The news this morning is that Everyday Electronics, widely recognised as the most authoritative guide available, is to donate massive numbers of free transistors to members of the public with the October issue. Their generous offer is backed by designs for a general purpose pre-amplifier and sine wave generator for use with the transistors. In a further effort to help re-educate today's society to the benefits of the new electronic age, a complete

6-part introduction to basic theory, complemented by illustrated experiments designed for newcomers, will be incorporated in the same issue.

Ever conscious of the need for advancement, the plans for the Sedac prize-winning project—a computer expansion system—will also be published.

STOP PRESS... STOP PRESS... STOP PRESS. Copies of this publication are now available to the public at a cost of 80p.

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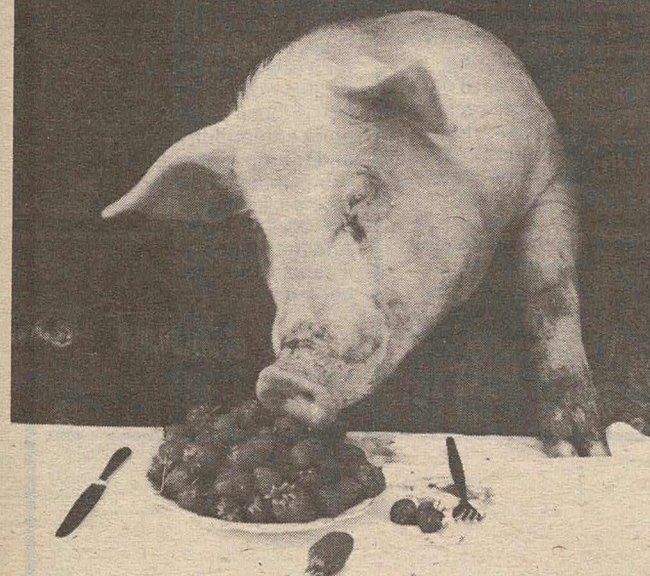
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Gil Scott-Heron

Illustration: Ian Wright

BLUE BULL SESSION

GIL SCOTT-HERON

Moving Target (Arista)

GIL SCOTT-HERON is one of the most quietly effective performers currently working in popular music: his cool, firm underplaying makes the listener want to move towards him, to move in closer to hear what he has to say. Just as his songwriting is a logical and recognisable extension of his poetry, his singing voice is simply his speaking voice bent round the necessary melodic corners.

Never one to stick comfortably with what he can handle, he can still be found attempting to unravel reggae on 'Moving Targets' and reggae can still be found eluding him. As on 'Storm Music' (from last year's 'Reflections'), you hear Scott-Heron telling you about reggae, but you don't hear reggae itself on 'Ready Or Not', which adopts a happy sunshiny attitude to the music. Scott-Heron's vision of Jamaican life seems more derived from Air Jamaica brochures than from the message of dread suffering which informs the Spears and Uhurus of the world.

The closer to home Gil Scott-Heron gets, though, the more acrid his perceptions and the more soulful his muse become. On 'Explanations' he comes closer to losing his temper with interviewers who ask him to 'explain' his work in terms that suit them but seem inappropriate to him than he does with the entire military-industrial-cultural death-trap of Babylon dissected elsewhere on the record.

The album's ideological grand slam comes with the massive 'Black History/The World' piece that ends the album in much the same way as 'B Movie' ended the last one, though it doesn't give Scott-Heron such a devastating entry line as "The first thing I wanna say is MANDATE MY ASS!" Over a light but chilling backdrop laid down by Larry McDonald's ironic congas and Robert Gordon's rattlesnake-sinister twanging funk bass, Scott-Heron's recitation examines the results of history books being written

only by winners, and the ideological violence done to Africa and African culture by cultural historians being the *coup de grace* that followed the physical violence of colonialism. The piece builds remorselessly until Scott-Heron breaks into song, at which point it explodes into a chant of "We got to believe we can change the world": a beautiful, soaring moment.

Yet the album's most affecting piece is 'Blue Collar', which uses the soul-blues format of mid-70s Albert King. Startlingly similar in both form and content to King's 'Cadillac Assembly Line' (with even a lyrical allusion to the King piece), it takes you all over the United States with a weary litany of recession travails and the inevitable payoff line "You can't name no place where I ain't been down/there ain't no place we ain't been down."

Scott-Heron has a leaner, more flexible, more intimate voice than King, but they share a familiar restraint, which is what makes the song work: going for histrionics and shouting 'OH LAWDY!' all over the place would have blown it to pieces. What Scott-Heron doesn't get around to saying, guitarist Ed Brady says for him with piercingly beautiful lines which sound like Albert King with knowledge of a few more scales; like King, he makes every single note count.

'Moving Target' may not be as spectacular as its predecessor — there's nothing here quite as devastating as his reworking of Marvin Gaye's 'Inner City Blues' from the earlier album — but overall it's more consistent and more powerful. Gil Scott-Heron is a performer whose work should never be ignored: as black American pop starts to toughen up again, it's well worth remembering that he's been resolutely tough-minded all along.

The Gil Scott-Heron of 1982 seems to be simultaneously tougher and mellower (= more potent) than the arrogant young blood of 'The Revolution Will Not Be Televised', and he's growing all the time. It seems unlikely that he'll stop moving for quite a while.

Charles Shaar Murray

FOR THE LOVE OF MONEY?

SHEENA EASTON

Madness, Money and Music (EMI)

TWO SUMMERS ago, when Sheena Easton occupied two top 10 positions simultaneously with 'Nine To Five' and 'Modern Girl', she was unassailable. Celebrating simple virtues and imbuing the commonplace with joy and self-confidence, she was in a position that few of her histrionic contemporaries knew existed. Sure, the performances were only average, the songs a little chintzy, but the image and spirit was great — pop brought back to earth, placing its faith and pride in the real world.

Then she broke the US megaleague, we found out about the sharp independent girl and the man she left behind. The image was cracking but by that stage it didn't matter — Sheena was going the way of all flesh and streamlining herself into another commodity. Where once there was warmth there

was now icy disdain. From arch ballads to pop whimsy, from tearjerkers like 'One Man One Woman' to knee jerkers like 'Machinery', she had all the angles covered. Sheena is a punk rocker? Sheena is a camp balladeer, a new age video star in lurex, an MOR crossover... Sheena is anything you want her to be.

Her third album 'Madness, Money And Music' is suitably titled, as it shows her being sucked deeper and deeper into the hackneyed hurly-burly of the pop process. For what it attempts to be the LP is an accomplished, effective achievement, expertly crafted by producer Christopher Neil. Sheena gives her audience just what they want; she takes the slush of Streisand, the angst of Ronstadt, the cloy winsome bleatings of Barbara Dickson or Judy Collins, and crosses them with her various modish devices to give the illusion of something adventurous and exciting.

It's safe, sometimes plagiaristic ('Machinery' sounds very like Olivia



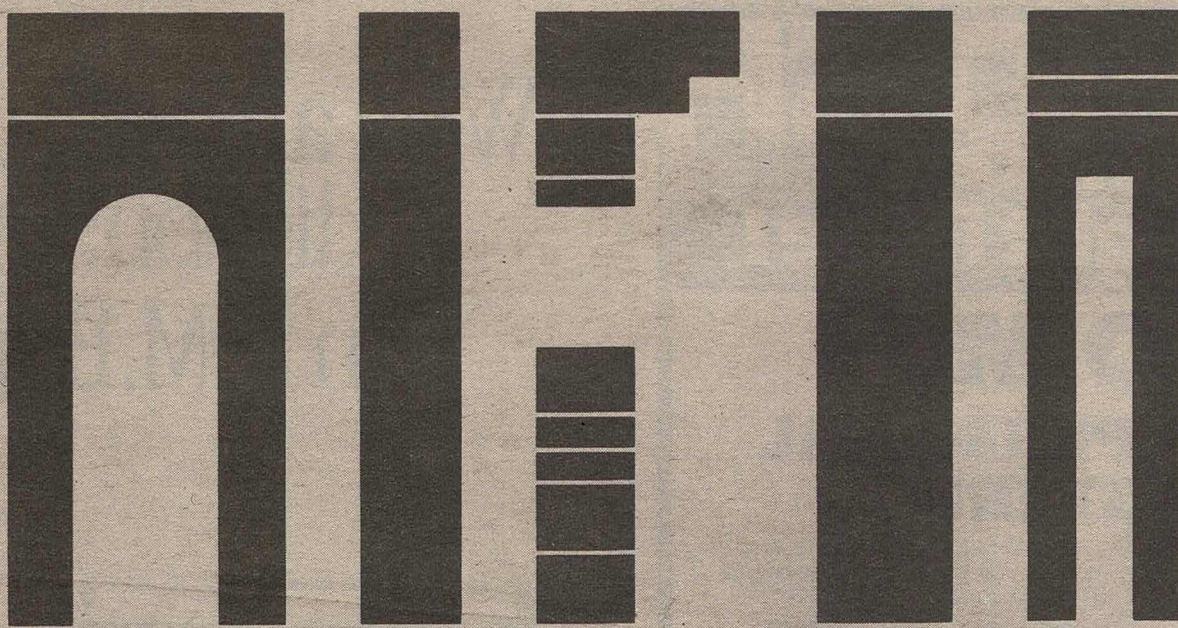
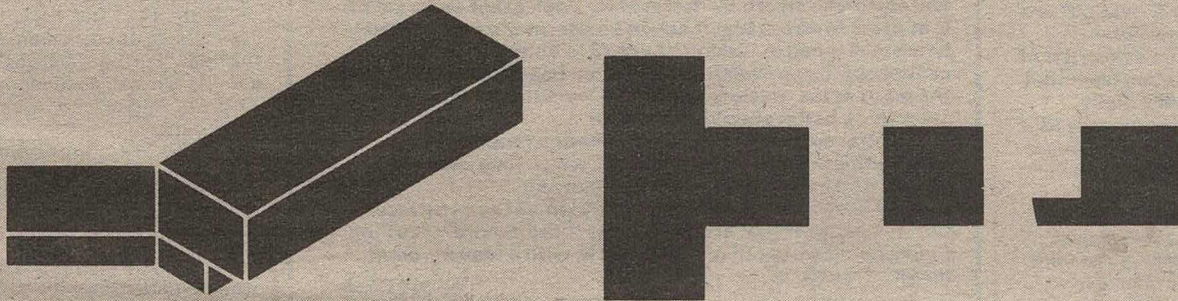
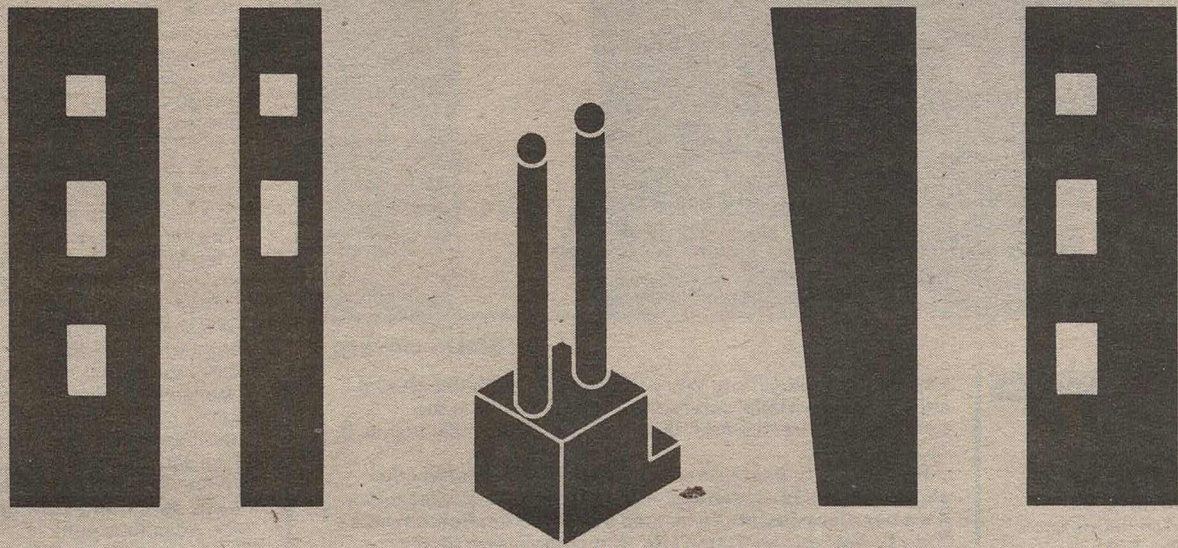
Sheena Easton

Newton John's 'Physical'), and mediocre. The only time the various elements — Neil's cautious production, the colourless songs, and Sheena's drab vocals — rise above themselves is on 'Ice

Out In The Rain'. But considering the limited talent it deals with, 'Madness, Money And Music' is an object lesson in how to make a little go a long way.

Gavin Martin

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A CALE OF A TIME!



John Cale

JOHN CALE

Music For A New Society (Ze)

A STRONGER, loving world... The fulcrum of John Cale's work is its granite paradox, a loathsome ugliness garbed in the colours of rhapsody. Cale's abiding passion for Brian Wilson's music and his unwillingness to abandon his classical leanings make his recordings things of beauty — but beauty bloodied by arbitrary terrors, old guerilla violence, insanities.

Having assembled an outstanding group for 'Honi Soit' one of the great lost records of last year, Cale has abruptly disbanded it, returned to Island via Ze and made a record that mocks most of the happy, zippy sounds emanating from that base. Although 'Music For A New Society' credits eight persons as accompanying musicians it stands principally as a solo recital. Cale crouches at piano or organ and pronounces his diagnoses in that huge stentorian tenor. The conservatory's walls imprison the echoes.

It's difficult — it's enormously difficult. It might have been expected from a master ironist that music for a new society turns out to resemble a series of requia. Songs begin to take form and crack and dissolve like angels of icing. There is no

hopeful circumlocution. When, halfway through the second side, 'Changes Made' seems about to give birth to the optimism of a fresh world, the following 'Damn Life' breaks it down again.

It would be unbearable — parts of it are, particularly the sluggish agonies of 'Santies' — if not for Cale's elegiac touch. It's a heartless gesture to include a snatch from Beethoven's 'Ode To Joy' during 'Damn Life', but compassion finally overtakes despondency. The people in Cale's world are blind and sorrowful creatures destined for unpleasant ends, yet he is at pains to stress that it needn't be so. In the extraordinary lyricism distilled in 'Taking Your Life In Your Hands', the cautionary 'Close Watch' or the frozen beauty of 'Broken Bird' the point of the music takes hold — from these lessons something better should come forth.

The atmosphere of baroque meditation renders it a half-brother to Nico's 'Desertshore', which Cale also produced. The final frame is 'Rise, Sam and Rimsky-Korsakov', a tiny and ghostly lament sung by Rise Cale in a manner that actively recalls 'Desertshore's' 'Le Petit Chevalier'. It sinks out of sight to fit in with a world wound down... to die in.

Richard Cook

Pic: Chester Simpson

THE WEIRDOS AND THE WINNERS

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Punk & Disorderly: Further Charges (Anagram)

LOOK ON the bright side. 'Midst all the hopeless vinyl tracts, chartbound and otherwise, there are some sweet diversions.

I can't tell you what a relief it is to take a break from too much dire vacancy, so you'll have to accept my brash verbals secondhand from the pages of the *New Musical Express*.

'Punk & Disorderly' Volume One was a miserable collection of ulcers, an unserviceable compilation. Strange then that 'Further Charges' should pull so strong. Less a follow-up, more a fresh manifesto, 'Further Charges' pumps some clout into a fuzz-flaccid subculture.

The Pistols were a band that traded on the ridiculous and, with süss and style, coolly savaged the opposition. Punk was a sharp critique, a weighted counterblast against the pompous rock academia of Genesis and Greenslade and too many other enemies, a blunt answer to the inane dance catalogue of "Dating Dos And Don'ts". Maybe in the sex-saccharine summer of 1982, ridiculous punk has found something to rail against once more.

I doubt it but, aw, shelve your suspicions and slam to the beat. 'Further Charges' sounds terrible, as raucous as 'Orgasm Addict' and I love it. Can't explain.

Try: The Wall, The Enemy or The Insane — all passionately anti-war, brutally clear on the killing issue. Natch, punk's line on the Falklands fiasco or Begin's witchhunt is patent for all but

the bigoted blind, up there alongside the rough polit-beauty of Raw Sex Pure Energy and The Jam. Polemic dance.

And there's madness too. Take Bristol's Disorder... As artists in any other medium, Disorder would be treated with highbrow reverence — they experiment with thrash, crash painfully and sound like the Bricks in the Tate Gallery — yet as a punk band they're deemed the dregs. Elsewhere, Brum's GBH, normally backward, wise up with a sound like Motorhead and a beat like US hardcore while West Lancs' One Way System get down and get lyrical with 'Stab The Judge'. Cracked!

After the weirdos, the winners. But then, you'll already have bought these... Heh Heh. Channel 3's 'I've Got A Gun' and Eraserhead's 'Shellshock' are as great as when I reviewed them in the singles page all those weeks back. And Violators drive like there's no tomorrow — piledriving drums, death disco guitar, operatic vocals and real class — for nearly six minutes. The fact that they're on No Future and come from Manchester doesn't seem to have tarnished their brilliance. (Make a mental).

Finally, this week's sweetest diversion, Abrasive Wheels, the 1600E Cortinas of pop; 'Vicious Circle' is glorious, as brazen a song as Paul Weller's 'Strange Town'. Abrasive Wheels have been going years and are wonderful and come from Leeds, which is where all good bands should come from. "IT'S NO USE!" they swell. Crackers!

Live a little, laugh a little, take a break from glummy laziness. Strike or be sacked.

X. Moore

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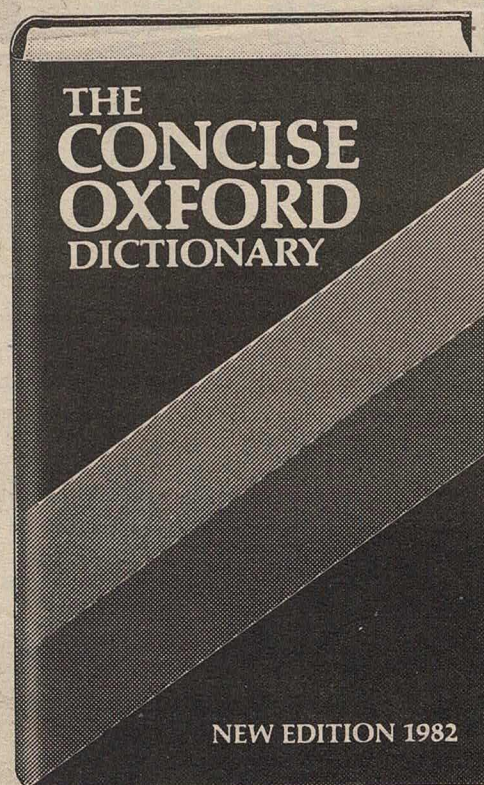
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POP SHOPLIFTERS

THE INDIVIDUALS

Fields (Plexus US import)

A LONG time ago I wrote a glowing live review of The Individuals, captured heart and soul by their exuberance, their tumult and restlessness, the mastery of their songcraft.

But like they sing, they "just can't get started". They slog around the same circuit of clubs. They've released an EP, 'Aquamarine', that marred some excellent songs with fussy, gimmicky production.

'Fields' is much better. There are two, maybe three songs just screaming for attention, and another one or two good ones I'll come back to. But the rest don't make it. That may be a good average for an album these days, but it wasn't what I was hoping for.

Individually, Glenn Morrow is the best writer of the group, lovely bassist Janet Wygal the weakest, and guitarist Jon Klages isn't bad. But the powerful songs here are the ones credited not to an individual writer but to The Individuals as a group. Could be the point.

The Individuals play pop — bright, tuneful, with sharp edges. The back cover shows them to be clean-cut suburban kids, and 'My Three Sons (Revolve Around The Earth)' is suburban normalcy that picks up from early David Byrne but leaves out the irony. Morrow catches a

father's feelings, a world magnified by fatherly love.

Even better is 'Walk By Your House', a picture of love's longing, perfectly framed but deliciously open-ended. "You sleep in your bed/I'm drunk in the field... I know it's not right/But I'm drawn here night after night/I walk by your house."

Then there's 'White', a jarring piece of talk set against a backdrop of stuttering, ferocious guitars. 'White' seems to be about conflict — white/black, East/West, man/woman. Some of the throwaway lines are so dumb, yet they work. And then there's 'Dancing With My Eighty Wives', a mythic fantasy that could use a harder attack but is blessed with a lovely and unforgettable chorus.

But then there are a lot of times when Morrow's hooks are much less sharp than he thinks they are.

So I haven't gone off The Individuals, but I have become more sensitive to their failings. They are still trapped in their sources. They quote a lot, sometimes ironically, sometimes intentionally, sometimes probably unconsciously. They shoplift from only the best stores, and they wear it well.

Though it bothers me to have to pick through dead wood to get at the goodies, I'd rather dwell on the album's successes and enjoy them. The Individuals are still growing (up).

Richard Grabel



The Individuals

Pic: Phil Marine

WHEN AN OLD COMMENTATOR LEAVES THE CREASE

JOHN ARLOTT

Talks Cricket (Charisma)

COULD THIS record possibly be of any interest to anyone who 'doesn't like cricket'? Perhaps not.

John Arlott talks with modest, easy charm; the past not just recounted, but savoured — there's no "about" about it, John Arlott talks cricket. (He gets excited with it, too).

There is, occasionally, a *Boy's Own* whiff about some parts, though when talking of CB Fry — Oxford Blue at cricket, athletics and football, full-back for England and Southampton in an FA Cup Final, leading classical scholar of his day, editor of a 'popular journal', writer and publisher of novels, world long-jump record holder (after a very good lunch, and between whiskey and a cigar), and all before the age of 30 — it's happily unavoidable. Captain Fry was also offered the throne of Albania, which he refused — regretting later the missed opportunity of stopping Mussolini — because "it seemed like a damn bore at the time." Pause. Rich, fragile, resonant voice of Arlott: *This was a most remarkable man.* The advantage of the amateur; it's all in the game.

There are tales of Sir Jack Hobbs — master batsman, prankster and pickpocket; useful maxims like "Never field in crepe-soled boots"; slight digressions reluctantly abandoned in favour of his subject (feel the regret!) which becomes one long, generous digression of a "bulky, clumsy" player, who as a little fat boy of seven, became an addict.



The eponymous Imagination

Pic: Simon Fowler/LFI

NO IMAGINATION!

IMAGINATION

In The Heat of the Night (R&B)

'IN THE Heat Of The Night' is the new album by the group called Imagination. Imagination are a very popular group who have had several big hits; namely 'In & Out', 'Body Talk', 'Illusion' and several even more. They released an eponymous album last year called 'Body Talk'. This is their first since then and I'm happy to report that they sound the same. They use electronic piano and drums a lot and a moog synthesiser and sing in the romantic style, and this is their new LP. I like it and so will all Imagination fans, of which I wasn't one till I heard most of the tracks on this, their second eponymous LP called 'In The Heat Of The Night'.

Monty Smith

The proper review of the Imagination LP appears on page six.

There's twilight in his voice; the funeral necessity in talking of the past rubs against the joys recalled, and forestalls the potential for boredom of a 'novelty' record. Greatness is appreciated, foibles are valued, sentimentality is allowed, and death creeps in to 'A Life Worth Living.'

Just a sick longing for a van(qu)ished mythology of Albion? Oh no, not my baby, dreaded nostalgia? Zippin' up my boots? I see that cricket has become a fairly grim business, but there's still life (and poetry) in its art, and it flickers in and out of this — LP of the week.

Mark Cordery

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CELTIC REVISION AIDS



NEW RECORDS

● Following the July 26 release of the first T-Rex EP, details of the other two in the collection have been announced by EMI. 'Truck On', 'Zip Gun Boogie', 'Teenage Dream' and 'Light Of Love' are on the EP issued this week; and it's followed on September 27 by 'Metal Guru', 'Laser Love', 'Telegram Sam' and 'Soul Of My Suit'.

● **Craig Pruess** co-produced and played synthesizers on Cliff Richard's current album 'Now You See Me', and this week he releases his own solo single on EMI — titled 'Too Beautiful To Cry'.

● The second single in the Past Masters series is 'Ferry Cross The Mersey' by **Gerry & The Pacemakers**, a Top Ten hit in 1964. It's reissued this week by Parlophone with its original B-side 'You You You'.

● EMI release the **Rocky Burnette** single 'Fingerprints' next Monday (20), and it will be followed on October 18 by his self-named album. Rocky will be bringing his band, comprising the same musicians who played with his father Johnny Burnette, to play some UK rockabilly dates in November.

● '101-Dam-Nations' is the debut single from **Scarlet Party**, issued this week by EMI, who are working themselves into a frenzy of excitement about the band. The four-piece was put together by brothers Graham and Steven Dye, and they've been lucky enough to have their progress filmed by BBC cameras — you can see the result on *Nationwide* tonight (Thursday).

● Philadelphia trio **Cosmetic**, anchored by bassman Jamaaladeen Tacuma, have a new single issued by Rough Trade this weekend in both 7" and 12". It's a double A-sider, coupling their version of the Temptations hit 'Get Ready' with their original 'Put It On'.

● 'Danger Came Smiling' is the second album from **Ludus**, issued this week by New Hormones, and featuring a cover design by girl singer Linder. The band will be touring Britain and Europe later this year, and details are expected shortly.



● **Wendy Wu**, the former Photos singer, releases her second solo single on Epic this week — it is 'Run Jilly Run', which she wrote and produced with saxist Gary Barnacle.

● **Natasha** has her debut album released on the Towerbell label tomorrow (Friday), called 'Captured'. It includes her hit single 'Iko Iko'.

● **Yellow Magic Orchestra** drummer **Yukihiro Takahashi** has his album 'The Beatniks', on which he's joined by Japanese multi-instrumentalist Keiichi Suzuki, Released by Statik Records this week. It's the follow-up to his well-received 'Murdered By The Music', which came out earlier in the year.

● **Orchestre Jazira**, the African band who've built up a considerable reputation on the London circuit, release their debut single this week in 12-inch form — 'Love' coupled with 'Dedeve'. It's on Earthworks Records, distributed by Rough Trade.

● Singer, writer and guitarist **Jakko**, has his second single issued by Chiswick this week (7" and 12") titled 'Grab What You Can', the story of how his relatives fled from Poland during the political unrest of the early '70s. Backing vocals are by Barbara Gaskin, who duetted with Dave Stewart on the No. 1 hit 'It's My Party', and the line-up also includes Teardrops trumpeter Ted Emmet.

AUTUMN COLLECTIONS ON VIEW

MIKEY DREAD's *Dread At The Controls* label (distributed by Rough Trade) is releasing a new album by Junior Murvin, titled 'Bad Man Posse — Showcase' and produced by Dread. Another LP to be issued by the label is 'Jungle Signal', the first instrumental album of Dread's productions. Upcoming 12-inch singles from the DATC stable are 'Give Me Your Love' by Sowell Radics, 'Tonight' by Reverend Sunshine and 'Sun Moon & Stars' by Rod Taylor. And the output is completed by a seven-inch single of the title track from 'Jungle Signal' by the DATC Orchestra, featuring the horns combination of Rico and Tan-Tan.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS this week release the double album 'Phase 4' by Art Zoyd — it's their fourth LP, though all previous sets on French indie labels are now out of press. From the same source next week comes the re-packaged original LP 'Corrected Slogans' by Red Crayola with Art & Language — and the Fred Frith album 'Getting A Head', plus both volumes of Frith's 'Live In Japan', with all three LPs also available as a limited edition boxed set. And to coincide with the re-emergence of Slap Happy, Recommended are re-issuing their second album 'Casablanca Moon' in its original form, though now re-packaged.



4.A.D. RECORDS this weekend release a three-track 12-inch EP called 'Lullabies' by The Cocteau Twins, whose debut album 'Garlands' has recently figured strongly in the indie charts. Issued at the same time is the single 'Breakdown'/'Tarantula' (7" and 12") by new London trio Colour Box. Out on September 24 is 'The Man On Your Street', the debut album by Scottish five-piece Happy Family, featuring ex-Josef K members David Weddell and Ronnie Torrance. Due from 4.A.D. in October are an album by one half of Mass, Mick Allen and Mark Cox; and the new LP by The Birthday Party, at present recording in Berlin.

THE BELLE STARS follow up their hit 'The Clapping Song' with a new single for Stiff release on September 24. It's an up-date of the Charlie & Inez Foxx classic 'Mockingbird', and it's coupled with their self-penned 'Turn Back'.

GODLEY & CREME release their first single for many months through Polydor on September 24, titled 'Save Me A Mountain'. The duo are currently putting the finishing touches to a new album, due out later in the autumn.

ALBANIA, who've been keeping a low profile for the past year, re-emerge on September 24 with their debut single on the Stiff label — titled 'Could This Be Love?', it's coupled with 'Little Baby'. The 12-incher features extended versions of both.

MAGGIE BELL's new single 'Goosebumps'/'Key To My Heart' is issued by Swan Song (through WEA) on September 24. It was written and produced by B. A. Robertson, with whom she previously collaborated in the duet 'Hold Me'.

MARSHALL CRENSHAW will have his single 'Some Day Some Way', lifted from his current self-named album, issued by Warner Brothers next month. This will coincide with a UK visit, when he will play selected dates and guest in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test*.

THE SHADOWS' new album, which they recorded recently before a specially invited audience at London's Abbey Road studios, is released this month on Polydor. Not surprisingly, it's called 'The Shadows Live At Abbey Road'.

RANDY EDELMAN has his latest single 'Half-Heaven Half-Heartache' issued this weekend by Rocket Records — it's lifted from his 'On Time' album. And we're told that an autumn tour is being lined up for him.

BLANCMANGE finally get around to releasing their debut album 'Happy Families' through London Records on September 24 — the ten tracks include their two previous singles 'God's Kitchen' and 'Feel Me', and the duo are augmented by ex-Japan guitarist David Rhodes, plus a trio of soul singers. One of their tracks 'Living On The Ceiling' will be their third single, backed with two songs not on the album and due out on October 17.

NICK GARVEY (ex-Motors) releases his first solo album through Virgin this weekend, titled 'Blue Skies'. He's featured on vocals, guitar and piano, aided and abetted by Rob Hendry (guitar), Michael Desmarais (drums), Michael Broadbent (bass) and Keith Miller (keyboards) — and they're currently rehearsing with a view to playing some live dates later in the year.

JOHN MARTYN has a new single issued by WEA Records on September 24, both tracks taken from his chart album 'Well Kept Secret' — it's an edited version of 'Hiss On The Tape' coupled with 'Livin' Alone'. And his first songbook titled 'Open Window', containing 13 of his best known songs, is being published to coincide with his UK tour starting this weekend.



BAUHAUS have their new single issued by Beggars Banquet on October 1, to coincide with their major UK tour, announced last week. It's a double A-sider featuring David Bowie's 'Ziggy Stardust' and Eno's 'Third Uncle'. The 12-incher has two bonus tracks — a live version of Lou Reed's 'Waiting For The Man' (with Nico guesting on vocals) and a band composition called 'Party Of The First Part'. Of these, only 'Third Uncle' will be included on their forthcoming album.

UB40 say that the release of their new album 'UB44' has had to be put back to September 27, due to problems being caused by the hologram for the front cover — the first time this process is being used in the UK.

JETS, Northampton's much-loved family band, take another stab at the charts with a new single issued by EMI next Monday (20). It is 'Somebody To Love' backed with 'Mandy', and the producer was Stuart Coleman.

PAUL McCARTNEY's latest single, released through EMI on September 20, is the title track from his hit album 'Tug Of War'. The B-side 'Get It' is also from the LP, and it features McCartney duetting with Carl Perkins.



PAULINE BLACK, currently hosting Granada-TV's *Hold Tight!* series, has a new single out on Chrysalis this weekend — her first since leaving Selecter 18 months ago. Titled 'Shoo-ra Shoo-ra', it features Rico and Dick Cuthell on horns, The Real Thing on backing vocals and Jerry Dammers on keyboards. The B-side is 'Call Of The Wild', written by Pauline, who is about to start work on her debut solo album.

ULTRAVOX release a new single this weekend on Chrysalis in both 7" and 12", titled 'Reap The Wild Wind'. It's taken from their upcoming album 'Quartet', produced by George Martin and due out in a few weeks' time. The B-side of the single is 'Hosanna (In Excelsis Deo)', and it's not on the LP.

SPANDAUBALLET release their new single 'Lifeline' through Chrysalis on September 24. It was written by Gary Kemp, and the B-side is a club mix of the same title, with extended versions of both tracks on the 12-incher. The band are off to the Bahamas next month to start work on their third album.

KING TRIGGER AND DIAMOND HEADLINERS

KING TRIGGER have parted company with drummer Trudi Baptiste, who was asked to leave by the other members because of "musical and personal differences". Even so, they are pressing ahead with a UK tour from the end of this month with Chris Bell, formerly with The Thompson Twins, sitting in until a permanent replacement is found. They recently finished recording their debut album, and this will be issued by Chrysalis during the course of the tour.

Confirmed dates are **Manchester Polytechnic** (September 29), **Sheffield University** (30), **Edinburgh Coasters** (October 1), **Glasgow University** (2), **Leeds Queens Hall** with Kid Creole (3), **Exeter University** (6), **Weymouth Dorset Institute** (8), **Brighton Jenkinson's** (10), **Swindon Brunel Rooms** (12) and **Nottingham Trent Polytechnic** (14). Further dates, including a London show, are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

DIAMOND HEAD, the Birmingham four-piece who had a second-top spot at this year's Reading Festival, are going out on their most important headlining tour to date — including a show at London's Hammersmith Odeon. With their single 'In The Heat Of The Night' currently on release, the band have their debut MCA album 'Borrowed Time' issued on October 1, written entirely by lead singer Sean Harris and lead guitarist Brian Tatler.

Dates are **Manchester Apollo** (October 28), **Newcastle City Hall** (29), **Glasgow Apollo** (30), **Middlesbrough Town Hall** (31), **London Hammersmith Odeon** (November 1), **Sheffield City Hall** (2), **Ipswich Gaumont** (3), **Derby Assembly Rooms** (4), **Oxford Apollo** (5), **Bradford St. George's Hall** (7), **Bristol Colston Hall** (8), **Birmingham Odeon** (9) and **Portsmouth Guildhall** (10). All tickets are priced £3.50 and they're on sale now — and those for Derby are also available at Select-A-Disc of Nottingham.

NEW TOURS

Shakatak play 30, Shalamar set two

SHAKATAK being another massive tour early next month, with 30 dates already set — and that's only the first half of their schedule, with many more gigs to come through until the end of the year. Their new album 'Invitations' will be issued by Polydor in October to coincide with the outing — it's the follow-up to the smash hit 'Night Birds' which, according to the *NME* Chart Points Tables, is one of the Top Ten Albums of 1982.

Confirmed dates are **Irvine Magnum Centre** (October 12), **Aberdeen Capitol** (13), **Glasgow Tiffany's** (14), **Edinburgh Playhouse** (15), **Newcastle City Hall** (16), **Hull New** (17), **Preston Guildhall** (18), **Guildford Civic Hall** (20), **Camber Sands Pontins** (22), **Nottingham Palais** (24), **Sheffield Lyceum** (25), **Middlesbrough Town Hall** (26), **Harrogate Conference Centre** (27), **Southport Theatre** (28), **Manchester Apollo** (29), **Brighton Dome** (November 1), **Ipswich Gaumont** (2), **Slough Fulcrum** (3), **Chatham Central Hall** (4), **Southend Cliffs Pavilion** (5), **Bournemouth Winter Gardens** (6), **Oxford Apollo** (7), **Swindon Oasis** (8), **Bristol Colston Hall** (9), **Southampton Top Rank** (10), **London Hammersmith Odeon** (11), **Great Yarmouth Marina Centre** (12), **Norwich East Anglia University** (13), **Birmingham Odeon** (14) and **Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall** (15).

SHALAMAR, the American soul trio who've enjoyed a string of hits in this country, are returning here to headline a series of concerts. So far confirmed are **London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion** (November 21) and **Croydon Fairfield Hall** (22), and tickets for both venues are on sale now priced £6, £5 and £4. Promoters are TBA, who tell us that further dates are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

BARBARA STEPS OUT

BARBARA Dickson embarks on a 30-date UK tour this autumn, coinciding with the release by Epic of her first live album at the beginning of November — recorded at London's Dominion Theatre, it also includes two new studio tracks. This weekend she's off to Russia to play a concert in Leningrad on Sunday (19), then she returns to prepare for her British outing which comprises:

Clacton Princess Theatre (October 9), **Gravesend Woodville Hall** (10), **Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion** (11), **Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall** (12), **Chatham Central Hall** (14), **Malvern Festival Theatre** (15), **Barnstaple Queen's Hall** (16), **Bournemouth Winter Gardens** (17), **Aldershot Princes Hall** (18), **Gloucester Cambridge Theatre** (20), **Shrewsbury Music Hall** (21), **Corby Festival Hall** (22), **Horsham Capitol** (23), **Borehamwood Civic Hall** (24), **Great Yarmouth ABC** (26), **Doncaster Gaumont** (27), **Llandudno Astra** (28), **Fleetwood Marine Hall** (29), **Barrow Civic Hall** (30), **Bradford Alhambra** (31), **Liverpool Royal Court** (November 1), **Douglas I.O.M. Gaity** (3), **Winsford Civic Theatre** (5), **Bridlington Royal Hall** (6), **Barnsley Civic Theatre** (7), **East Kilbride Olympia** (9), **Kilmarnock Palace** (10), **Morecambe Palace** (11), **Newark Palace** (12) and **Peterborough Cresset** (13).



BOOK YOUR PASSAGE

THE PASSAGE, newly returned from an American tour with Richard Strange, are being lined up for a major outing next month. Dates so far confirmed are at **London Kensington Imperial College** (October 4), **Kingston Polytechnic** (8), **Manchester Ritz** (11), **Keele University** (23), **London Victoria The Venue** (26), **Canterbury Kent University** (29) and **Slough College** (30), but there's up to

a dozen more gigs still to be finalised.

The **Nightingales** are the tour support act, and they warm up with gigs in their own right at **Solihull Technical College** (September 23) and **Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic** (24) — but they don't appear with **The Passage** at Kingston, where **Eyeless In Giza** and **Attila The Stockbroker** support.

Just what Mari wanted

MARI WILSON and her 11-piece band The Wilsations begin a headlining UK tour at the end of this month, with the majority of dates on the college circuit. And prior to this outing, they've landed the plum role of support act on the sell-out **Roxy Music** concerts at **Wembley Arena** (September 22-24) and **Birmingham NEC** (26-27). This live action aids promotion of Mari's current Compact single 'Just What I've Always Wanted', already a chart contender — and, with more dates still to come, those confirmed so far are:

Preston Polytechnic (September 28), **Blackpool Scamps** (30), **Swansea University** (October 1), **Cardiff University** (2), **Reading University** (5), **Lancaster Sugar House** (6), **Edinburgh University** (7), **Stirling University** (8), **Glasgow Strathclyde University** (9), **Redcar Coatham Bowl** (10), **Liverpool Royal Court** (14), **Salford University** (15), **Sheffield University** (16), **Plymouth Top Rank** (18), **Uxbridge Brunel University** (21), **Nottingham University** (26), **Leeds Polytechnic** (28) and **Newcastle University** (30).



Burgh gets away

CHRIS DE BURGH begins a major tour at the end of next month, highlighted by a prestige appearance at London's **Royal Albert Hall**, and tied in with the late September release of his new A&M album 'The Getaway'. He plays **Dublin Stadium** (October 19-21), **Portsmouth Guildhall** (22), **Bournemouth Winter Gardens** (23), **Croydon Fairfield Hall** (24), **London Albert Hall** (26), **Birmingham Odeon** (28), **Manchester Apollo** (30), **Liverpool Empire** (31), **Newcastle City Hall** (November 1) and **Edinburgh Usher Hall** (2).

Deane out, but Romance tour

MODERN ROMANCE, currently enjoying chart success with their version of 'Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White', have said goodbye to singer Geoff Deane. In a personal statement this week, he says that his decision to quit is nothing to do with musical or personal differences, and is simply a case of logical progression.

Deane has already been replaced in the

line-up by a young protege of the group, Michael J. Mullins, who is already at work with them in the studio recording a new single. And the first opportunity to see him fronting the outfit comes at the end of this month, when they begin a series of theatre, club and university dates, which are:

Poole Arts Centre (September 29), Purfleet Circus Tavern (30-October 2),

Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (3), Bristol Romeo & Juliet's (4), Plymouth Fiesta (5), Batley Frontier Club (7), Newcastle University (8), Hull Westfield Country Club (9), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (10), Oswestry Victoria Rooms (11), Sheffield Lyceum (12), Worcester The Barn (14), Manchester University (15) and Portsmouth Guildhall (16).

Furs in London showcase; Duran, Fashion extra gigs

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS, who last week announced that ex-Birthday Party drummer Phil Calvert had replaced Vince Ely in the line-up, are playing a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on October 10 — tickets at £4 and £3.50 go on sale this Saturday (18). This is their only official date for the time being, though they will be doing a few unannounced warm-up gigs beforehand, and it ties in with the September 24 release of their new CBS album 'Forever Now' which was produced by Todd Rundgren.

WYNTON MARSALIS, the jazz star who was the subject of a rave featured by Richard Cook in NME three weeks ago, flies in to appear at Edinburgh Queen's Hall (October 23), London Deptford Albany Empire (24) and London Ronnie Scott's Club (25-30). He also has an Irish date at Cork Olympia Theatre on October 22, as part of the city's festival.

PETER SKELLERN is on tour at Croydon Fairfield Hall (November 14), Brighton Dome (15), Bristol Colston Hall (16), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (17), Oxford New Theatre (19), Manchester Palace (21), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (22), Birmingham Odeon (24), Oakengates Town Hall (25), Wavendon The Stables (27), Chichester Festival Theatre (28), Guildford Civic Hall (29) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (December 1). He'll have a new album issued by Phonogram to coincide with the outing.

DURAN DURAN have added another date to their autumn tour, announced two weeks ago and now virtually sold out. It's at Leeds Queen's Hall on Monday, November 29. Tickets go on sale at 9.30am this Saturday morning (18) at the box-office and usual outlets.

THE THOMPSON TWINS have added Coventry Polytechnic (October 23) to their UK tour, reported last week, and switched Manchester Hacienda Club from October 26 to 29. This will be their first outing since their drastic line-up change in April and, to coincide, their single 'Lies/Beach Culture' is released on October 1 in both 7" and 12" — appearing on the Arista label for the first time. An album, recently completed in Nassau, follows shortly.

FASHION have slotted an extra date into their tour schedule, reported on these pages last week. It's at Bradford St. George's Hall on Tuesday, October 26, and tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agencies.



BLANCMANGE are playing three dates next month as a warm-up for a European tour — at Basildon Raquets (October 7), Hastings Downtown (8) and London Victoria The Venue (12) — and they'll be doing further UK dates on their return in November, details to follow. This live activity ties in with the release of their debut album — see Record News.

DURUTTI COLUMN have landed the support spot on John Martyn's extensive UK tour, starting tomorrow (Friday). The Manchester cult band will be playing all the English dates, totalling 23, climaxing at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 22 — though they won't be on Martyn's six concerts in Scotland (September 24-29).

PURE ENERGY FAYRE is a three-day anti-nukes event being held this weekend (17-19) at Westleton, near Yoxford in Suffolk. Among acts are Vital Disorders, Urban Mix, The S-Men and John Owen (Friday); The Papers, ICU, The Babylon Rebels and Popular Voice (Saturday); and Kevin Coyne, Proper Little Madams, The Man Upstairs and Heartwave (Sunday) — plus theatre, big top, stalls, etc. Admission £2 daily, or £1 for children and OAPs.

THOSE DAMNED DATES AT LAST!



THE DAMNED have now confirmed their full autumn tour schedule, their first here for two years, for which initial dates were revealed exclusively by NME two weeks ago. The outing follows the release of their new 12-track self-produced album 'Strawberries' on Bronze Records, from which a single titled 'Dozen Girls' is issued as a single this weekend. The B-side of the single features three brand new tracks, not included on the LP — 'Take That', 'I'll Have A Large One Please Landlord' and 'Torture Me'.

The full Damned tour comprises Reading Top Rank (October 3), Brighton Top Rank (4), Portsmouth Guildhall (5), Hitchin Regal (6), Bath Pavilion (8), Plymouth Polytechnic (9), Cardiff Top Rank (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (11), Birmingham Locarno (12), Bradford Caesar's (13), Newcastle Mayfair (14), Glasgow Tiffany's (15), Sheffield Lyceum (17) and Manchester Apollo (18). Hammersmith tickets are £4, £3.50 and £3, but they vary elsewhere, and readers are advised to consult individual box-offices.

The band will be augmented on the road by keyboards player Roman Jugg — chosen, according to Captain Sensible, because he was the ugliest pianist they could find! But they have dismissed reports that bassist Paul Grey has left — he remains in the line-up along with The Captain, Dave Vanian and Rat Scabies.

Support act on all tour dates is nouveau punk band Charge, whose debut album 'Perfection' is released by Kamera Records on September 24. They warm up by playing dates in their own right at Preston Warehouse (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool Warehouse (September 23), Retford Porterhouse (24), Middlesbrough Cavern (25) and Norwich Gala Centre (October 1).

STILL MORE KID CREOLE

KID CREOLE & The Coconuts have added still more dates to their on-going UK tour. They visit Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion (November 24) and Portsmouth Guildhall (25), both for the first time, and return to Brighton Conference Centre on November 26. You may not be surprised to learn that even more dates are promised!



TRANSPORTER set out this weekend on a mini-tour, visiting London Camden Dingwalls (this Saturday), Swindon Brunel Rooms (September 21), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (22), Middlesbrough Cavern (24), Dudley J.B.'s (25), London Fulham Golden Lion (26), Sheffield University (29) and Bath Mofes (October 1).

RODDY RADIATION & The Tearjerkers play a further string of gigs to promote their debut single 'Desire'/'The Western Song', produced by Nick Lowe and released by Chiswick Records on September 24. London gigs are at Islington Hope & Anchor (tomorrow, Friday), Camden Dingwalls (September 24), New Cross Goldsmiths College (October 8), Covent Garden Rock Garden (9) and City Polytechnic (15). Out of town, they visit Birmingham University (October 2), York University (6) and Coventry General Wolfe (14).

JOE COCKER's previously reported concerts at Sheffield Lyceum on September 20 and 21, his first hometown appearances for ten years, are the opening dates in a month-long European tour — and a return UK visit is planned at the end of the itinerary, with details to follow. Meanwhile, Sheffield tickets (£6.50) are also available at Manchester Piccadilly Records, Leeds Cavendish, Hull Gough & Davy, Grimsby Raynors, York Sound Effects, Birmingham Cyclops and Edinburgh Playhouse.

CULTURE CLUB have a showcase London date at the Lyceum Ballroom on Thursday, September 30, presented by Final Solution — and the support act is Musical Youth. Tickets are £3.50 from the box-office, Rough Trade, Premier and London Theatre Bookings.

THE FLYING PICKETS, the six-piece acapella group who've emerged as the hit of this year's Edinburgh Fringe Festival, are now playing a London season — at the Half Moon Theatre in Mile End Road from tonight through to Sunday (19), and again from September 22 to 26. Nightly at 8pm, with extra late-night shows on Fridays and Saturdays. They'll subsequently be playing dates around the UK.

DAVID THOMAS of Pere Ubu will now be appearing at London Victoria The Venue on October 22 under his own name, and not with the regular Ubu line-up. Another Thomas gig is at Manchester Hacienda Club on October 25, supported by Dudu Pukwana's Zila.

HENRY MCCULLOUGH, the former Wings and Grease Band guitarist, has formed a new band and plans a string of UK dates later in the autumn. He's joined in the line-up by Jimmy Excell and Andrew Roberts from String Driven Thing, plus drummer Tim Denman, with occasional appearances by Meal Ticket's Steve Simpson.

NUDE is the title of a major event being staged in Leeds on Saturday, November 13. But it's not a strip show — in fact, the letters stand for Northern Underground Dance Event. Several big names will be appearing, but a number of smaller bands are also in the running. Those interested should send tapes to John Keenan, P.O. Box HH9, Leeds 8.

PIGBAG are now appearing at Exeter University on October 12, and not October 30 as stated last week. It seems that Rough Trade got their artists mixed up, which means that DIAMANDA GALAS now plays London's ICA Theatre on October 30 instead of 12!

JOHNNY MATHIS plays a five-night season at London Victoria Apollo next spring, May 11-15 inclusive (one performance on the first night, then two shows nightly). Tickets at £12.75, £10.25, £8.75 and £5.25 (including booking fee) are available by post from D.B. Concert Promotions Ltd. (J.M.), Richmond House, 12/13 Richmond Buildings, Dean Street, London W.1, enclosing SAE. Mathis will also be playing a number of provincial concerts.

TOM PAXTON headlines a major London concert at the new Barbican Centre on Wednesday, October 6. Tickets are now on sale at the box-office and usual agents priced £8, £6 and £4.

THE DECORATORS are playing a string of selected dates, supporting their recently released Red Flame album 'Tablets'. They visit London Fulham Greyhound (September 25), Leicester Horsefairs Club (27), London Central Polytechnic (October 2), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (8), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (15), Dudley J.B.'s (16), Kingston Polytechnic (November 4), London North-East Polytechnic (5) and Canterbury Kent University (8).

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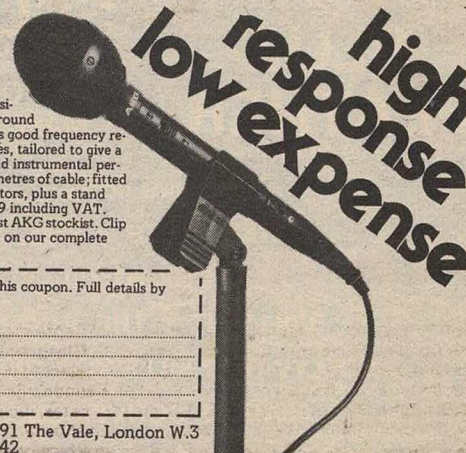
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Monday 8th November — The Oasis Leisure Centre, Swindon
Tel 33404/5/6
Wednesday 10th November — Top Rank, Suite, Southampton
Tel 26080
Friday 12th November — The Marina Centre, Great Yarmouth
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thursday

16th

Basildon Raquels: **Blue Feather**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
 Bordon Robin Hood: **The Stormville Shakers**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Brighton The Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
 Brighton New Regent: **The Meteors / King Kurt**
 Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
 Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Imagination**
 Dundee Marryat Hall: **Marillion**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Level 42**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **UB40 / Mikey Dread**
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Catch**
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barrel House**
 Glasgow The Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
 Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Airships In The Fog**
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Fugitive**
 Hastings Downtown: **Tears For Fears**
 Hemel Hempstead Rock Club: **Rock Squad**
 High Wycombe Bucks College of Higher Education: **The Go-Betweens**
 Kirkbride White Heather Hotel: **R & B Spitfires**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Flag Of Convenience**
 Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Tunnel Users**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 Liverpool Warehouse: **Twisted Nervez / The Workface**
 London Adlib at The Kensington: **Separate Energy / Colin Dean's Mutiny**
 London Barbican Centre: **George Hamilton IV**
 London Battersea Arts Centr: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
 London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
 London Battersea The Pavilion: **Bambi Kino**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Truth**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Jealous Guys**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **October Revolution**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Charing Cross Heaven: **Cover Versions / Sugar & Yvette**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Boys Own / Top Secret**
 London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Orchestre Jazira & Friends**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Three Courgettes**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sammy Mitchell Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Ritual / Life After Life**
 London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Innocents**
 London Hammersmith Klub Foot (at the Clarendon): **Blitz / One Way System / Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Mike Oldfield**
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pressure Point**
 London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Marquee Club: **Any Trouble**
 London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Thin Men**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Lurkers**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Ricky Ford Quartet**
 London Southall White Hart: **Legal Tender / Ash**
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Tony McPhee Blues Band/Bad Reputation**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Mike Mower Quartet**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Black Slate**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Precious Few**
 London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
 London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
 London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **The Next Step Band**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/The Bluebells**
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **Nat Adderley/Ron Parry Trio**
 Manchester Hacienda Club: **Horace Andy/Matumbi/Max Romeo**
 Norwich Jacquard Club: **Riot Squad**
 Norwich The Premises: **Annette Peacock**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Saracen**
 Preston Warehouse: **Charge/Erazerhead/Abrasive**
 Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **English Rogues**
 Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
 Stamford Danish Invader: **Dawn Trader**
 St. Helens Royal Raven Hotel: **Rhythm Squad**
 Wellingborough Chequers: **Mortal Disguize**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Red Beans & Rice**
 Wolverhampton The Woodhays: **Sub Zero**
 Yeovil The Preston Centre: **Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety**

friday

17th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Morrissey Mullen**
 Bath (Widcombe) White Hart Inn: **Pantha**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willey & The Poor Boys**

nationwide GIG GUIDE



BRYAN FERRY & ROXY hit the trail

ANOTHER bonanza week on the circuit, highlighted by the opening of eagerly-awaited tours by THE JAM and ROXY MUSIC. Messrs Weller, Foxton and Buckler are doing the rounds of leading provincial venues, starting at Shepton Mallet (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday), with the prospect of London dates to follow later in the year. And Ferry & Co play London Wembley Arena on Wednesday, as the first show in their sell-out itinerary.

Another tour for which you'll find it well nigh impossible to obtain tickets at this stage is by GENESIS, who swing into action at St Austell (Saturday), Shepton Mallet (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday and Tuesday) and Deeside (Wednesday). Another veteran group with an equally loyal following, THE SHADOWS hit the road at Oxford (Friday and Saturday), Derby (Sunday), Leicester (Monday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

JOHN MARTYN commences his longest-ever UK outing at Southend on Friday, while others venturing out include metal maniacs SAXON (who kick off in Newcastle on Friday), WISHBONE ASH turning up in Southend on Tuesday, and MISTY IN ROOTS newly returned from nine months in Africa (opening in Bournemouth on Monday).

THE POINTER SISTERS are back in town to play a couple of nights at London Dominion on Tuesday and Wednesday. And the capital also hosts three interesting one-off shows — on Sunday, there's an eight-hour seven-band package at the Lyceum, while over at the Dominion GLORIA GAYNOR and EDWIN STARR co-headline; and on Monday, BILLY IDOL is at Heaven for his first UK date since leaving Gen X some 18 months ago. The out-of-town hot spot is Sheffield, where JOE COCKER plays two hometown gigs on Monday and Tuesday.

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **And Also The Trees**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
 Birmingham Star Club: **Active Restraint**
 Bournemouth Midnight Express: **Tears For Fears**
 Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Electric Warriors**
 Brentwood Hermit Club: **Long John Baldry**
 Brighton Top Rank: **Simple Minds**
 Brighton New Regent: **The Shout**
 Bristol Western Star Domino Club: **The Ivory Coasters**
 Burnham Wymers: **Mystique**
 Burton Libra Club: **Shywolf**
 Carlisle Kreeps: **Spider**

Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **R & B Spitfires**
 Chatham Central hall: **Level 42**
 Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **The Cimarons**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Dutch Swing College Band**
 Croydon The Star: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
 Dunfermline Chimes: **Fruit Machines**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/The Bluebells**
 Exeter St George's Hall: **Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety**
 Farnham The Maltings: **Preservation Hall Jazz Band**
 Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Eddy Waldo's Go**
 Kill The Flowers Band
 Gosport John Peel: **Larry Miller Band**

Gravesend Red Lion: **Overkill**
 Gt. Chesterford Station Hotel: **The Excellos**
 Gt Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Tutch Hanley The Vine: The Headless Horseman/The Man Upstairs**
 Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
 Hindley Red Cat: **Warrior**
 Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Horace Andy/Matumbi/Max Romeo**
 Hull Wellington Club: **Whammer Jammer**
 Keith Longmore Hall: **Marillion**
 Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Maddy Prior Band**
 Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Pallas**
 Kings Lynn Fermoy Arts Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Imagination**

Liverpool Warehouse: **The Truth/The Check**
 London Adlib at The Kensington: **Stolen Face/Strange Days**
 London Barbican Centre: **George Hamilton IV**
 London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
 London Battersea The Pavilion: **Small World**
 London Brixton Old White Horse: **The Three Courgettes/Benjamin Zephaniah/Highlife Internationals**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Diz & The Doorman/Subtitles**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Go Fundamental**
 London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Kevin Coyne Band**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Harlem Spirits**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hank Wangford Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Bottles/Bambi Kino**
 London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Psychotics**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Blues Band**
 London Hammersmith Town Hall: **Hot Gossip**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Any Trouble**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Zodiacs**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Keith Nichols**
 London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **American Expression/Salt Lake City**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Alec & Le Roc Bizarre**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Erroll Clarke Quintet**
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
 London Plumstead The Ship: **Null And Void/The Instant Automaton**
 London Putney Half Moon: **The 45's**
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Ricky Ford Quartet**
 London St. Johns Wood The Crown: **J.J. & The Jealous Guys**
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Sammy Mitchell Blues Band**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Link Wray/Johnny G**
 London W.C.2 (Adelaide St) The Centre: **Echo**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Islanders**
 Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **The Feel**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Tygers of Pan Tang**
 Milton Keynes Gladiators Club: **LA Hooker**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Saxon**
 Norwich Theatre Royal: **David Essex**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **A Conversation/Track 2**
 Nottingham (Long Eaton) Anti-Nuclear Group: **If All Else Fails/Head For Texas**
 Oxford Apollo Theatre: **The Shadows**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
 Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Ray Eddy**
 Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Salt**
 Retford Porterhouse: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
 Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **John Martyn**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Showaddywaddy**
 Sunderland Annabells: **Go Flamingo**
 Warrington Spectrum: **Hot Chocolate**
 Westleton Pure Energy Fayre: **Urban Mix/Vital Disorders/The S-Men/John Owen**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Sonny Black Blues Band**
 Wolverhampton Patent Club: **The Nashville Teens**
 York The Bay Horse: **X Press**

saturday

18th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / The Bluebells**
 Aldershot West End Centre: **Dick Heckstall-Smith / John James / Ron Geesin**
 Ashford The Castle: **English Rogues**
 Aylesbury Friars: **Simple Minds / Hey! Elastica**
 Barnstaple Queens Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
 Bedford Horse & Groom: **The Diving Club / A Tower Of Strength**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Shirley Bassey**
 Blackpool J.R.'s Club: **Spider**
 Brighton New Regent: **The Shout**
 Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Tears For Fears**
 Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Angels/SAS**
 Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **R&B Spitfires**
 Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
 Coventry Apollo Theatre: **UB40 / Mikey Dread**
 Deal Yew Tree Inn: **Steve Turner**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
 Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Hydro**
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Saxon**
 Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Boys Will Be Boys**
 Guildford Civic Hall: **John Martyn**
 Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Nashville Teens**
 Harrow The Roxborough: **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
 Hastings Rumours: **The Marble Staircase / Doctor & The Medics**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Cocktail Shakers**

CONTINUED OVER

nationwide GIG GUIDE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Liverpool The Masonic: French Lessons
Liverpool Warehouse: The Room / Hoi Polloi
London Adlib at The Kensington: The Dirty Strangers / Strategy
London Barbican Centre Foyer (lunchtime): Bitelli's Onward Internationals
London Battersea Pavilion: Larry Miller Band
London Battersea The Latchmere: The Extraordinaires
London Brixton Front Line: Snork Maidens / The Epiptic Fools
London Brixton The Fridge: El Trains / King Kurt
London Camden Dingwalls: Root Jackson's G.B. Blues Co / Transporter
London Camden Dublin Castle: Johnny & The Roccas
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Clapham Two Brewers: Fugitive
London Clapham 101 Club: Up-Sect / Box 33
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Amazulu
London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton Band
London Fulham Greyhound: Micky Jupp / Steve Hooker's Shakers
London Herne Hill Half Moon: A Bigger Splash / Jive Marines
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Deke Leonard
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Stan Greig & Guests
London Leicester Square Centre Charles Peguy: Frank Robert Trio
London Mill Hill Rugby Club: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London N.4 The Stapleton: Dave Ellis Band
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Rio & The Robots
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: The Three Courgettes / Benjamin Zephaniah / The Guest Stars
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: The Approach
London Plumstead The Ship: Jump Squad / Chinagraph Pencil
London Putney Half Moon: Rocky Sharpe & The Replays
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: New Era Jazzband
London Royal Festival Hall: Ella Fitzgerald / Count Basie / Oscar Peterson / Joe Pass
London Soho Pizza Express: Keith Nichols Band
London St John's Wood The Crown: Red Beans & Rice
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: Talkover / Makka
London Stockwell The Plough: Radical Sheila
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Victoria The Venue: Blue Feather / Cuisine
London W.1 Dover St. Wine Bar: Gilly Elkin Band
Luton Library Theatre: Mortal Disguise
Manchester Band On The Wall: Well Knit Frames
Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: The Pulsators
Middlesbrough The Cavern: Riot Squad
New Romney Seahorse: A Silly Night / Mothers Ruin
Norwich Theatre Royal: David Essex
Oxford Apollo Theatre: The Shadows
Oxford (Cowley) The Swan: Private Enterprise
Oxford Pennyfarthing: Tony McPhee Blues Band
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: Manta
Preston Snooty's: The Cimarons
Reading Hexagon Theatre: George Hamilton IV
Retford Porterhouse: Big Country
Rugby Benn Hall: The Dynamite Band
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: The Blues Band
Sheffield Polytechnic: Black Slate
Sheffield The Hanover: Bob Gilpin's Inheritance

Southampton (Woolston) London Arms: Crossfire
Southport Art Centre: Nat Adderley
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: Genesis
Stoke Burslem Queen's Theatre: Hot Chocolate
Westleton Pure Energy Fayre: ICU / The Papers / The Babylon Rebels / Popular Voice
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests
Wishaw Heathery Bar: Marillion
Wokingham Angie's: Sam Mitchell Band

sunday

19th

Aberdeen Copper Beech: Blaze
Atrincham Unicorn Hotel: Eyelids / Tony Smith
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Otto's Bazaar
Birmingham Odeon: Shirley Bassey
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: Video
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: Spider
Bradford Manhattan Club: Xero
Brighton Top Rank Suite: Hot Cuisine
Bristol Colston Hall: Imagination
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Chesterfield Aquarius: The Rockin' Berries (for a week)
Coventry Apollo Theatre: UB40 / Mikey Dread
Croydon The Star: Long John Baldry
Derby Assembly Rooms: The Shadows
Edinburgh Nite Club: Marillion
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: Saxon
Folkestone Golden Arrow: English Rogues
Glasgow Black Bow: Nat Adderley
Hanley The Vine: Riot Squad
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Alligators
Hull City Hall: David Essex
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests
Leeds Central Station Hotel: Volunteers
Liverpool Warehouse: Widow
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): Paul Lacey Band
London Camden Dublin Castle: Onward Internationals (lunchtime) / Ricky Cool (evening)
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Clapham 101 Club: The Rhythm Men / Steve Hooker's Shakers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Dads / Free Hand / Strange Days
London Covent Garden The Canteen: Katanga
London Finchley Torrington: Little Sister
London Fulham Golden Lion: Dana Gillespie
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: Paul Rutherford Trio
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Music For Spooks
London Islington Pied Bull: Elton Dean Group
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): Young Jazz Big Band
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: The E-Types
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Preservation Hall Jazz Band
London Putney Half Moon: Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia
London Royal Festival Hall: Ella Fitzgerald / Count Basie / Oscar Peterson / Joe Pass
London Shepperton The Goat: Jackie Lynton Band
London Soho Pizza Express: Keith Nichols
London St. Johns Wood The Crown: Johnny & The Roccas
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Ivory Coasters
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Wasted Youth / UK Decay / Sex Gang Children / Actifed / Eraserhead / Crown Of Thorns / March Violets
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): The Funky B's
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: Gloria Gaynor/Edwin Starr
London Trafalgar-Square St. Martins Crypt: Martin Carthy / John Kirkpatrick / Howard Evans
London Wimbledon Nelson's: The Nashville Teens

London Wimbledon Theatre: The Spinners
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: The Three Courgettes / Benjamin Zephaniah / The Guest Stars
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): Hefty Jazz
Malvern Winter Gardens: John Martyn
Manchester Palace Theatre: Hot Chocolate
Margate Ship Inn: Dave Corsby Band
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Dawn Trader
Nottingham The Yorker: Track 2
Peterborough Glasshouse (lunchtime): The Point
Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion: Genesis
Solihull New Cresta Club: Mud (until Tuesday)
Stafford Pitches Wine Bar: Active Restraint
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: The Adicts / The Newtown Neurotics
Stockport Davenport Theatre: Showaddywaddy
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: George Hamilton IV
Westleton Pure Energy Fayre: Kevin Coyne Band / Proper Little Madams / The Man Upstairs / Heartwave
Wokingham Angie's: Laverne Brown Band

monday

20th

Barnackburn The Tandhu: The Dolphins
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Mayday
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Thrillers
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: Genesis
Birmingham Odeon: The Blues Band
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Chainsaw
Birmingham Up The Junction: Ruby Turner Band/Adverse Wares
Bordon Robin Hood: Sonny Black Blues Band
Bournemouth Town Hall: Misty In Roots
Cardiff Central Hotel: Riot Squad
Dunstable The Wheatheaf: Fractured Nerve
Gateshead Honeysuckle: Sarras
Glasgow Cinders: The Duff Party
Glasgow Tiffany's: Elvis Costello & The Attractions/The Bluebells
Harrow The Roxborough: Scarlet O'Hara
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Keighley Funhouse: The Xpopez/Darkness & Jive/Nod
Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Shadows
London Adlib at the Kensington: The Di-odes/Total Strangers
London Camden Dingwalls: T34/Rhythmic Itch
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Polkadots
London Charing Cross Heaven: Billy Idol
London Clapham 101 Club: Perry & The Gook/Persons Unknown
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Major Minor/Monomix/Spot The Dog
London Fulham Greyhound: 24 Hours/The Pulsators
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Amy Dukes
London Islington Pied Bull: Harmony All Stars
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: Jill McManus & Guests (until October 2)
London N.W.2 The Castle: Wes McGhee & Friends
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Tony Marsh Trio
London Putney Half Moon: Arizona Smoke Revue
London Ronnie Scott's Club: Chris Barber Band (for a week)
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Bullet Blues
London Victoria The Venue: Into The Blue
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers
London W.1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: Fred Rickshaw Hot Goolies
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Saxon
Manchester Band On The Wall: The French
Manchester Free Trade Hall: John Martyn
Manchester Palace Theatre: Oscar Peterson Trio
Middlesbrough Raffles: The Cimarons
Sandown I.O.W. The Court Jester: The Choir (until Saturday, except Tuesday)

Scarborough Futurist Theatre: David Essex
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: Joe Cocker
Stafford Riverside Leisure Centre: Pallas
Swansea Top Rank: Imagination
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: Rockin Horse
Watford Bailey's: Edwin Starr (for a week)

tuesday

21st

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Teaser
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: Genesis
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Saracen
Bradford Palm Cove Club: Stagnant Era/Seizure/Rip Snort
Bristol Colston Hall: Shirley Bassey
Chester Angels: Action Transfers
Croydon Fairfield Hall: George Hamilton IV
Gateshead Honeysuckle: Mountain Rose
Huddersfield Town Hall: David Essex
Leeds Braunston Hotel: Nat Adderley
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: Xero
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Saxon
Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: John Martyn
Liverpool Pyramid Club: The Brazier Brothers
Liverpool Warehouse: Islands Of Dance/Arc/Re Start
London Adlib at the Kensington: Boys Own/Stranger Comfort
London Battersea The Latchmere: The Extraordinaires
London Battersea The Woodman: The Amazing Rhythm Burglars
London Camden Dingwalls: A Bigger Splash
London Camden Dublin Castle: Slim Sam
London Canning Town The Balmoral: The Wretangles
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: Wit Of A Banker
London Clapham 101 Club: The Innocents/The Meat Merchants
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Fracture/Pearl Divers/Play For Today
London Covent Garden The Canteen: Diz & The Doormen
London Fulham Golden Lion: Liaison
London Fulham Greyhound: The Treatment/Tamla Mushrooms
London Hammersmith Odeon: Music Therapy Benefit with The Troggs/The Nashville Teens/The Merseybeats/Roy Wood/Cliff Bennett/Chris Farlowe/Sandie Shaw/Swinging Blue Jeans and many more
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Volcanoes
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: Holloway All Stars
London Putney Half Moon: Morrissey Mullen Band
London Royal Festival Hall: Ella Fitzgerald & Her Trio
London Soho Pizza Express: All-Star Jazzband
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Stygian Eels/Mono-Mix
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: The Pointer Sisters
London Victoria The Venue: Misty In Roots
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Pallas
London Woolwich Tramshed: The Truth
London W.1 (Princes St) Le Beat Route: The E-Types
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers
Manchester Band On The Wall: Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias
Manchester Hacienda Club: Mark Stewart's Mafia
Middlesbrough Town Hall: The Blues Band
Newcastle City Hall: Elvis Costello & The Attractions/The Bluebells
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: Joe Cocker
Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion: The Jam
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: Wishbone Ash
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Transporter

wednesday

22nd

Aberdeen Valhallas: Zoom Network
Barnstaple Queens Hall: George Hamilton IV

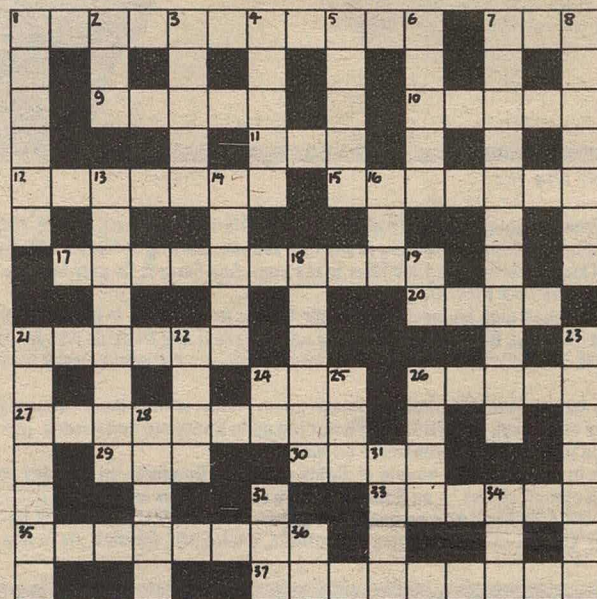
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Osprey
Birmingham Odeon: The Shadows
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ezra Pound
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bordon Robin Hood: Chop Chop
Brighton Centre: The Jam
Brighton (Marine Parade) Merry Monarch: Loose Tights
Brighton New Regent: Mystic Warrior
Bristol Colston Hall: Shirley Bassey
Cheltenham The Plough: Roadsters
Coventry Busters Club: The Mix
Deeside Leisure Centre: Genesis
Derby Assembly Rooms: Saxon
Dudley Prole Club: Stoned Rayzens / Pretty Pretty
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: The Cimarons
Gateshead Honeysuckle: Sensational Spares
Guildford Civic Hall: Wishbone Ash
Hereford Market Tavern: Riot Squad
Leeds College of Music: Nat Adderley
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: Xero
Leeds Warehouse: Gene Loves Jezebel
Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: David Essex
London Adlib at the Kensington: The Corporation/The Perfect Gift
London Acton White Hart: The E-Types
London Battersea Arts Centre: Robin Williamson
London Battersea The Pavilion: Legal Tender / Teazedancer
London Camden Dingwalls: Prince Hammer
London Camden Dublin Castle: Dana Gillespie
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles
London Clapham 101 Club: Dark Design / The Shreek
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Laughing Clowns / Joyoyo
London Covent Garden The Canteen: Weller-Spring Quartet
London Fulham Golden Lion: Vocalotion
London Fulham Greyhound: Auntie & The Men From Uncle / The Recruits
London Hammersmith Odeon: UB40 / Mikey Dread
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: Paul Castle & Friends
London Islington Hare & Hounds: Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Deadbeats
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Diz & The Doormen
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: The Heavenly Bodies
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies
London Marquee Club: Pallas / Twelfth Night
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: Varied Works
London Putney Half Moon: Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band
London Royal Festival Hall: Oscar Peterson / Joe Pass
London Soho Pizza Express: Ricky Ford Quartet (for five days)
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: Big Chief
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: J J and The Jealous Guys
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: Travelling Shoes
London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion Theatre: The Pointer Sisters
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: Bitelli's Onward Internationals
London Webley Arena: Roxy Music
London Wimbledon Nelson's: Too Many Westerns
London W1 (Down St) Gullier's: Pleasure & The Beast
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: Howard The Duck
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: The Politicians
Manchester Band On The Wall: Ozzie & The Zappas
Manchester Polytechnic: Tears For Fears
Manchester Rotters: The Blues Band
Newcastle The Lonsdale: R&B Spitfires
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: Transporter
Walsall Hardy's Club: Sub Zero

ACROSS

- 1 and 8D. John Foxx gives us a continental weather check. (6,5,3,4)
- 7 Meatloaf mammal out of hell. (3)
- 9 Rocky Racoon checked into his room only to find Gideon's what? (5)
- 10 How do you get into Bowie's Saturday? (5)
- 11 And what's an event when it isn't? (3)
- 12 This is what a Soft Cell man could do. (3,4)
- 15 This place has been on quite a few minds, F'rinstance, Billie Holliday. (7)
- 17 Bauhaus have informed us of this death ad nauseum. (4,6)
- 20 Hip U.S. clothing shop. (4)
- 21 This poet's sudden death was a shock to many. (6)
- 24 Richard Butler is a psychedelic one. (3)
- 26 Some Bizzare character. (5)
- 27 They had a non-hit last year with a single about the psycho in "Psycho". (9)
- 29 "Hello..." from 12 Across. (3)
- 30 Cell/Machine. (Enough sprinkling of Almonds for one week). (4)
- 33 Van Morrison's week. Far out. (6)
- 35 The sort of fool John Cougar is. (8)
- 37 See 21 Down.

DOWN

- 1 What Depeche Mode could never get. (6)
- 2 Rhythm and Blues, formally. (1,1,1)
- 3 Mr. Picasso. (5)
- 4 The spy is orange. (5)
- 5 Carpenter's latest celluloid horror. (5)
- 6 "Modern music on my/----/On". (5)
- 7 Human League on the receiving end of the chef. (5,6)
- 8 See 1 Across.
- 13 What Skidoo tore up. But they have new ones. (3,5)
- 14 Jim, of Spizz Energi. (5)
- 16 Extended players? (1,1,1)
- 18 Bands (6)
- 20 Song — Kojak, film — Anderson. (2)
- 21 & 37A The guy who Laurie Anderson wants to share her money with. (7,9)
- 22 ---- Rider, Fonda, Hopper, Nicholson film of the sixties. (4)
- 23 They were drowning in Berlin a while ago. (7)
- 24 An actor from Stardust gets his initials reversed to become a football cup. (1,1)
- 25 Speedwagon's christian name. (3)
- 26 "----- like a man, but he smiles like a reptile". Bowie. (4)
- 28 Abraca.... (5)
- 31 Scarborough/Strawberry/ Elephant. (4)



- 32 There were four and they were ... (3)
- 34 After you rip but before panic. (3)
- 36 The kind of man Gary is (or thinks he is) (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1 'Glittering', 6 'Prize', 10 Van, 11 Electric Prunes, 12 'Lap', 13 Yardbirds, 14 Grundy, 16 Anti Pasti, 21 Reed, 22 'To Go', 23 Free, 24 'She's So Cold', 28 Wood, 29 Ron, 31 Dakotas, 32 'Top Of', 33 'Still', 35 'Amen', 37 'Day', 38 Beehive, 39 Lou, 41 'Up The Junction', 42 Spear.
DOWN: 1 Green Gartside, 2 Icehouse, 3 Toto, 4 'Rainy', 5 'No Particular Place', 6 'Panties', 7 'I'm Sad', 8 'Evil', 9 Snips, 15 Yazoo, 17 Alf, 18 'The Pops', 19 'Cover', 20 'Women', 25 Eek A Mouse, 26 'Sat In Your', 27 'Cost', 28 'Wife', 30 'Of Living', 34 Tweets, 36 'Plus', 38 Band, 40 XTC.



● The notorious 1977 EP 'Pretty Paedophiles' by Raped, the band who later became Cuddly Toys, is being re-pressed after an absence from the shops of four years. Distribution is through Jungle.

● Gary Moore, who recently signed a solo deal with Virgin, debuts on the label this weekend with the single 'Always Gonna Love You'/'Cold Hearted'. It's a preview of a solo album, due out later in the autumn.

● Loose End, the London trio featuring part-time Jam member Steve Nichol, have their second Virgin single issued this week. Titled 'We've Arrived', it comes in both 7" and 12" formats.



Mode's second LP due

DEPECHE MODE, whose new single 'Leave In Silence' is currently climbing the charts, have their second album released by Mute Records on September 27 — titled 'A Broken Frame', it consists of ten tracks written by Martin Gore, which are Leave In Silence, My Secret Garden, Monument, Nothing To Fear, See You, Satellite, The Meaning Of Love, A Photograph Of You, Shouldn't Have Done That and The Sun & The Rainfall. Since completing the LP, Alan Wilder has become a member of the group and he'll be playing with them on their previously reported autumn tour.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

FAC 51
THE HACIENDA

Tuesday 21st September
MARK STEWART'S MAFIA
 Thursday 23rd September
DURUTTI COLUMN & STOCKHOLM MONSTERS
 Monday 27th September
THE APOLLINAIRES
 Wednesday 29th September
MAXIMUM JOY
 Monday 4th October
Final Academy PSYCHIC TV
WILLIAM BURROUGHS
 Tuesday 12th October
BLUE ZOO
 Wednesday 13th October
BRILLIANT

PALAIS SCHAUMBERG AND SCRITTI POLITI HAVE BEEN CANCELLED
 11-13 Whitworth St., West, Manchester
 061-236 5051

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
 Derek Block presents
THE BEAT
 The Aztec Camera
SUNDAY 3rd OCTOBER 7.30pm
 ALL TICKETS £3.50
 AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PALAIS 01.748.2812 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS,
 PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE & USUAL AGENTS.

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING
 GEORGE BENSON OCT 20, 21, 22, 23, 24

SEPTEMBER
 16 Blitz
 16 Mike Oldfield
 17 The Blues Band
 18 Echo & The Bunnymen
 19 Wasted Youth
 19 The Spinners
 19 Gloria Gaynor
 20 Billy Idol
 20, 21 The Pointer Sisters
 21 Radio 1's 15th Birthday Party
 22 Roxy Music
 22, 23 UB40
 23 Chelsea
 24, 25 Hot Chocolate
 24, 25 Bob James
 26 Dollar
 27, 28, 29, 30 Shirley Bassey
 28 Neil Young
 30 Shirley Maclaine
OCTOBER
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 Shirley Maclaine
 2 Gregory Isaacs
 3 Dance Mode 82
 3 Barron Knights
 3 The Beat
 3, 4 Imagination
 3, 11 Shadows
 4 To To
 6 Neil Sedaka
 7 Stiff Little Fingers
 8, 9 Saxon
 10 Au Pairs
 11 The Damned
 12 Kid Creole & The Coconuts
 13 England v West Germany
 13, 16 AC/DC
 14 Bauhaus
 15 The Fureys & Davey Arthur
 17, 18, 19 Darryl Hall & John Oates
 18, 19 AC/DC
 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 George Benson
 21 Bauhaus
 21 Genesis
 21, 22 Odyssey
 22 John Martyn
 24 Killing Joke
 24, 25 Depeche Mode
 24, 25, 27, 28 Julio Iglesias
 25 Belle Stars
 26 Chris De Burgh
 26, 27 Kid Creole & The Coconuts
 26, 27 Kim Wilde
 27, 28 Asia
 28, 29 Shakin' Stevens
 29, 30 Four Tops
NOVEMBER
 1 Light Of The World
 1 Diamond Head
 2 Thompson Twins
 2 Joan Jett & The Blackhearts
 3, 4 Duran Duran
 5 Millie Jackson
 6 Tangerine Dream
 7 George Thorogood
 8 Squeeze
 11 Shakatak
 12, 13 Hawkwind
 14, 16 Duran Duran
 17, 18 Doctor Hook
 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 Japan
 21 Shalamar
 23, 24 ABC
 26, 27 Michael Schenker
DECEMBER
 1 Peter Skelern
 7 Captain Sensible
 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
 17 Gillan
 17 Slade
 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
 24, 27 Elvis Costello
JANUARY
 24 Echo & The Bunnymen
APRIL
 18, 22 James Last
MAY
 11, 15 Johnny Mathis

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● Marc Bolan's previously unreleased song 'Hot George' has been covered and issued by a one-off group comprising Andy Ellison (who was with Bolan in John's Children in 1967), Knox and Paul Roland. They go under the name of **Beau Brummel**, and the single is on Moonlight Records, through Stage One.

● Following last week's release of their album 'Eligible Bachelors', **The Monochrome Set** have their single 'The Mating Game' reissued by Cherry Red tomorrow (Friday), coinciding with the start of a UK and European tour. They open in Switzerland, with British dates to follow later in the autumn.

● **The Normil Hawaiians** have a double album released next week on Illuminated Records, called 'More Wealth Than Money'. **Amon Duul 2** will have an LP out soon on the same label, and the two bands plan to work together over the next year.

● Czech superstar **Eduard Parma Jnr**, whose records have sold over five million in Eastern Europe releases his first UK single this weekend on Code Records (through PRT). Titled 'King Kong In Hong Kong', it won Capital Radio's new talent spot three weeks ago.

● New York rocker **Billy Squier** has his album 'Emotions In Motion' issued by Capitol this week. Other new LP releases from the label are 'The Hottest Night Of The Year' by **Anne Murray** and the previously reported 'Bad To The Bone' by **George Thorogood**.

● September 24 sees the release of a new single by Miami-based artist **Dobby Dobson**, titled 'Sweetheart'. It's on Top Ranking Records, with distribution through various outlets, including CBS.

NEW RECORDS

● Innovative German electronic wizard **Klaus Schulze** has signed a long-term deal with DJM Records, for both his own albums and those by other artists on his own IC label. An early member of Tangerine Dream, Schulze has sold millions of albums in Europe, but they've previously been available in the UK on import only. First release under the deal is his LP 'Trancefer', due out on October 8.

● On September 27, Bomp International release a 16-track compilation of the best Los Angeles "hardcore" bands — including **Red Cross**, **Adolescents**, **The Flesh Eaters** and **Rhino 39**. It's called 'American Youth Report', and distribution is by Pinnacle.

● This week **The Perfect Zebras** release their debut album 'Mixing With Wildlife' on newly formed Focus Records, through Virgin. The set was written by vocalist Alan Jarry and produced by Barry Andrews. Also out is a single from the LP called 'Love Story'.

● **Zane Griff** has a new single issued by Polydor tomorrow (Friday), titled 'Flowers'. It's taken from his latest album 'Figures', which came out last weekend.

● London band **Charge**, shortly to support The Damned on tour, have their debut album 'Perfection' released by Kamera Records on September 24. Their single 'Luxury'/'Madman Of The North' is issued simultaneously.

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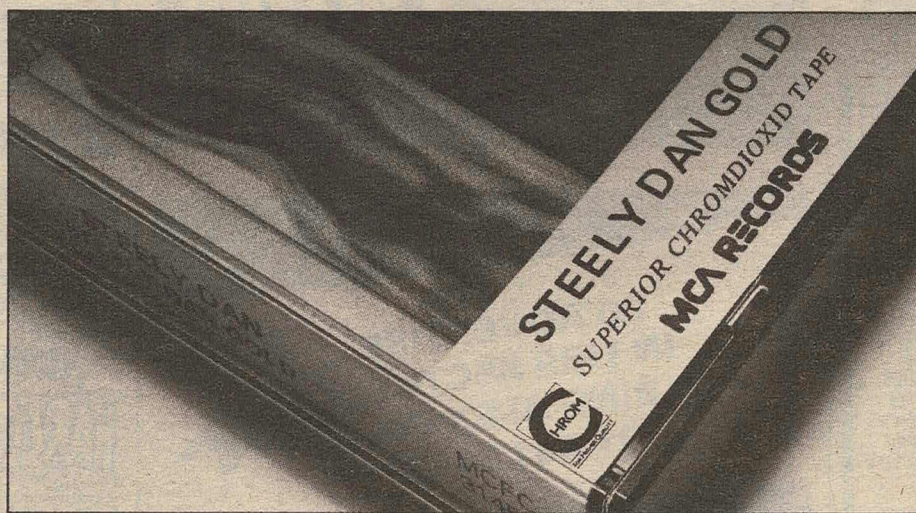
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Elvis Costello

Pic: Anton Corbijn

OF CULTURE AND COMMERCE

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS

Oxford

I JUST don't know where to begin. Where do you start to plot another point on the graph of Elvis Costello's massive artistic ascendancy against his inexorable commercial decline? How to investigate, or in some way try to explain this frustrating phenomenon of the country's foremost songwriter and performer who simply can no longer sell records in any great number?

Of course, Costello still possesses (is chained to?) an horrendously cultish audience which ensures lowly album placings, but, it seems, is not interested in brilliant singles — this audience of '77's middle class angst-ridden soft student 'radicals' now, five years on, replete with the trappings of a society's moderate success, are freezing this icon in aspic — ensuring a numbing impotence through commercial indifference — Costello as heir to the introverted frigidity of bedsitterland?

Why, why, why must this man of golden nib and lip be consigned to this ultimate No Future — a

guaranteed future of compromise and underachievement where every ecstatic hook or phrase cannot be taken at face value, but undermined by dullard preconceptions and confused by the very wealth of excellence already experienced? What is it about EC that so soundly turns people off?

To say that Elvis Costello was magnificent at Oxford's cosy Appollo Theatre would be, at the very least, mild understatement.

Over two hours of entertainment so hard, so passionate — touching and probing every emotion, from glimpses of despair to pure joy. Costello's body of work is now gargantuan enough to ensure a set devoid of low points, merely contrasting the numerous highs — the fact that he can afford to dispense with so many classics (he didn't play 'Shot With His Own Gun', nor 'Town Cryer', nor 'New Amsterdam') sharply reiterating the riches that were on display.

If the start was shaky, in that he and The Attractions fell prey to their single consistent live fault, rattling away like an express in a rush to dispel initial stage nerves, a sudden, subtle turnabout saw the hesitancy and speedbeat impatience tumble away as

'Shabby Doll' clicked into that effortless inventiveness that The Attractions have made their hallmark, and a million others have failed to imitate.

Five years of melodic and rhythmic incest, honed by two more months of solid examination of the 'Imperial Bedroom' collection in America, has produced a group so sensuously intimate with each other's motives, reactions, ploys and needs — plus an awareness of the material that transcends mere chord progressions or climactic emphasis — that the structure of each song is used solely as a point of reference — a framework on which to elucidate, a search commenced every night with the most intrinsic discoveries laid bare to the hardest gaze.

The Thomases, Pete and Bruce, delve, burrow, coerce, are eager to lead but never forget how to follow, how to listen. No qualms about breaking the rules of drum and bass, their role is by no means purely rhythmic — while Costello's guitar (a switch from Gretsch to Epiphone courtesy Mr Bobby Bluebell) is an integral part of the rhythm; Bruce's bass, in lurid disguise, pretends to wander while actually instigating yet more melodic cues and replies.

The whole notion of melody

has been torn apart and reassembled with little regard for formal 'pop' constraints — Costello himself leading the chemical breakdown by a gnawing necessity to operate around his original tunes, to stress what *might* have been — often luring us into falsely secure notions of familiarity before suddenly dislocating our propriety with a swingeing assault, an interpretation often at obtuse odds with the original.

Equipped as he is with a voice of a maturity fast matching an already priceless writing ability, Costello's live versions can do away with the conditioning and refining that recording demands — and while he can head in one direction in the studio (as on the orchestrated, multi levelled production of 'Imperial Bedroom'), the stage allows, actively encourages, total contrast in arrangement and delivery — a brevity, a lucidity that in most cases far outstrips the recorded 'Bedroom' versions.

Steve Nieve, responsible for the consistent eccentricity of arrangement on the LP, manages to retain a song's quirky character ('... And In Every Home') while actually stripping the additions to the bone — his restrained dabbings on some new fangled synth thingy

revealing a very English sense of humour at work — an eagerness to tease matching Costello's own lyrical playfulness.

Elvis Costello And The Attractions played 37 numbers, including a gloriously brief snatch of 'Backstabbers' segueing into the hit-single-that-never-was 'King Horse', a version of 'Watching The Detectives' that seemingly started as a crowd pleasing retread but then exploded into 'Buddy Guy's Help Me' before returning to a blistering conclusion of the original tune. Every album was plumbed for gems, Costello's usual singleminded disregard for audiences lessened in the creation of a perfectly rounded set. His usual act of foisting large numbers of unknown new songs pruned back to a handful of direct covers and the Clive Langer co-written 'Shipbuilding'.

The best concert I've seen for ages (make that years!) With such talent on display there *must* be some way out of the commercial backwater in which Costello now finds himself becalmed. On this showing he deserved nothing less than Number Ones. I don't want Elvis Costello to be hailed as a genius in 10 years time — he's a bloody genius now!

Graham K Smith

DOGMATIC ELEMENT DRAW FUNNY ANIMAL

Belfast

WHEN YOU Draw Funny Animal you don't draw as short a straw as you might expect from such an evident Birthday Party/Bauhaus leech. You procure instead, and also, a gallivanting grind encompassing both the frost thrust of The Nightingales and

the mineral fury of The Fall. But if you could ask for a little more duplicity on the drums you can't really quibble with the cannonade guitar nor the Stygian cover of 'I've Got You Under My Skin.'

DFA test the depth with both feet, the singer's contortions testifying to a worrying degree of personal exorcism and he twitches and smarts. Whatever, Draw Funny Animal are a queasy (de)basement bargain.

And on the subject of volatility, it so happens that in

statistical jargon the term 'dogmatic element' refers to that section of the sampled whose unpredictable questionnaire responses can throw surveys and surveyors alike. Now if Dogmatic aren't that skittish there's still a certain turbid twang and twitter to the Penetration of Girls At Our Best they carry out.

Though better tonight than I've ever seen them before they remain a taut web tense for a more peppery touch. Their backdrop shows a

motionless, featureless, sexless mannequin, indicative of the culled zest that's prone to mute a lot of their compositions — not quite an assault on the census.

Vote with your feet on this one.

Adrian Maddox

LOT 49

Moonlight

JUST BEFORE this "club"

goes in for a re-fit — but what can be done I wonder? — it was played by Lot 49, named, presumably, after Pynchon's gothic thriller.

Solid, big backbeat drums, tasteful soft-rock(?) guitar, bass and 'keyboards', four regular good-looking middle-aged lads, they throw in early ironic references to Joni Mitchell's 'Woodstock', and not so ironic ones to U2, Echo, Teardrops throughout. Why? Search me.

Very confident on songs with titles like 'Nervous' and

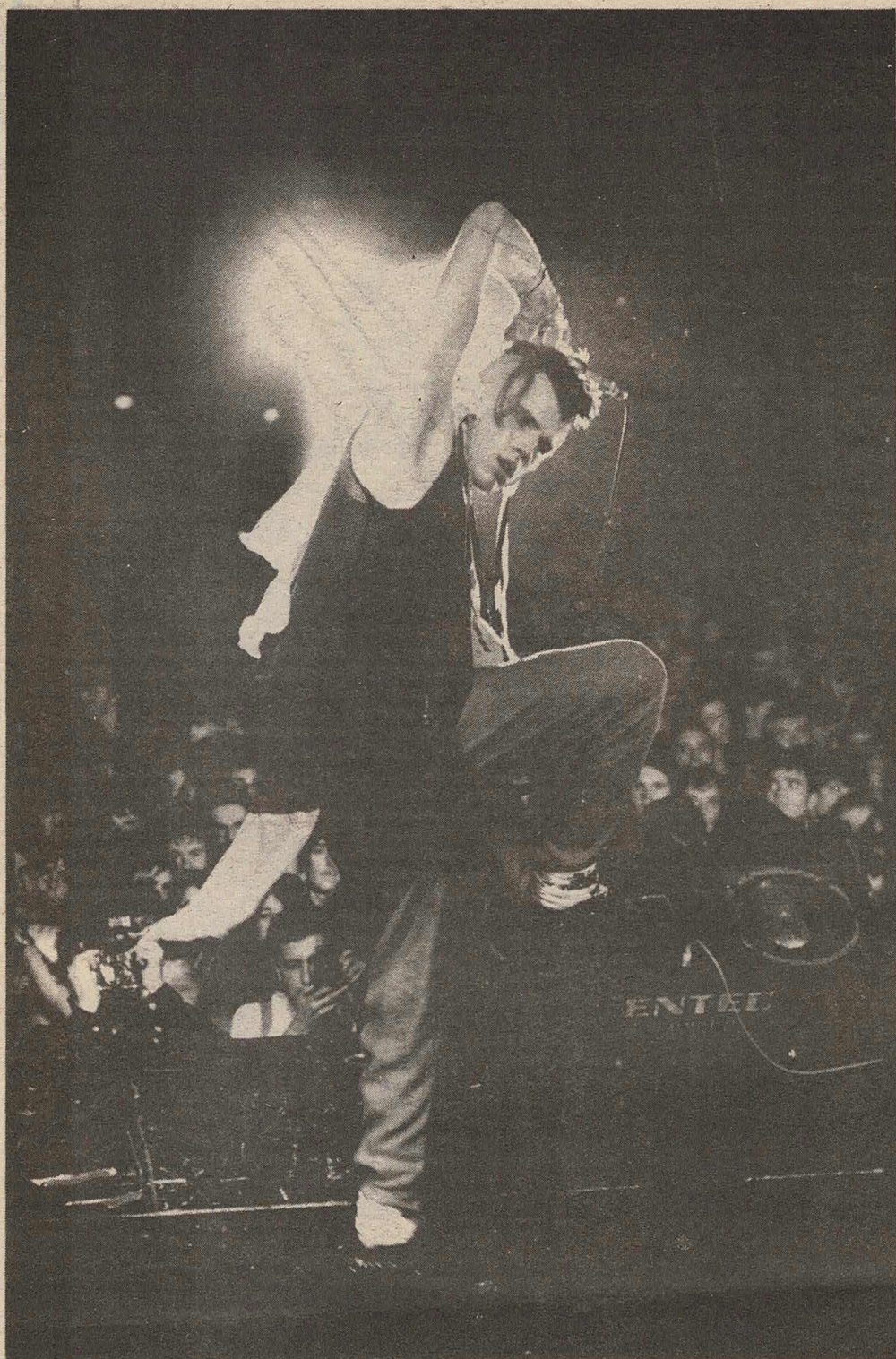
'Hesitation', very competent, quite melodious in obvious ways, desperately unfashionable, they didn't make any mistakes so far as I could tell. They could be very Big Somewhere, or I may never hear of them again. Possibly both. They did not strike me as being provocative in any way until the chubby leather bass player sang "patience is not a virtue anymore", at which point I left.

It was a bit dreary.

Mark Cordery

FORWARD—INTO

AMRIK RAI, PAUL MATHUR and KEV Mc observe the
Photographs by KEVIN



Southern Death Cult

SUNDAY

WE GOT off the coach in the early morning sun with all the pathetic little punks clutching their little bags of butties given to them by their loving mums. Outside the hall some pallid looking spikey haired ones had clearly had enough after one day and one night and were eager to sell their tickets cheaply to the touts.

Inside it was squalor of epic dimensions; the rubbish of the previous day still in heaps at the side of the floor, next to the human debris still sleeping off an excess of music, drink and drugs. The Workforce (from sunny Southport) started the day off promptly and fitted into the dirty scene perfectly — in short they were dull and depressing. A slow grey guitar drone, and yet another singer who thinks he's Mark E Smith.

I thought things could only get better, but they didn't, because second on were Zanti Mizfitz from St Annes in the north. There's eight of them, including a three-girl brass(y) section, and they attempt to play quirky offbeat pop. The singer thinks he's a real character, but falling around on stage does not a great front man make.

If you got bored (a certainty) you could always watch the young punks furtively trying to score their first gram of speed, or see the crazed pale fools who brought their own glue along. It was a real bundle of laughs!

Vendino Pact, a young six-piece from Sheffield, surprised me by being stunningly good. They play subdued, sophisticated pop songs with an easily controlled power. The excellent vocals are mixed right up front above the intricate guitar jangling and

drums, with the cool sax only edging to the fore occasionally. They moved effortlessly into the slower, more atmospheric tunes; the McCulloch esque vocalist coming into his own. Definitely a band to look out for.

Blackpool's Membranes kept my spirits raised — a major triumph in this joyless hole. Four shabby, unlikely-looking lads who career along a chaotic path that The Fall might have followed after 'Fiery Jack' and 'Rowche Rumble'; rough, noisy pop with bits of northern soul and rockabilly chucked in; the whole disarming and dangerous sound held together by Coofy's amazing drumming. Angry, relentless and fun — they nearly made it all worthwhile.

Then Discobolisk spoiled it all, in their own quiet way. One girl with her acoustic guitar, accompanied by someone on synth-drums and a bass guitarist. They played a sort of bubbly folk type thing. Her voice was okay, but it was all very unremarkable. At least they were nice and quiet about it all, though.

Black is just one young man, Colin Vearncombe, and his tapes. He's one of the more interesting things happening around Liverpool, but as he's from Roby, a fair way from the hip city centre, he's not one of the favoured few. He's got a lovely passionate voice and his moody melodic taped background gives him the chance to use it to great effect. A compelling performer who met with the same lukewarm reception from the punk-dominated audience as the previous groups.

Gene Loves Jezebel had a singer who reminded me of Rod Stewart, and I didn't like anything else about them

either. Shallow glam-rock that I barely noticed, which was quite fortunate really.

You couldn't fail to notice The March Violets. Two buzz-saw guitars, a drum machine, an oldish, large, hairy singer, as well as a female 'vocalist'. The words were inaudible as they created a dense bleak noise with jagged edges all over the place. I might have liked them more in better circumstances, but after five or six hours in this place they only gave me a

SATURDAY

YOU ALL know what this review is going to be like; a denouncement of the rock'n'roll Stone Age ethic (the dinosaurs are just the same only nowadays they come from Manchester), vivid accounts of the squalor, and above all a plea that such a thing should never happen again. Nothing seems to change though, and since Futurama has had its yearly stab at entertainment, it's my turn to hold up the scorecards.

POINTS FOR

a) The promoters. They seemed friendly enough and it's not their fault that the general boredom generated by the groups was enough to make me seriously reconsider the value of rock music. That is the fault of The Event (see Points Against).
b) Blue Poland. Out of all the early Saturday groups, these were the only ones to instill any life into the proceedings. A buoyant, clattery set was met with sufficient applause to merit an encore but because of The Way Things Are (another baddy) they had to make way for the bigger, 'proper' groups.
c) Vince Berkely. Very much in the Vic Godard mould, and wisely favouring a Big Guitar (as used by Kirk/Mac/Edwyn etc), he was transient and only mildly talented, but he was at least HUMAN, a quality that was seriously lacking amongst the synthpop sickies that were to follow. Anyone who comes on earlier than planned because he has to go back to Huddersfield to get his washing out of the launderette, has at least if not to be respected, to be loved.

POINTS AGAINST

The only bad point is The Event, but encompassing as it does, The Vegetable Public and The Poor Deluded Rock Groups, it far outweighs even the most substantial of good points.

COMING INTO the venue (quite aptly a VERY VERY COLD covered-over ice rink), past the pitifully underarming "gotta 10p" brigade, past their equally pitiful magic mushroom-selling counterparts, and straight into a stall selling 'Futurama Four' T-shirts, I began to despair.

This whole sordid mess is the punters' fault. They have come to accept the situation where they are blitzed with a stomach-turning excess of Names prostituting themselves for (or perhaps because of) the satisfaction of mass acceptance, and young no-hopers trying to be like the big boys. The punks who used to spit in the face of Rock's stultifying complacency now sit and gurgle pathetically, dazed and drugged by its desolate pretences. New hippies with old, old faces.

The Cherry Boys have one good song, 'Kardomah Cafe', but one good song does not God's gift to mankind make. They may rate highly in some world, but certainly not in mine.

Likewise Naafi Sandwich, whose slipshod and self-conscious artiness did little to help me face Life After Deeside. Others turned out their limp and safe rehashes of rock's rich (sic) tapestry, with (apart from Blue Poland and Vince) only Dislocation Dance relieving the boredom.

For Sleeping Figures, Disco Students, 3D A Fish In Sea and Icicle Works. I felt nothing,

and though The Alarm's poppy assaults were at least rumbustious rehashes of a Skids/Undertones bent, even they shrivelled as the minutes appeared to turn into hours.

There were a couple of groups later on who gave me back at least some of my faith, but as I walked out it was all too easy to remember the naively astute words of a young punkette about eight hours before. Standing outside poncing money, she'd remarked "You don't come here for the music do you?"

Paul Mathur

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

TO ARRIVE at Deeside Leisure Centre, the home of Futurama 1982, you must first steer through or skirt around the wattle and daub authenticity of nearby Chester. This is relevant insofar as the 'way' to the 'future' can only be found by back-peddalling through the past: a bent of thought that's by no means alien to the ever-decaying Futurama frolics.

THE PURELY curious mind would have noted some time ago that the opening night of Futurama Four looked set to present an orgy of post-Joy fever, gathered beneath a collective banner for the very first time. But then the merely curious, or even the remotely sane, would have stayed at home with Hitchcock, whereas I was tempted, for various reasons, to stray a little closer. And now, in retrospect, I wonder whether I truly expected anything more or less than a doom-struck church of pallid complexions and skinny depressants with a handful of synth machines and scant distinction.

We may as well begin here and keep it brief. Saturday night was when the

headache.

The six men of The Decorators play pleasant smooth melodic pop which I was in no mood for at this time of the day. Sorry lads!

Punching Holes is Brian Bond's (ex-Punilux) new group. The seven of them (including two synthesiser players) create an overblown theatrical mess. Bond wears his old pierrot costume, and acts as silly as he used to. It's all no different from the awful Punilux, and I can't see why

he bothered.

Key Mc

SUNDAY NIGHT SWEAT

WHERE THE opening night was visually complacent and musically single minded to the extreme, Sunday broke sweat in an equally singular but much, much more frantic dash from the new wave of the radical 'billy' faction.

The collective 'billy', a plethora of pigtail and quiff shipped straight in from last week's Hate concert, arrived in force to marvel at The

Danse Society's violent jive, the cute theatricality of Sex Gang Children and Southern Death Cult's rhythmic carnage.

Sex were the first to breathe fire (literally) into the giddy 'billy' procession. A boy called Bingo, wrapped in a skeleton dress, stalked the stage spraying streaks of fire everywhere and lapsing into a frenzied, jerking dance. Sex played havoc through a barrage of tawdry hard rock but were depthless enough to



Captain Sensible

THE PAST

squalid follies of Futurama Four.

CUMMINS

metronome struck up a beat and stuck.

Durutti Column, hailed ecstatically at a previous Futurama for their refreshingly mellow and painless electronics, seemed to decide, almost from the onset, that the simplest course of action was to conform to the prevalent raucous industria and simply pray. Where their attractions lie in Vini Reilly's pastel intonation (see 'LC', the album) underlying emotion subtleties and sketchy, blurred imagery, Durutti crawled instead beneath an ill-fitting and loud rock of clumsiness. In truth it was a distressing exhibition of overstated guitars that careered when they rightly should have skated and keyboards that were dominant rather than quietly insistent.

Have you heard the one about Brilliant, the definitive bad joke? After months of intensive soul-searching and various degrees of meditation, ex-Killing Joker Youth has turned up with nothing more than an overly polite twin bass set-up smothered to death by a dense blanket of booming drums. Did anyone expect any more? Ragged rather than rugged, Brilliant epitomised the saga of Futurama in a concise 30 minute lecture.

By its very nature the event has grown to represent something of a progress chart on the advent of post-punky music in any given 12 month period. So much so, in fact, that a group as shambolic and obviously untested as Brilliant appearing third on the bill immediately presses attention to the general paucity of essential music at Futurama

Four and the equally disturbing preference — something which seems to be more pronounced with every passing festival — towards a ritualistic sedation process.

The Wake and Blancmange. Totally forgettable and instantly interchangeable. Faceless dropouts working their sucker of a stint to death and, what's worse, anonymous death.

New Order took the gauntlet earlier than expected. Good, we can all get some rest. New Order carried on and carried off their particular ceremony with a cool premediated precision. New Order were more alert to the pitfalls than most, they were decidedly vivid and even extraordinarily dynamic. Through the dour monotonous rhythms of 'Movement', Albrecht and Co moved and played with flair and zest and even relish: watching New Order demonstrating these qualities was the one moment of gaping disbelief I might treasure from Futurama Four.

And yet it wasn't enough. New Order played to win, there's no doubting that. They should have been the white light at the climax of a solemn procession of drab electro-pyrotechnics, but even their rich tapestry of rhythmic swirl — even 'Temptation' — refused to completely shake off the insular, incestuous coils of the evening's maddening theme.

Ultimately, Saturday night was more like Sunday morning: a time to sit back, sip black coffee, and pay in full the price for yesterday's over indulgence, a time to wonder whether Joy Division were actually worth all of THIS.

Amrik Rai

be forced into riding their rhythms roughshod. And when that happened Sex crept back too easily beneath a shield of showy theatrics. Sex are Andi, the diminutive and bright red crophead vocalist, Rob on drums, Terry the guitarist and bassman Dave. Sex are from London.

Danse were emptier and echoed violently. Danse were spitting staccato vocals from a pretty boy who looked like Nick Cave (ugghh!) Danse were stabs of stiletto-sharp guitar and a drummer practising terraced syncopation. The drums accentuate in regulated layers to a crushing military fanfare and STOP.

Danse pick up the pieces with a surge of keyboard effects for their single of some months standing, 'Clock'. Have you heard it? It's a hallucinatory collage of hundreds of sounds, not without Voltaire-ish familiarity but also not without effect. Danse are from Barnsley. Danse are... I don't know who Danse are, but I will tell you in less than a few weeks time.

Cult wield enough rhythmic power to bring the rafters down. Their pounding system, forged in no delicate manner by Aky the Pakistani drummer and Mr bass Barry, beats through the Bow Wow Wow bush, races in and around the Hate and collapses somewhere between where I'm standing and UK Decay. Complemented by a scavenging guitarist, Buzz, and the howling, intangible lyrics of warrior fetishist Ian, Cult will be the cream of the new 'billy' factions.

If not for anything else, Futurama was a glittering success for Cult because they now stand high at the helm of a wave that's just dying to break. Names like Sex, Ritual, March Violets and more than

enough others are steadily uniting to encroach upon a musical space and stake their claim. There's nothing new or overtly creative or even distinctly inspiring in this music, it's more to do with a renewed occupancy into the nether region between new punk and Bow Wow Wow: more brains than punk and less panache than Wow. It's what UK Decay have been doing for years but no one's taken any notice, until now.

The rest of Sunday night was more or less a pile of shit. Dead Or Alive toyed with a new, more charty-topical sound, funky but lame. Pete Burns affected the Boy George stance and was sadly, although not totally undeservedly, canned by The Damned FC supporters.

Nico was out of place, out of time and definitely out of order. She played hunky and brusque, husky and German with a godawful backing band of bland, aged musos droning in polite reverence. At Futurama Four, I'd rather have listened to Eater murdering 'Waiting For My Man' than her.

And now for the sports results. The Damned, headliners of Futurama 1982, arrived to the delirious chants of 'One Captain Sensible' and 'Sensible's A Wanker' (the ultimate compliment). In between hard wedges of the characteristic 'heavy lunacy', the Captain remarked: "Course, we don't fit in here at all. Forgot to bring our bleedin' synths didn't we?"

The Damned in 1982 stay funny for less than two minutes, and after that they're just heavy handed and LOUD. Vanian succeeded in drowning the entire place with a flood of dry ice. I coughed and went home with the rather dubious thrill of having endured an entire Futurama.

Amrik Rai

LIVE!



Sex Gang Children



Danse Society

SPLASH CITY ROCKERS

PAUL BRADSHAW watches Jamaica's plastic smile at the latest Reggae Sunsplash festival

A GAINST THE ELECTRIC HUM of the cricket chorus battered taxi cabs weave along the unlit road towards Jarrett Park through the hustling, bustling crowd. The sound of car horns compete with the whistle of the peanut vendor.

Co-operatives of ragged arsed little youths busy collecting empty bottles contrast sharply with the 'modellers' dressed for the occasion, while all around the park the Security Forces are very much in evidence. Who can ignore a "red stripe" with a hungry looking doberman straining at its leash or one wearing a riot helmet and

clutching a semi automatic rifle or one just beatin' his baton in time to the ridim onstage?

"Black woman, black woman, I know you've struggled long. I feel your afflictions, to you I dedicate this song . . ."

Sounds of Judy Mowatt ascend from the Park punctuated by the cries of the vendors. "Ceeegarettes" . . . "Red Stripe, Heineken, soft drinks" . . . "Ital nuts, hot nuts" . . . "Sensi, sensi, sensimilia". How could you not be filled with anticipation as you join the queue outside?

Having arrived in JA on the Thursday, the Splash was well under way and was already being dubbed a major success. Wednesday night had attempted to trace the development of reggae with

an 'Oldies Night' and a bill that included U Roy and Burning Spear. It was Big Youth who hit the stage with a vengeance and Toots, minus his Maytals, who had the crowd on their feet and in the palm of his hand. The star of Thursday night had to be and predictably was the albino DJ phenomenon Yellow Man. All other acts paled to insignificance against the news that in the wee hours of Friday morning he'd stepped onstage to deliver a one hour set that was decidedly "slackness" and mashed it!

The stage was sunk into the dark shadows of the hills and a full moon hangin' up in the sky. Jarrett Park was corked by Saturday night with an estimated 70,000 inside the stadium. Outside thousands of sufferers who couldn't afford the 15 or 25 dollar



Yellowman

Pic: Denis Valentine

tickets or had failed to penetrate the security lined the hills or perched in the trees high above the park.

After five years Sunsplash is now an earner and an essential event for Jamaica's tourist economy.

organisers who were afraid that controversy would drive away the tourists before launching into 'It Nah Good Fe Live In A White Man Country Too Long'.

The band was tight and hard and featured Benbow, Tarzan, Scully, Lebert Morrison, and a 15 year old bassie called Chris who was wicked and wild. Muta was militant, articulate and inspiring and in finishing suggested that "who no like it can bite it." Vital.

As Sunsplash progressed it became increasingly evident that despite a solid grounding in the UK reggae scene and two previous visits to JA, my critical and in essence cultural response to the whole event was light years away from my Jamaican counterparts and essentially negative.

BY SATURDAY the audience was also succeeding in baffling some of those onstage. Marcia Griffiths attempted in vain to evoke some response from the crowd. An elegant Leroy Smart, who had as much gold as Fort Knox hanging round his neck, ran through a selection of his Channel One oldies and though he was in fine vocal and acrobatic form received an unequivocal "NO!!!" when he asked the audience if they wanted more. Undeterred though, Mr Smart carried on to do three more numbers.

Jah knows how the Jack Miller Band got to play Sunsplash but the sight of a "white rastaman" jamming with a Californian, heavy metal guitarist clad in leotard and red beret, who skanked and wailed about "Babylon y'all!" provoked cheers and not the hail of bottles I'd expected.

Taj Mahal, whose international musical approach led him to work with The Wailers in the mid '70s, was treated with muted respect as he dished up a mess of hot reggae licks and blues spiced by some wicked steel pan playing, but it was not what the masses were after . . . "Reggae time now!!!"

4am apathy was met by the best that Handsworth could offer and building on their success at last year's "mudsplash", as it is now known, was to be no easy task. Steel Pulse's distinctive harmonies and musical creativity suffered from a poor



Mutabaruka - Pic: Denis Valentine

mix which sacrificed a solid bass and bass drum sound for too much tops, yet they achieved what Falmouth's Twinkle Brothers, fresh from their US tour, had failed to do, by going some way to reviving a shattered audience with 'Ravers', 'Blues Dance', 'Biko', 'George Jackson' and other songs mostly drawn from their 'True Democracy' album.

Aside from a mention of the seven foot tall Eek A Mouse, who is such a baad dude he hardly bothered to glance at his audience during his rendition of 'Assinator', a short set by Ras Karbi and Dean Fraser's horn version of 'Redemption Song', the rest of Sunsplash belonged to the DJs.

Lee Van Cleef, slick, neat and resplendent in his stetson

CONTINUES PAGE 52

THE WH

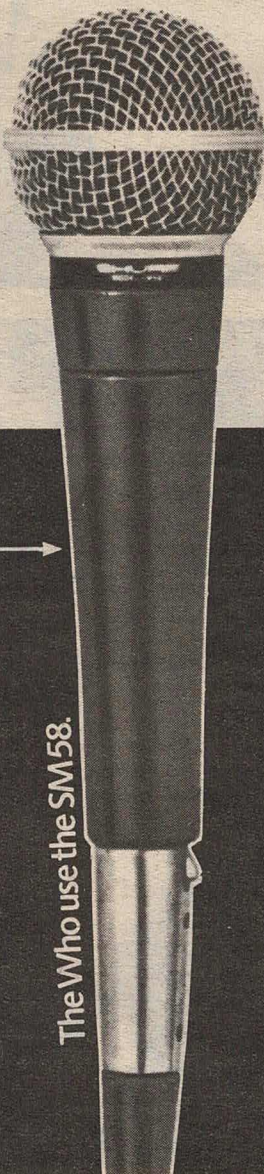
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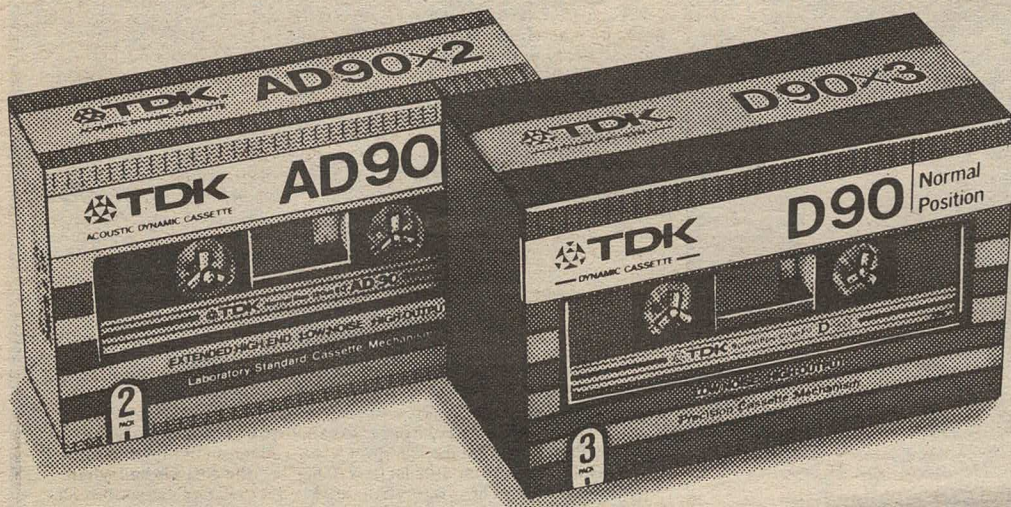
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SUN SPLASH

FROM PAGE 50

wound up his waist and bounced his "slack" lyrics off a wildly responsive crowd only to be upstaged by Brigadier Jerry. DJ for the Twelve Tribes of Israel sound system — Jah Love, Briggy is a cultural DJ who doesn't deal with "slackness" and proceeded to give a display of lyrical inventiveness and originality. "Wha' dem ah go do when me shut me mouth?" he demanded of the audience before dealing with his recent visit to England inna 'Connection' style. His current hit single 'Pain' was greeted with shouts of "Lyrics!!" and his version of 'Cuss Cuss', which related his arriving home to meet his wife standing there "with a ratchet knife", seemed to fuse naturally into a dynamic little ditty based on well known hymns that would not have amused your average Christian.

Briggy's musical intermission resulted in three encores and it was not until daylight arrived and with it Trinity that the crowd discovered a new lease of life. They danced on their seats and yelled their approval of both Trinity and Lui Lepke's sets but it was only appropriate that as Sunsplash had taken place against an outbreak of polio in Jamaica the grand finale should belong to the 'Diseases' duo — Michigan and Smilie.

The sun came up and with it complaints from the Montego Bay churches of the ungodly noises coming from Jarrett Park. Sunsplash ended at 9.30 Sunday morning, and left me, for the most part, numbed by its mediocrity and feeling it ironically highlighted an unconvincing future for reggae internationally.



ROMEO'S LOVE

TO COINCIDE with his current European Shuttle '82 tour alongside Horace Andy and Matumbi, Solid Groove out of Croydon take Max Romeo one step forward with release of a new LP entitled 'I Love My Music' (SGL 106).

Recorded at Wackie's House of Music in New York, the album preoccupies itself greatly with the subject of conflict in titles such as 'Old Men Makes War'... "while the young men fight them", 'Let Them Fight', 'Dis Generation' and 'We Can Make Things Better'; its style

hearkens back to the singer's 'Revelation Time' set of 1975.

Presently domiciled in New Jersey, Max Romeo emerged from two years' recording inactivity last year with an album entitled 'Holding Out My Love To You', which received its final remix at the hands of Rolling Stone Keith Richards. Max Romeo reciprocated by supplying back up vocals on the Stones 'Emotional Rescue' LP. His only previous visit to this country on tour is at the time of 'Wet Dream' 11 years ago.

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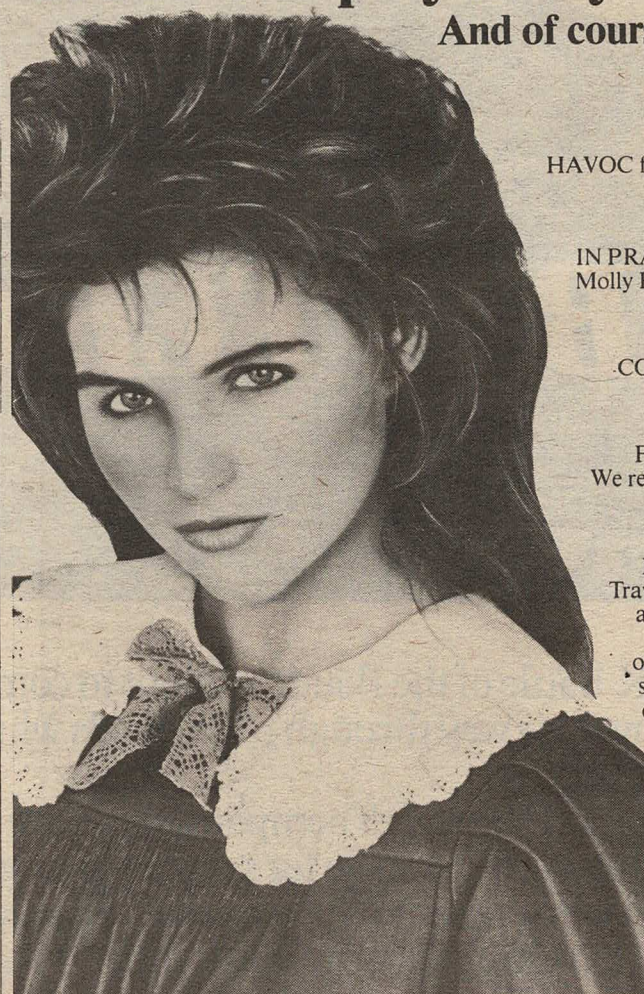
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SLATING

ARTISTIC lovers rock sister Jean Adebambo sings a crafted 'Wake Up' c/w 'Hardships Of Life' (AJ 103), two self composed songs for her latest release on a 10" Ade J label.

On blue vinyl Spiderman slate Hugh Griffiths adapts 'The Right Track' c/w a further toast of the 'Bump Skank' rhythm for Rapa Roberts to discuss 'Ganja Trafficking' (SMD 1002).

Little John furthers the theme with 'Smoke Ganga Hard' on Hitbound, while Joy & Trevor croon 'Love At First Sight' (JJ 077) over on its flip.

Finally four songs and versions from Phillip Fraser on a 10" LP for Silver Camel: 'Blood Of The Saint', 'Bad Boys', 'Writing On The Wall' and 'Mr Wicked Man' (SCLP 014).

SPOONER & HENRY invite you to A Dance to be held at St Matthews Meeting Place (opposite Brixton Town Hall), Brixton Hill, London SW2 — from 7pm till 7 — featuring sounds Black Harmony plus Saxon International from SE. Refreshments on sale.

Pre Parade

- 1 FALKLAND CRISIS, Tappa Zukie & The Warriors (New Star)
- 2 LEADERS OF BLACK COUNTRY, Vibes Tone (New Star)
- 3 TURN ME LOOSE, Al Campbell (Arrival)
- 4 CRYING IN THE GHETTO, Kutchie (Western)
- 5 HAMMER, Barrington Levy (Jah Guidance)
- 6 YO YO, Johnny Osbourne (Black Zodiac)
- 7 KING AND QUEEN, Yellowman & Sister Nancy (Amco)
- 8 REGGAE MUSIC, Santana & Mannix (Arabic Int)
- 9 REGGAE A FI CONKA, Johnny Tinslice & Reggie Culture (All Nations)
- 10 YOUTH MEN, Donovan McKoy (DM)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION



Michigan & Smiley: berets and ghanzees

Pic: George Williams

FORKHEAD DOWNPRESSION

"Them a idiot iah."
"Wha' do dem dread?"
"Them no know wha' gwan."
"Them a forkhead."

TOAST DUO Papa Michigan and General Smiley come together with a new album release for Greensleeves Records this week. Entitled 'Downpression' (GREL 42), it is only the pioneering pair's second set, some three years after their debut for Studio 1 with 'Rub A Dub Style'.

Produced by Henry Lawes at Channel One with Roots Radics providing backing, the set contains Messrs Fairclough and Bennett's big

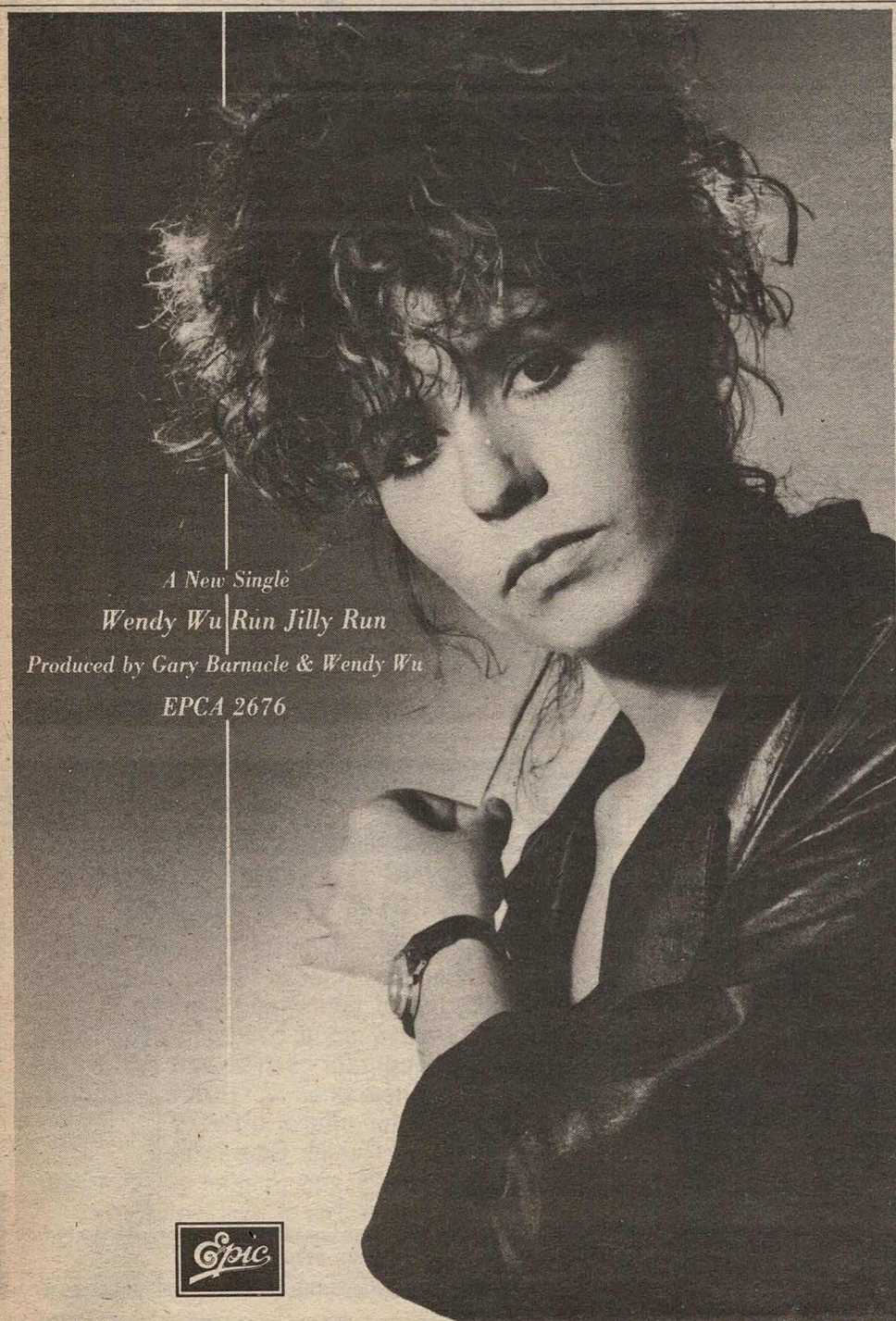
hit from last year commenting on the then current and still prevalent 'Diseases', plus follow ups 'The Ghetto Man' and 'Come When Jah Calls You' amid its nine titles.

Other pairings on Greensleeves are discomixes with Peter Metro now on civvy street alongside Squidly Ranking for 'Warn Them Teach Them' c/w a solo from Mr Metro carousing on the 'Caribbean Connection' (GRED 97) — produced by Clive Jarrett; plus Little John and Billy Boyo, who singjay a tribute to the Marje Proops of Jamaica 'Janet Sinclair' c/w Roots Radics supplying 'Agony Column Dub' (GRED 92) — produced by Toyan.

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing frequently from a semi-frequency — fair summer droops . . . with three consecutive hits to her credit 18 year-old Donna Rhoden ventures forth on a new Ital title: 'Don't You' (ITD 0014). Written by Donna, the song was recorded at Easy Street with one time Equator Alan Weekes arranging the song as well as playing bass, lead and rhythm guitars. Also present, Steve Smith (drums); Tony Greenidge (keyboards) and Lenny Edwards (percussion) . . . droop men and beasts therefore . . . similarly sentimental is a royal blue vinyl 'Amoureux' performed to guitar led conclusion by Helena Oville and released on Fid Def. The flippers reveals Helena in a 'Bluer Than Blue' mood, with Glen Thomas providing 'Bongo Love' (FD 782-02) reprise. Arranged and produced by G Faria . . . so fair a summer look for never more . . . and on Real Wax out of SE London, Avis Rose sings 'Woman In Love', while local DJ Rankin Bogart castigates Winston Foster to the tune of 'You Wrong To Send Come Call I' with 'You Wrong Yellowman' (RW 102). Produced by Winston Edwards . . . all good things vanish, less than in a day . . . also from the lovers circuit The Feminine Touch declare 'I Gave You My Heart' for Neville King's King & City label. One Blood provide backing and 'I Gave You My Dub' (KCD 007) on its flip . . . peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay . . . male lovers rock is performed by Tony Benjamin who lends his voice to the genre for Ariwa with 'Treasures In The World'. In weirder style on the other side Mr Benjamin accompanied by The Sane Inmates wields a 'Physiological Pen' (ARI 1008), this latter title taken from the Mad Professor's 'Dub Me Crazy' LP . . . go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year . . . romantically inclined as well is the latest Negus Roots release from Don Carlos: 'Magic Man' (NERT 015) . . . the earth is hell when thou leavest to appear . . . Harlesden Library presents an exhibition of Afro-Caribbean Arts and Crafts, African and Carnival costumes on weekday evenings (except Wednesdays) until September 28. Speakers on history, films on Africa and the Caribbean. Dance, drama, poetry, songs and drumming. Admission free. ★ ★ ★

WHAT, SHALL THOSE FLOWERS, that decked thy garland erst, upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed? . . . Spotlight for Seven Aces present a night of enjoyment and musical splendour with A Most Spectacular Fashion Show at the spacious Acton Town Hall, Uxbridge Road, W3 on Friday, September 17 — 7pm till 1am — with dancing by Spotlight Swingers and the best in soul and lovers rock by Danny Casanova . . . O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source . . . Antigua Cavaliers CC invite you to their Independence Trophy Presentation Dance to be held at the Highfield Club in Leicester on Saturday — from 8pm till 2am. Music by Tiger Steel Band and Assassin sound . . . streams, turn to tears your tributary course . . . also at Slough on Saturday — 6.30pm to midnight — the Dominica Association invite you to their Annual Dance at Langley Community Centre, Langley Road. Music by the Nightingales supported by Andy's Disco. Admission is £2.50 . . . go not yet hence . . . in Belsize Park the same evening is held a Night of Elegance, Fashion & Music at the atmospheric Country Club, 210a Haverstock Hill, NW3 — from 9pm to 4am — with the designs of Valerie Bell and Deborah Greaves plus live on stage Scatterrocks and disco entertainment from Untouchables. Guest celebrities include: Dennis Brown, Chosen Few, Jean Adebambo, the Mayor of Hackney and others . . . bright soul of the sad year . . . Afro-Caribbean Studies are held at Jack Ashley School, Prae Road, N4 every Wednesday from 7.30 to 9.30pm. The building is the Finsbury Park Branch of the Islington Adult Education Centre and tutor Gareth Gilfillan. Further details: 01-272 6081 . . . the earth is hell when thou leavest to appear . . . every Sunday in tune to Papa Festus from Sir Coxson's Hi-Fi between midday and 1pm on Radio Zodiac 94.4FM . . . One Love. . .



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LOVE OF MUSCLE

from page 31

dignity while Gary spells coarse disobedience.

"He'll lose marks for that," says a pundit in my ear. "They're
supposed to keep still."

Opposition is also going to come from number 27, Gordon
Pasquil. Pasquil, in gold trunks to match his stiff golden tresses,
has the fashionable see-through vein and gristle look. He is
large in the chest but thin below. His most formidable feature is
a graveyard smile that will twist suddenly into a sneer.

"He'll probably place number three," says my pundit.

The idea of these early parades is to compare symmetry.
Judges must get to know the form before marking it later in the
day, and contestants must execute a set of compulsories
designed to uncover every secret dimension.

They will get an early indicator as to final placings by the
comparison ritual. Under this arrangement, judges set one man
against another on a plinth. Those called forward know they are
in the running. Those called several times, against different
opponents, know they are well considered.

Gary is called out a useful number of times but not against
Angelito. An unhappy omen?

Free posing follows the comparisons. Then back one at a time
for 60 seconds done in time to music.

Gary licks his tongue out, clenches his body but he doesn't
dance. Of the six, only Angelito Lesta understands the mystery
of rhythm.

BACK WITH his mates Gary has sized up the final results. He
says he'll place no higher than third and won't be bud

REVENGE

From page 14

sell their record to the waiting public. I ain't talking about no PA tour, or carefully "spontaneous" series of interviews. What we're talking is behind-counter, re-stocking, wrapping 'em up and handing them over, ringing up the till and answering the perennial question:

"This? Right over there, at the top. Rocker's Revenge 12." Donnie and Dwight — and Adrianne works in the store too — have been doing this for a couple of years now, acting as unpaid managers before the owners came to their senses and gave them the official go-ahead, whereupon sales and profits doubled. Both had been DJs before — back in '73-'74 when, as Donnie says, you really had to know how to quick-mix, on account of everything was still on 7" — and moving the DJ sound into the shop seemed like a good way of both selling records and partying up the means of production.

So, a typical working weekend will involve opening up the store round about seven in the morning, working non-stop through till closing time (three or four other guys are on the staff and their duties from what I saw range from restocking shelves to dancing in the aisles and playing Pac Man with local kids), a 25 minute trip home, a snooze in front of the TV ball game, out to soundcheck, then that night's Rockers Revenge club date, getting home roundabout a round — or jagged — five am.

The Saturday I drop in, Donnie takes a rare afternoon break to walk me round the neighbourhood(s). Strolling out to Brooklyn Heights promenade (a view of the NY skyline from the other side, one no tourist should miss) and back round to check out his competition in the new shopping arcade, the conversation covers most points of his many careers to date.

Frequently speaking as "my brother and I" (the two seem inseparable and Donnie later affirms; he needs no best friend or peer group to hang out with), he speaks with a relaxed, no-big-deal affection for all people his life currently touches.

Donnie Calvin studied philosophy and secondary education at college, never got his degree, wanted to work with "retarded or gifted children", but drifted into music instead. First a Stylistics/Chi-Lites-ish outfit (chintzy!) then, via voice coaching from a renowned backroom guy called Eddie Jones into a years-ahead rock-funk ensemble called Metaphor. When that folded, there was a short spell acting in movies, before returning to "his first love", music.

The singing started with his father regularly sitting the family (our two rockers, one other brother and three sisters) down in front of jazz records, plus — "of course" says Donnie — a spell in the church choir. Although, somewhat incongruously, it seems (I'm not sure why), under Roman Catholic tuition. "And they don't get down like the Baptists or Methodists do!"

WORKING IN SUNSHINE: Donnie Calvin (Vocal)

SO DOES working in the store act as something like a stabilising influence on Donnie Calvin? To prevent any drift onto the arid peninsula of Success?

"At first I didn't realise what it was I had bumped into. I didn't realise that it would be my salvation, as far as stabilising a lot of the mish-mash that I had been travelling through ... until I started taking full advantage of what it was I was into and realised how lucky I was to be involved in something that was still close to my first love, which was music. As a result I was able to keep my dream alive and I found myself meeting other people in the business, and talking to them I found out my problems weren't unique (laughs) ... they were universal!"

"That sort of boosted my confidence a little bit and I thought, what the hell, I'll try one more time. When I'm in my rocking chair I don't want to look back and say (feebly) 'Oh if I'd-ah just ...' That's too late! Give me enough rope, I wanna hang myself! I'll get another dream!"

"But it's all about dreams. Once you stop dreaming you really have to worry, because you're close to death. Seriously."

Whatever happened to your calling?

"I more or less left that. I found one thing that disappointed me about religion — I mean, religion coulda had me! I could have been a Catholic priest man! No pussy! I was into it, seriously! Knew my Latin prayers and stuff."

(The thought of Donnie Calvin in a seminary, singing Latin prayers, is a difficult one to concede; Arthur Baker whumping in with a delay box just compounds the unlikely felony.)

"But what discouraged me about Catholicism: their system was no different than any other — I hate to put it like this, but — business out here. And that's not right; if you're talking about something spiritual there are no barriers, you don't need a priest to stand in between you and the Man Upstairs, all you need is just go to it. I noticed all these different colourations of authority coming into play over what you could and couldn't do. I noticed that all the black priests were assigned to ghetto areas — there was no black monsignors, no black bishops, and forget a cardinal and a pope!!!"

His tone indicates that the risible side is measured equally against the more contemptible political implications.

"What did you have to look forward to? If you were just kind of a masochist and into punishing yourself all day long — and I wasn't into that. I faded away from religion, found that all religions were basically the same, it was one big club."

"That, and I finally got some pussy."

PAUSE FOR THE CAUSE

REFLECTING on how, as he grows older (a faintly unbelievable 33 in December), the disciplines and morality inherited from his family make more and more sense, he dismisses what a fey and callow youth such as I looks upon as a 'gruelling' schedule.

"Since I was 11 years old I had a job — I'm used to a full day, so though it seems like a lot to anyone else to do, because I've been brought up that way it doesn't really seem like too much or as if they're anything that's beneath me to do. As a result I've benefitted from it — 'cos there's so much to learn, the knowledge alone is enough reward."

"I go out of my way to do things for people, I try to treat them the way I want to be treated, despite everyone telling me you should think more of yourself, think more of yourself ... People don't even learn from seeing those people who've supposedly got what they're striving for — who're having all kinds of traumas and their bloodlines cancelled out and their kids are strung out on drugs ..."

OVER LIKE THAT FAT SCAT

IT SEEMS like I meet half the hit records in town while flipping about with Rockers Revenge. The handful of names Arthur mentions have produced enough splendid underground and over the top music to stoke the most aloof of dance floors.

From Kashif and the metamorphosis of Ms Evelyn King, we take in Francois Kervorkian's demented handling of records as diverse as D Train's 'You're The One For Me', the remix which gave Yazoo a US smash with 'Situation', and (Beat Route fave) Dinosaur L's marvellous 'Go Bang', Larry Levan's West End beauties Peech Boys' 'Don't Make Me Wait' and Taana Gardner's 'Heartbeat', not forgetting Arthur's own stable (let's add to that Afrika Bambaataa and the Jazzy Five's 'Jazzy Sensation' — beginning to see the quality we've got shaping up here?)

One of the things Arthur holds against the US rock press is its championing of white independent labels (Hits? Next to none. Trendy "weirdness"? Plenty.) and virtual boycott of independent soul labels — who're putting out quality and getting back record sales. It's especially pertinent given the difficulties of distribution and promotion in a market as big as the States ... and the multinationals are beginning to catch on.

Sugarhill you already know. West End, Tommy Boy, Prelude and Streetwise you should bear in mind.

"I wouldn't mind doing a record for a major label," comments Mr Baker graciously, "but if I don't get a deal from them ... I can put out five records every other month and have fun and put 'em out the way I want to and also make money, where they might not. I can make money on a record that sells 10,000 copies, 5,000 copies. But a major label — you got to sell 25-50,000."

As it happens he has a long-standing pet project coming up on Atlantic soon, as well as definite/possible production numbers with London jazz-funk boys Southern Freez (all chilling out in NYC at the moment), Kurtis Blow, Eddy Grant and New Order. (I'll try that again. New Order. That's what the man said.) That's all on top of his own demons and diversions, of course.

"DON'T KNOW 'BOUT YOU, BUT I KNOW WITH ME IF THE FUN IS THERE YOU DON'T NEED MON-EY!"

STROLL round to Blank Studios (native New Yorker? moi?) to hear Arthur, John 'Jellybean' Benitez and the infamous Bob Blank (who's also got a hit production on his hands at the moment, with Fonda Rae — ex-Don Armando's Second Ave Rhumba Band — singing 'Over Like A Fat Rat') following up their well-received work on 'Walking On Sunshine' with a similar co-operative derangement of a medley discarded from the same sessions.

Here, in the studios where were moulded so many strangely "unpopular" Ze hits, a loud sound is trapped, scissored, collaged, exploded and extended. An operation whose methodology indeed finds its echo in Donnie's thoroughly fluid rap.

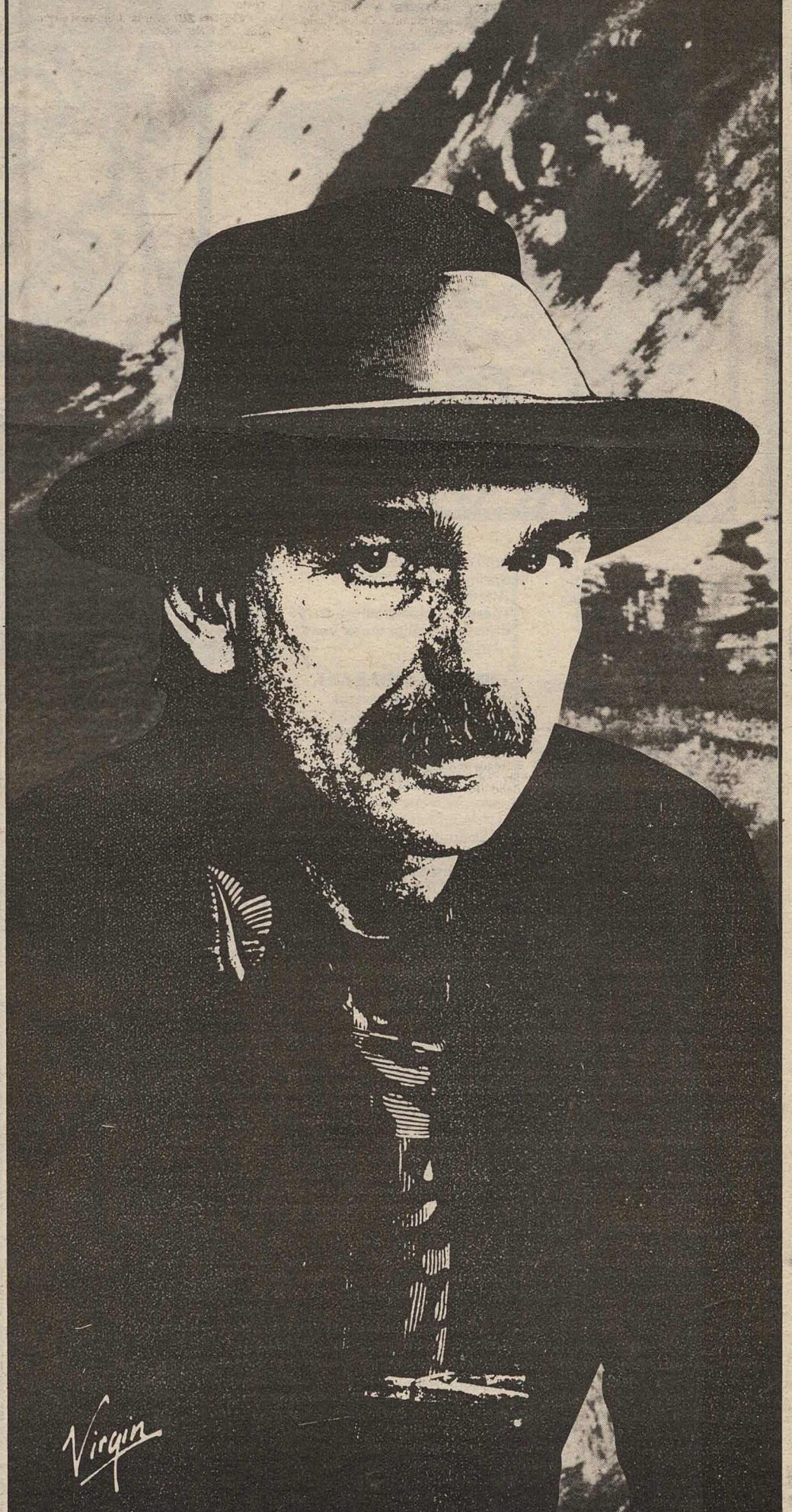
"Well I guess by now I should rap, you know, let my words slide like this and that. Just make sounds that'll freeze the air. Put a dib in here, put a dab in there ... Just can't put sounds anywhere!"

It's the same rhythmic and melodic base as 'Walking On Sunshine' and Arthur begins to toy with just how many heliotropic versions of this he can scramble and shake. Starring the Prophets of Funk, with Rockers Revenge, with rap by Donnie Calvin, with Arthur Baker and —

The quiet and industrial Mr Blank enters with a humorous reflection on this speculation.

"What do you do for a living? Oh, I mix this record called 'Walking On Sunshine.' ..."

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART'S NEW ALBUM ICE CREAM FOR CROW IS OUT NOW ON VIRGIN V2237



HAVING JUST read through what passes as a correspondence page between you and your reader I couldn't help but feel that most of it is a bit irrelevant. And predictable. Increasingly predictable, by the way.

Do your journalists really write articles that provoke such criticism? I don't think anything either Ian Penman or Paul Morley have put on paper deserves such controversy. I find the former quite interesting; the latter seems to find adolescence rather trying. His attitude of "I'll drink my way out of this one" is fairly acceptable/mundane.

Actually, all I really wanted to ask is whether the rather wonderful Brian Case is going to write again. What a man! Charisma, charm, wit, impeccable taste — the man had it all. No wonder he left your paper (ho ho!). None of this attempt at being obscure that seems to blight Mr

you'll pardon the French) shit. Can we please have articles on the following no-hopers in future issues: Nuga Ruga Puga, The Three Nit Wits and Lunch Box Lil And The Plop Sandwiches. Great stuff. A. Dead-Skinhead, Bromley.

An obituary: Captain Mubbers And The Latvian Anarchists.

And so the phenomenon that was Lat Rock is over. Yet for a brief period in 1982 these pioneers of edible music, these founders of the Vest Movement, these innovators of the silent album and blank video concept, didn't make an impact on the music world. All they leave behind are memories, and a deleted cardboard album called 'Aliens With Beerguts', featuring an unrecorded version of their least-known song 'If This Is Easter Island, Where Are All The Eggs?' we shall miss Captain Mubbers And The Latvian Anarchists.

A WIZARD, A TRUE STAR

Scene: *Gasbag* 18.9.82. Enter cast, stage left. Monty (sic): "You are all individuals." Gasbaggers, en masse: "Yes. We are all individuals." Exeunt variously, Monty sniggering. Alan Brogan, Dublin, Eire. Encore! — M.S.

TIME FOR ANOTHER CROSS-HEAD

First it was Cliff Richard, then Bob Dylan, now U2. I wonder who's next on the list. All have been and are continually being subjected to snide remarks about their personal faith in Jesus Christ. I suppose Christianity just ain't hip, but it's OK to play reggae and believe in Jah — that's respectable. Not that Christianity will ever be hip. How can something that has a bloody execution at its centre

'Sense And Sensuality' is not 'dismal' (*Gasbag* September 11). If Graham Lock was half as exciting as The Au Pairs he'd be twice as exciting as Penman. Cheryl Musique, Sparkhill, Birmingham. Que? And, begging your pardon Cheryl, but what the bloody hell has this got to do with films? — M.S. Nothing actually. — Cheryl. Take a flying one then, please, dear. — M.S.

AU DEAR

Has it become fashionable to slag off the Au Pairs? This time last year, as Kevin Rowland put it, they were "your friends". Every piece written on them was critical but kind. Now you accuse them of being cold and without humour. Do you want them to dress up their politics in the latest craze? The Au Pairs are important, as much as ABC and Scritti Politti, your

dead easy picking up bits of skirt at an Au Pairs 'gig', isn't it? — M.S.

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN

Ian Penman reminds me of Barry Sheene's legs — often smashed but not completely useless. Mike Hunt, Wembley. Ouch! — Barry Sheene's legs. Hic! — Neil Spencer (Shurely shome mishtake?)

Listen, Nietzsche was a liberator of mankind, allowing for the release of our much beleaguered race from the sickly, enervating bonds of Judaic Christianity, whose faith depends on people feeling sorry, and thus guilty, towards a rotting carcass on a cross. This, of course, does not mean that I am particularly influenced by the great F.N.; just thought I'd mention him. Alfred Schickelgruber, Bayreuth, Deutschland.

One big kiss from Chris Bohn for his interview with the inimitable Scritti Politti. My only complaint is that I had to read it several times before I understood it. Isla, London EC. Me too! — Chris Bohn

MORE SHITTI

Maybe Chris Bohn had a migraine at the time and the editor was on holiday. Whatever the reason, *NME* has printed the most stunningly stupid article of its lifetime. I refer of course to the mindless assault on Scritti Politti, viciously timed to coincide with the release of their first LP.

If Scritti Politti are one of the most important things to happen to pop music — which few would doubt — then why, why, why this insensitive splurge of an attempt to discredit them at such a crucial time? *NME* has always known how to point to something and say "This is interesting" but is too often very bad at listening, very reluctant to discover what it knows is there to be discovered.

Nothing is easier to do than write about Scritti Politti in this reductive, reactionary fashion, but it is cowardly and (dare I say it) totally useless. Luckily it won't work. You've tried the Scritti Politti backlash before. It didn't work then and neither will it now. Nothing, in the end, defeats raw need. Not even *NME*.

John Aligorias, London N8. Wanna bet? — M.S. (PS The article was 'viciously timed' to coincide with Shitti's wishes.)

A FOREIGNER WRITES

In Scotland, strangely untouched by post-Falklands euphoria, ungrateful subjects splatter eggs over the touring Thatcher-mobile.

Meanwhile, several miles south, sickly-Green lambasts Rough Trade for failing to persuade a sufficiently large proportion of the British record-buying proletariat to purchase the recent flow of sveltely-packaged Scritti product.

Rough Trade must be a mite confused as regards promoting Green's pleasant band. In '79, it's the 'Pre-Langue Release' EP, four horrible tracks complete with a sleeve depicting a chaotic left-wing squat on the front, and proudly itemised rock-bottom production costs on the back.

But what the poor sods at RT don't seem to have fully grasped is that the ideology of a genius like Green is constantly evolving, with perhaps two or three subtle but important shifts in perspective every week, so they really must learn to be more adaptable.

It's strange, but I still prefer non-Derrida-influenced "clever-dicky" songwriters like Tilsbrook and Difford. However, if Scritti's next single sleeve parodies the excellent Carr's Table Water packaging, I may be won over. W. Walker, Falkirk, Scotland. And who amongst us wouldn't? — M.S.

'BOB' MORLEY

Paul Morley once said that boys and pop groups were only there to be used. It now seems that any enterprising young person gets the same treatment.

I was one of many who answered an advert in your paper for the chance of a job hosting a music programme for Channel 4. I was granted an interview. After a journey up to London, a long wait and a brief talk with a middle-aged man (Mickie Most style), I was told that my ideas were very interesting, and that they would be in touch soon.

Four weeks later I received a rejection letter. Sure, I was disappointed, but I knew that a lot of talented young people had been interviewed, and



Illustration by Kieren Phelps

Penman's articles — no, he was rather more genuinely obscure, I feel. Plus the fact that his prose style made Henry James look syntactically simplistic. (Good word eh?)

Anyway, as most of my old *NME*'s have met the same water fate (can't afford it, actually) I hereby request a reprint of some of Mr Case's old articles, ie the Dexter Gordon, Coltrane, Eric Dolphy type of stuff. One thing about Brian — you always got a discography. Fine man. Jim Slip Nottingham. Here is a word from Brian: "Years." — M.S.

This is what *NME* should fill its pages with: PiL, the A-Z of Martin Sheen's favourite foods, J Lydon's worst quotes, Truman Capote, Japanese underwear, James Dean, weird coloured guitars, *Catcher In The Rye*, Killing Joke doing 'Farmhouse Kitchen', Paul Morley's hints on motorcycle maintenance, Action Pact, Furs, Bowie, Defects, Meteors, Cramps, and especially, or at least, an article on the excellent 1919. Is this geezer serious? — Brian Case

WHY IS THIS THE FIRST CROSS-HEAD?

Please, please let us have more issues like that of August 28: Little Brother, Wynton Marsalis, Flipper, King Sunny Ade — all performers of whom we are likely to hear little or nothing more ever, and almost certainly of whom we were completely ignorant of before. I, for one, lap us this sort of writing. After all, when it comes down to it, obscurity is the name of the game. In my book, any band whose name is faintly recognisable is (if

But I don't know why. *Springer Of The Yard*, Wakefield. There's no doubt about it. It's time for another cross-head. — M.S.

THE HELL YOU SAY!

Continuing on the same theme as Ian Delahoy of Reigate (*Gasbag* September 4), I too would like the chance of writing to you on some irrelevant and trivial pretext. It concerns your *Nationwide Gig Guide*, which almost every week contains two entries for those venues of international repute, the Chesterfield Top Rank and Star Inn. Bands with bizarre names like Bingo Reg And The Screaming Jeannies, Our Pete And The Wage Slips, Stuttering Jack And The Heart Attacks and even Jumping Jeannie And The 4½ Garden Gnomes appear virtually without fail.

Do these groups really exist, or are they some sort of obscure in-joke perpetrated by the shadowy figures who compile the Guide? Maybe these names are anagrams of the entire *NME* staff? Possible, even, that the compilers have been supplied with false information from sources unknown. This may mean that the good people of Chesterfield have more of a mischievous sense of humour than is popularly supposed (I'm going by the image of their football team here, generally a good guide to any town).

If these people do exist, why not send Barney Hoskyns north to write a 92 page, completely unintelligible feature on the promising 'Chesterfield scene'. G. S. Bell, Fife, Scotland. Chesterfield nil, Millwall even less. By the way, Mr Bell (any relation to '1 in 47'), Bingo Reg is suing you. — M.S.

be hip? If Christ was crucified for his stand, should his followers expect any less? If the world hated Christ, then we must be prepared to be hated by the world. Indeed, Christ tells us so in John 15: 18-27.

In the light of this, your remarks are nothing but revelations of your own misconceptions and narrow-mindedness concerning what it means to be a follower of Christ. Paul Cookson, Preston, Lancs. Everyone is an individual, except this guy. — M.S.

THE BAG STARTS HERE

Could I be the first to say "Bing bong tiddlydum dimmy dimmy" in *Gasbag*? Keith Spratt, Croydon, Surrey. Quite possibly. — M.S.

FILLUMS

This James T Kirk who now writes for you wouldn't happen to be the same gentleman who starred in *The Wrath Of Khan* and was subsequently dismissed from the ranks of Orange Juice, would he? Jeremy Lewis, Bristol. No. This James T Kirk plays left-back for Chesterfield. — M.S.

FILLUMS 2

Suffocating on your own vomit after reading an Ian Penman movie review is a once in a lifetime experience, believe me. M. Mogul, Wardour St.

Monty Smith listens in to readers' complaints and praises

current favourites. Is Ian Penman offended by the lyrical content? Does he love our Prime Minister? Doesn't he like women who've got minds of their own? I suppose he listens to nice happy poppy tunes so he doesn't have to think, and he can forget what's going on in the world. Does he spend all his time laughing and joking, with no serious thinking? Helen Thornton, Bristol. What amazes Ian about the Au Pairs is that a group so weakly gifted and repulsive should have the interest and effrontery to appear before a rational audience. — M.S.

When I saw the Au Pairs play in Lambeth last month I was surprised (pleasantly) at the high proportion of women at the gig. These women had come on their own as opposed to being part of a male's entourage. It's obvious that women feel (and are) safer at gigs where most of the punters recognise a woman's right to a hassle-free existence. Contrary to what Ian Penman would have people believe, followers of the Au Pairs are not sloganeering hollow shells but people with (radical) beliefs who carry them out.

So what if Ian Penman thinks the Au Pairs aren't trendy enough — I can relate to them. Phil Sylvester, not New Barnet. I know what you mean — it's

PROPER MUSIC

Congratulations on persuading Bill Nelson to write that excellent article on Erik Satie. I was spellbound. We must have more, much more, from this man. Lawbreaker, Chateau Lawbreaker, Co Antrim.

I feel compelled to write and compliment Bill Nelson on his article about Satie (September 4). It was coherent, comprehensible and informative. Christopher P. Bohn, Boston, Lincs.

PS Having read the other Chris Bohn's interview with Scritti Politti, I just hope I'm not related to him. Unfortunately, you are. And he claims you owe him a score. — M.S.

SHITTY SCRITTI

A right old lark in Punishment Park! — ie, Chris Bohn's magnificently patient interview with 'The Sweetest Cloy'. My God, it was gruelling enough having to read 'Green's' mordant ramblings let alone having to be actually present while he was holding court. Marc 'Sugared' Almond (no relation). To be brutally honest, Chris left half way through. He did think 'Green' was quite a nice boy, though. — M.S.

Mouth off to us at *GASBAG*, *NME* 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

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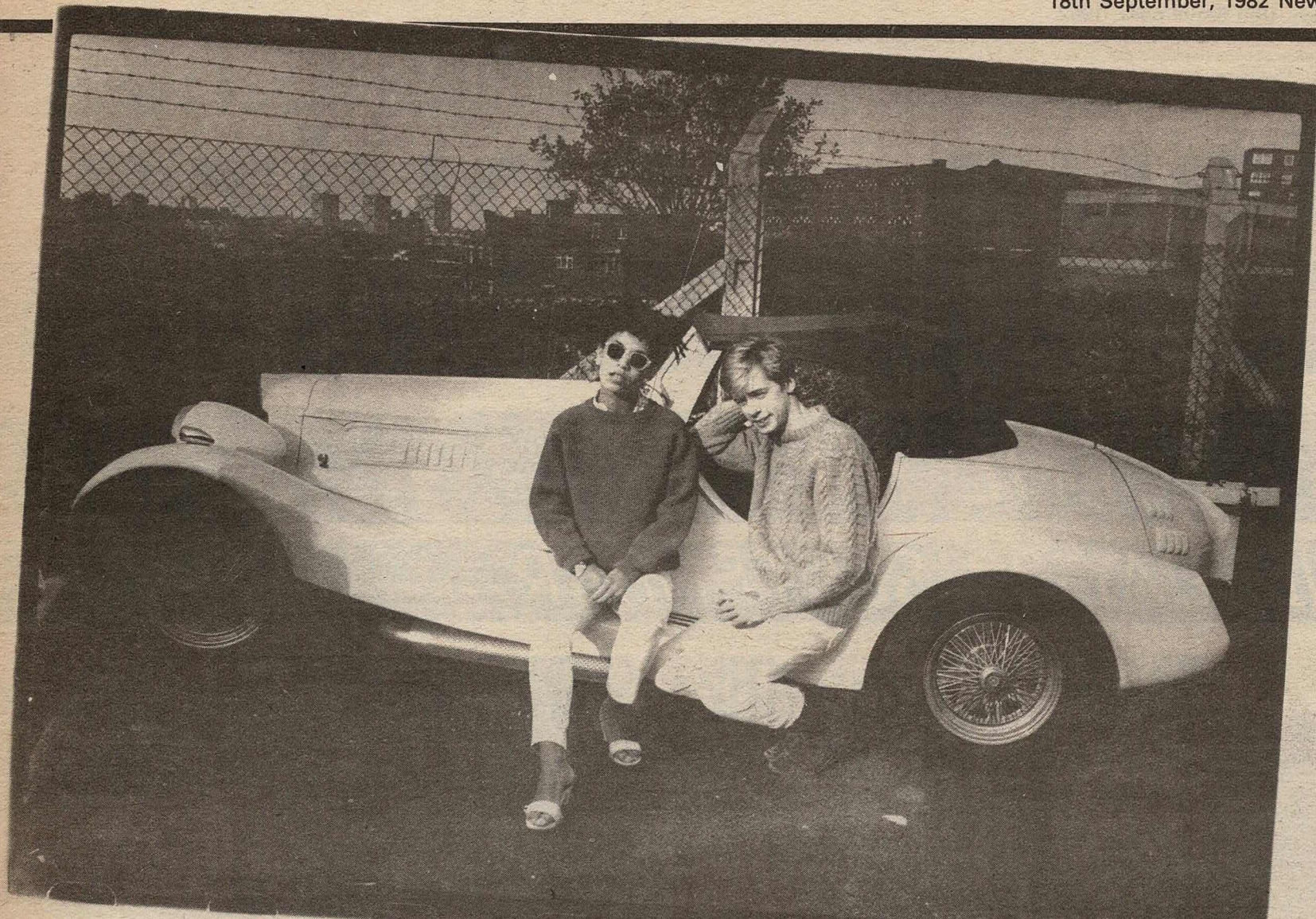
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Favourite sweaters. The location: Kim Wilde's new car. The occupants: Jennie McKeown and Nick Heywood. The dialogue: "Look, Nicky, we've just spent 40 minutes looking for the back seat... Now what?" Pic: Clare Muller.

one of them had been chosen. This week I read that Jools Holland and Paula Yates are to present the show.

Tyne Tees TV have the ideas of everyone they interviewed carefully filed — I suppose that by using OUR ideas they think they can gain some credibility.

I write this letter in the hope that someone from Channel 4 will read it and know that they can never achieve their aim of 'harnessing the enthusiasm which has already been generated'. I would like the producer of The Tube to know that he has bitten off the hand that feeds him. His underhand method of finding out what WE want to see without actually having to represent us has been discovered.

When will the TV companies learn that the way to our hearts is not through serving up stolen ideas, ageing super-groups and banal and trite presenters? Lisa Marlwell, Bucks. I feel we have harnessed the enthusiasm which has already been generated. — Channel 4 big knob

I should like to read Mr Morley's opinion about Chris Evert Lloyd. Norman Sproke, Felicity Kendall Avenue. Balls. — 'Bob' Morley

'POP'

Why is it that, after buying my first Blondie single ('War Child') having previously ignored the rest, it becomes a flop? And then, why do they cancel their tour? Group Basher Inc, Uttoxeter, Staffs. PS If any groups want to protect themselves, £50 would do nicely.

STILL ONLY 35p

As you're now wasting space with trite features such as Mike Oldfield's *Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer* (September 4 issue), you might like to waste even more space by adding this to your letters page. That guy should stick to writing music for supermarkets and flying aeroplanes; NME should stick to giving value for money.

At least I'm making a point here, and I'm sticking to it. The Uhu Salesman, Reigate.

I agree with Mike Oldfield. R. Exall, Harrogate.



HUH! SO MUCH for privacy! Adam Ant, one time champion of the old rogues of the high seas, was in the Old Bailey last week prosecuting jobless John Atkinson for attempting to get £20,000 from the Ants in exchange for some reputation-damaging demos the group had nicked from Decca's Kilburn studios in the grand old days of yore.

The case resulted in Atkinson being sentenced to three months in the slammer, and Adam's reputation remaining untainted. All seems a bit pointless when there was nothing he could do to stop Decca releasing 'Young Parisians', hardly the most flattering memento...

Former Sex Pistol and ex-Professional Steve Jones — between visits to hospital and amidst constant reports about his ill health — has been staying in New York's infamous Chelsea Hotel, well-known junkie hang-out and the place Sid Vicious snuffed it...

The Sonny and Cher oddball partnership of the '80s — that's maneater Lemmy and Plasmatic Wendy O — is not apparently all it may seem. According to Lemmy his singing partner on the ludicrous 'Stand By Your Man' neither drinks or smokes. However she does jog twice a day (and considering her ample bosom, a dangerous pursuit), works out at a gym twice a week and is "fit as an ox."

More Antstuff:

ex-bassist Gary Tibbs and ex-drummer Chris Merrick have teamed up to record a single together...

King Kurt, the Camberwell band who exchange showers of offal with their audience, were presented with a case of whisky last week after breaking the house record at Clapham's 101 Club. They later broke the whisky bottle and the front window of the club and... (Oh, that's enough—Ed)...

Eric Burdon, former singer with The Animals, was recently fined £3,000 in Munich for a cocaine charge that dates back two years...

Former real punk and mod watering hole and the venue that sired Chas and Dave, Bauhaus and Depeche Mode, Canning Town's Bridge House will shut down at the end of the month and become a restaurant-disco. So the cocktail set move East. Is this significant? And will they please take Steve Strange...

A competition! A brand new copy of the new Sheena Easton LP will go to the first person to tell us which NME writer is a blood relative of recently instated Radio One DJ Mike Smith...

Former Gen X singer and American disco star, Billy Idol is to play a one-off date at Heaven, London's gay niterie on September 20...

Apologies to Peter Anderson and Kevin Cummings for uncredited pictures of Ut on page 7 and Kevin Rowland on page 3 of last week's issue...

Youth, former bassist with Killing Joke, and his new group Brilliant made their debut appearance at The Batcave W1 last week. The Specimen, who run The Batcave, have been setting up their Hallowe'en night horror special. Initial enquiries were made at The London Dungeons, but when a meeting was convened the group and their followers were not

welcomed, being told their appearance was too outrageous and upsetting.

A Mrs Geddis, representing the Dungeons, said, "I'm just a normal, boring middle class person and I have my shareholders to think of." Having failed to get a licence at the Dungeons, The Specimen have settled on a crypt for their ghoulish October 31 convention. Also appearing will be Sex Gang Children and delights in the buffet include blackcurrent jelly rats and gingerbread penises. Said a spokesman for The Specimen, "I just can't understand a Mrs Geddis' reaction. We are just a normal, boring middle class band, and we have our stockbrokers to think about..."

Old synthesizer bore (recently labelled the grand-daddy of the new electropop), Rick Wakeman ducked out of a meeting with creditors of his crashed concert tour company last week. Apparently Rick owes over £100,000 and 300 gallons of beer to those unfortunate enough to get involved with his crummy old business. Apparently Rick's drunk all the beer and as for the money...

Bananarama have ditched Imagination producers Steve Jolley and Tony Swain after only one single. The group are searching for the rough-edged sound that has been missing from their recordings since their debut 'Aie Me Wana'. At the minute they're fooling around in the studio with Paul Cook (Girls! please) and are toying with the idea of using a different producer for each couple of tracks on the LP (sounds like a horrible unwieldy mess to us). One of the numbers the group are recording is a Paul Weller song, 'Doctor Love'...

Just arrived back in Coventry from his mother's home in JA is Funboy Neville Staples

who travelled out there with colleague Lynval Golding. Neville was somewhat downhearted having contracted black water fever and severe mosquito bites. "I had to build a kitchen for me mum, and to do that I had to go out into the trees and that's when the mosquitoes got me. By the time we left I had to be carried back to the plane," said Staples...

Back home Neville releases the second Splashdown single on his Shack label shortly. He's also considering releasing a single produced for local JA band The Fire Twins. Staples also acquired a set of Rasta talking drums while in JA for use on upcoming Funboy Three material...

Stateside — and director William Freidkin (*Exorcist* and *The French Connection*) being coaxed to make the definitive Doors movie. There's also a live Doors EP due to surface next Spring, consisting of previously unreleased live out-takes...

At a one off bash in Philadelphia last month a bill comprising Genesis, Elvis Costello, Blondie and A Flock Of Seagulls drew 58,000 spectators...

Well known loonies we have loved dept: Dieter Meier, singer and video director with Yello has been asked to direct new ABC and Dexys videos. Never a man to go for orthodox marketing and promotional devices, Dieter is also releasing 'Salut Mayamba', the soundtrack for a spoken novel which he buried in the middle of the Sahara desert some months ago.

And that's not all, Yello are launching a Swiss lager in America called 'Matterhorn' (literally: a beer is a mountain). The B-side features our own Monty and Andy singing 'A Beer Make A Mountain (In My Stomach)'. And I can hear them singing all the way to the pub. It's 5.30 and time to go...



klaus schulze

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